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MEMOIRS

OF

EMINENTLY PIOUS WOMEN.

By THOMAS GIBBON, D.D.

A NEW EDITION,

REVISED AND ENLARGED BY

THE REV. SAMUEL BURDER, D.D.

AUTHOR OF "ORIENTAL CUSTOMS."

VOL. III.

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From a Drawing in Crayons by J. Russell, Esq^re R.A. 1785.

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Miss Talbot

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PRINCETON
THEOLOGICAL
SEMINARY

MEMOIRS

OF

EMINENTLY PIOUS WOMEN.

MISS CATHERINE TALBOT.

MISS TALBOT was the only and posthumous child of Edward Talbot, second son of William, Bishop of Durham, and younger brother to Charles, first Lord Talbot. Her mother was daughter to the Rev. George Martyn, Prebendary of Lincoln. They had been married only a few months, when Mr. Talbot died, in his thirtieth year, leaving his widow in a situation very inadequate to his rank in life. The kind attentions of an intimate friend were not wanting at this critical period. Catherine, sister to Mr. Benson, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, who had been the companion of Mrs. Talbot's early youth, and was residing with her at the time, was her great support in this heavy affliction; and when her infant was born, it was supposed that she could not have been reared without the assistance of her care and tenderness. These circumstances naturally formed a still closer bond of intimacy between the two ladies. They continued to live together, and to bestow all their joint attention upon the infant Catherine, till the marriage of Miss Benson to Mr. (afterwards Archbishop) Secker, then Rector of the

valuable living of Houghton-le-Spring in Durham. For this preferment Mr. Secker had been indebted to the friendship of Mr. Edward Talbot, who, on his death-bed, recommended him to his father the bishop. Mr. Secker was never unmindful of this obligation; and was thus induced to pay great attention to the widow and child of his deceased friend. Upon his marriage with Miss Benson, he immediately joined his wife in a request that Mrs. and Miss Talbot would become a part of his family. The offer was accepted, and they never afterwards separated; for, upon Mrs. Secker's death, which took place in the year 1748, they still continued with him, and took the management of his domestic concerns.

From her mother, it does not appear probable that Miss Talbot could acquire either much literature or many accomplishments; but to her she owed what was of much greater consequence, strictly religious and virtuous principles, so well grounded, and on a foundation so solid, that they were never afterwards shaken in any situation of life. Mrs. Talbot was not a woman of brilliant parts, and her own education seems to have been rather neglected; yet, her mind was strong, her judgment sound, her manners amiable, and her piety fervent as well as rational. Besides her mother's instructions, Miss Talbot enjoyed the benefit of a constant intercourse with Mr. Secker: she reaped all the advantages of his deep and extensive learning, of his accurate knowledge of the Scriptures, and of his critical and unwearied research into the sciences and languages more immediately connected with that important study. Yet, though so much attention was bestowed on serious pursuits, the lighter and more ornamental parts of female education were not neglected. Music, drawing, and painting in water-colours, engaged her attention. The sciences and modern languages

were not neglected. She attained a complete knowledge of French and Italian, and at a subsequent period of life, she taught herself German. She likewise studied geography and astronomy with great assiduity. Moving in a distinguished sphere of life, her noble birth, high connexions, and residence in the family of so eminent a prelate as Dr. Secker was, added lustre to her merit, and set it off with every advantage. Admired also for her personal charms, she possessed all the graces of the most polished manners, and the most engaging address.

The seeds of the fatal malady which at length conducted her to the tomb, seem to have been very early planted in her constitution. Hence, probably, proceeded the listlessness and languor which oppressed her so severely, even when she had no apparent complaint; and hence also the disorder which was mistaken for consumption, and for which Mrs. Carter accompanied her to Bristol, about ten years before her death. Her stay there appeared to have the desired effect, but she never recovered her health; from that time she became a confirmed invalid.

This excellent and amiable woman, great as were her talents, and brilliant as were her accomplishments, possessed qualities of infinitely more importance both to herself and society. Her piety was regular, constant, and fervent, but not enthusiastic. It was the spring of all her actions, as its reward was the object of all her hopes. Her charity, including the whole meaning of the word in its apostolical sense, was extended to all her acquaintance, rich as well as poor; and to the latter she gave, not only such relief as her circumstances would allow of, (for she was never rich,) but no small portion of her time.

Miss Talbot's life affords little scope for narrative: it passed on in a smooth and equable tenor. This was a blessing of which her pious mind was deeply

sensible: she was always "thankful for days not marked by calamity, nor blackened by the horrors of guilt." But Miss Talbot lived to experience a severe affliction, though she did not long survive it, in the death of Abp. Secker. This event, which took place in July 1768, was extremely distressing, on many accounts, both to her and her mother. They lost the sincere and affectionate friend with whom they had resided for forty-three years, without the most trifling disagreement, or the least diminution of kindness. They had to seek another home, when the advanced age of the mother, and the ill-health of the daughter, rendered the necessity of exertion painful and distressing, and left them little able to struggle with the world. For, it was an aggravation of their sorrow on losing this distinguished friend, that they for some time suffered from the fear of comparative poverty. The Archbishop's will was not found till three months after his decease; and they had the prospect of quitting the affluence of Lambeth Palace, for a precarious state of dependence on a relation, or the occupation of a house on the smallest scale.

Yet, the balm of religious consolation was still theirs; and in patient submission to the will of God, they found both relief and reward. The language of Miss Talbot to a friend was this: "In so great a calamity, it will somewhat comfort you to hear that my mother and I are well; composed and resigned." And again, a few days after, "Circumstances of the greatest distress have been mixed with our heavy affliction, and I more than ever see cause for thankfulness to an over-ruling Providence. God be thanked, our minds are supported in comfort, and our health wonderfully preserved."

The provision which the will of Archbishop Secker made for Mrs. Talbot and her daughter, enabled them to take a convenient house in Grosvenor-street,

where they continued for some time. But Miss Talbot's increasing complaints obliged them to leave London for a cooler and better air. Their kind and constant friend, the late Marchioness Grey, lent them for this purpose her house at Richmond, together with "every thing she could think of to contribute to their comfort or amusement;" and at the same time recommended them to all her intimate acquaintance in that neighbourhood. From this delightful retreat Miss Talbot returned only to breathe her last in her mother's house in town. She was with great difficulty conveyed thither from Richmond in November; and though she thought herself better for the first few days, she was never afterwards able to quit her own apartment. Her dissolution took place on the 9th of January, 1770, in the 49th year of her age; it was not attended by severe pain, or any peculiarly distressing circumstances. To her *to die* was *gain*. Her whole life had been a preparation for death; her last hours, therefore, were not likely to be disturbed by the horrors of a wounded conscience, or the agonies of mental disquietude. The following account is given by a lady who was with her when her death was hourly expected. "Her resignation and patience through all her sufferings you are well acquainted with: it exceeds all description. Cheerfulness does not express her countenance or manner; I mean on Sunday last. There was a joy I shall never forget, and founded, I am certain, on the very few hours she hoped to remain here; and she told me she had that feeling within her, that spoke her happiness near.—I am thankful I have known her, and have sometimes hopes I may be the better all my life, for some conversations passed in this last illness."

The following extracts from her writings cannot but be highly acceptable to the reader.

REFLECTIONS

ON EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY.

The Omnipresence of God, and the practical Inferences from it.

"O Lord, thou hast searched me out, and known me: thou knowest my down-sitting and mine uprising: thou art about my path and about my bed, and spiest out all my ways."

How true, how astonishing is this thought! God, my Maker, is ever present with me. He is infinite in being, and therefore must be every where. He is infinite in knowledge, and therefore every thing must be known to him. No creature is too inconsiderable for his notice. The friends, the relations, and acquaintance, whom I see and converse with every day, know not half so much of my conduct as He does, nor are half so attentive to it. How hourly careful should I be, then, to approve myself to Him! Among my relations and friends, there are some whom I regard more than the rest, either out of greater affection for their goodness and kindness, or out of reverence for their greater wisdom and dignity, or out of interest, as being capable of doing me more good or hurt. All these motives of the highest regard are joined in Him. His excellence is more than thought can conceive: whatever is beautiful, or good, or amiable in the world, flows from Him as its source. In Him is all greatness and majesty, all wisdom and knowledge: every thing that is glorious, awful, venerable. My hourly dependence is upon Him, and all my expectations through an eternity to come. From Him I have received my life, my being, every power and faculty of soul and body. Every innocent delight I

enjoy, is His gift: in every danger, He is my present help. No power but His could guide me safely through the intricate mazes of life. Hitherto His providence has carefully watched over me, and His right hand has held me up: and through all my future life, He, who is truth itself, has promised never to fail me nor forsake me, if on my part, I will but serve Him faithfully, as in my baptismal vow I have promised to do. That blessed covenant I am going to renew by partaking of the holy Sacrament. Had not our blessed Saviour died to redeem mankind, we must all have appeared before an all-seeing God, of infinite justice and holiness, without security of being considered otherwise than as objects of displeasure. But we know that He looks upon us now as objects of the tenderest mercy. He invites us to "pour our hearts before Him," at all times: "to call upon Him in the time of trouble:" "to look unto Him, and be saved." O my soul, in all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.

MONDAY.

The Improvement of Time, and Self-examination.

"Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness." Our Lord and Saviour has pronounced this blessedness, and through his grace I hope to partake of it. Hunger and thirst naturally prompt us to seek, without delay, the means of satisfying them. What then is the food of the mind? Wholesome instruction and religious meditation. If then I sincerely hunger and thirst after righteousness, I shall be frequently feeding my mind with pious books and thoughts. I shall make the returns of these meals as regular as I can, and seldom shall I find any necessity strong enough to make me miss them a whole day together. But then it ought to be remembered too, that even these, the best hours

of my life, ought never to encroach upon the duties and employments of my station, whatever they may be. Am I in a superior station of life? My duty probably takes in a large compass: and I am accountable to my Maker for all those talents intrusted with me by Him, for the benefit of my fellow-creatures. I must not think of living to myself alone, or devoting that time to imitate the employment of angels, which was given me for the service of men. Religion must be my chief end, and my best delight: it must regulate all I think or do; but whatever my station is, I must fulfil all its duties. Have I leisure and genius? I must give a due portion of my time to the elegant improvements of life; to the study of those sciences that are an ornament to human nature; to such things as may make me amiable and engaging to all whom I converse with, that by any means I may win them over to religion and goodness. For if I am always shut up in my closet, and spend my time in nothing but exercises of devotion, I shall be looked upon as morose and hypocritical, and be disregarded as useless in the world. When this life is ended, we have a whole eternity before us to spend in those noblest employments, and highest delights. But man, in this low state of mortality, pays the most acceptable obedience to God, by serving his fellow-creatures.

What is there so gladdening as religious thoughts? Be my state ever so mean and toilsome, as a Christian I am equal to the greatest monarch upon earth. Be my misfortunes and sorrows ever so severe, as a Christian I can look beyond death to an eternity of happiness, of happiness certain, and unspeakable. These thoughts, therefore, I should keep upon my mind through the whole week: they should be the amusement of my labour, and the relief of my weariness: and when my heart is thus ready, I shall gladly take every opportunity to sing and give praise. I shall awake early to worship that God who is my

defence and my delight; and I shall close every evening with prayer and thanksgiving to Him, whose "ways are ways of pleasantness, and all whose paths are peace." In all my common conversation I shall have my eye continually up to Him, who alone can direct my paths to happiness and improvement, and crown all my endeavours with the best success. I shall try to be something the better for every scene of life I am engaged in; to be something the wiser for every day's conversation and experience. And let me not fear, but that if I daily thus faithfully strive to grow in holiness, be my growth at the present never so imperceptible, I "shall in due time arrive at the measure of the fulness of stature in Christ."

TUESDAY.

The Duty of constant Employment.

"I must work the work of Him who sent me, while it is day." If our blessed Saviour, infinitely great and excellent, was, when he assumed human nature, so far from being exempted from the general law of nature imposed on our first father and all his race, who is there amongst men that shall plead an exemption? The duty of employment is two-fold. First, as we are active and spiritual beings, ill would it become us to sit wrapt in indolence, and sleep away a useless life. Constant activity, and extensive usefulness, is the perfection of a spiritual being. The great God himself is infinitely active. "My Father worketh hitherto," saith our Saviour, "and I work." In their various degrees all the orders of angels are "ministering spirits." In the happy worlds above all is life and activity: and shall man, who is so fond of life, lose his little portion of it in a lazy, slothful, half state? Shall he quench those sparks of immortality that glow in his bosom, and content himself with being, for three parts of his time, little

better than a lump of organized clay? Innocent man in Paradise was not made for idleness. But guilty fallen man is peculiarly born to labour, and to trouble. Equally just and merciful was the doom pronounced to Adam, "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread. Human nature, corrupted and depraved by the fall of our first parents, would be incapable of employing ease and leisure to any happy purposes. Greatly do we need constant employment to keep us out of the reach of those temptations from within, and from without, that in idleness particularly assault us. Greatly do we need to have much of our minds taken up with perpetual attention to necessary business and hourly duty, that they may not prey too much upon themselves. Labour and pain are the necessary, though unpalatable medicine of our souls. Shall we refuse to follow the prescription of that heavenly Physician, who drank the bitterest cup for us? Toil and trouble are the just punishments of guilty human nature: shall we rebel against our awful Judge? Activity and employment are the law of our being; and shall we not obey our sovereign Ruler, our great and good Creator?

We ought to think nothing beneath us; nor to desire any thing but what is allotted to us. We ought to imagine nothing our own; and surely, therefore, not our time: yet how apt are we to think it quite a hardship put upon us, if any small portion of it is to be spent disagreeably, and if we have not hours, and days, and years, to indulge in careless idleness and giddy pleasures!

WEDNESDAY.

On the humble and religious Enjoyment of the Blessings of Life.

"And God saw every thing that He had made, and behold it was very good."

Such was the face of things at the creation. Every view that could be taken was a view of order and beauty, of happiness and pleasure. Too soon, by the frailty and the guilt of man, this happy state was changed; and through sin death and misery entered into the world. Every part of our world was affected by the general disorder. The earth produced thorns and thistles. The seasons became unfavourable. The beasts grew wild and savage: and hence sprung a necessity of labour and self-defence. Toil and weariness must be its natural consequence to bodies now become mortal and corruptible. Pain and sickness, the infirmities of old age, the fear of death and sufferings both for ourselves and our friends, with all that variety of evils that burthen human life: all are the sad effects of sin. The disorder of our minds, the vehemence of our passions, the dimness of our understandings, those tendencies to evil, which even the best people, sometimes, feel strongly working in their bosoms, are the bitter fruits of the original corruption of human nature in our common parent. Hence we should draw the strongest motives of humility, and throw ourselves down in the deepest abasement of soul, before that God of holiness, in whose "sight the heavens are not pure; and who chargeth his angels with folly." "How much more man, which is a worm; and the son of man, which is a worm?" Unassisted human nature could not be in a more perfect state than our first parents were created; infinitely superior to whatever we can imagine of good or excellent among ourselves. If they were such frail, such wretched creatures, and so soon forfeited their very beings, then what is the very best of us? "Let our confusion be ever before us! Let the shame of our face cover us!"

Many good persons, who have deeply dwelt on this dark view of our mortal state, have represented it as utterly unfit and sinful for such creatures, in such a world, to think of any thing but suffering

and mourning. But as sure as our heavenly Father is good to all, and peculiarly so to us, his helpless new-adopted children, so surely they are widely mistaken. The blessed promise of our redemption was uttered in the same moment with the doom of our mortality, and from that moment all was good again. Pain, and suffering, and sorrow, became remedies to cure our corrupted nature: temptations but a purifying fire to prove and to refine our virtue: and death a kind release from toil, a happy admission into a better paradise. Through our blessed Saviour we have obtained the grace of God to guide us in all our ways, and to support us under all our distresses. Through Him, in Him, we have every thing that can make us happy, unless we wilfully destroy ourselves. "Rejoice then, in the Lord, all ye righteous; be thankful, all ye who are true of heart."

THURSDAY.

The Duty and Manner of being useful in Society.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." How greatly do we all of us need this blessing; poor guilty creatures, who are every day offending infinite goodness, and provoking almighty power and perfect justice! How then shall we be merciful as we ought? Can this duty be practised by any but the great, or the injured? in relieving the distressed, or in pardoning offenders? Yes: every one of us may practise it every day we live. It is a great mistake to think there is no superiority, but that which rank and fortune give. Every one of us may in something or other assist or instruct some of his fellow-creatures: for the best of the human race is poor and needy, and all have a mutual dependence on one another: there is nobody that cannot do some good: and every body is bound to do diligently all the good he can. It is by no means

enough to be rightly disposed, to be serious and religious in our closets: we must be useful too, and take care, that as we all reap numberless benefits from society, society may be the better for every one of us. It is a false, a faulty, and an indolent humility, that makes people sit still and do nothing, because they will not believe that they are capable of doing much: for every body can do something. Every body can set a good example, be it to many, or to few. Every body can in some degree encourage virtue and religion, and discountenance vice and folly. Every body has some one or other whom they can advise, or instruct, or in some way help to guide through life. Those who are too poor to give alms, can yet give their time, their trouble, their assistance in preparing or forwarding the gifts of others; in considering and representing distressed cases to those who can relieve them; in visiting and comforting the sick and afflicted. Every body can offer up their prayers for those who need them; which, if they do reverently and sincerely, they will never be wanting in giving them every other assistance that it should please God to put in their power.

FRIDAY.

On the Happiness of the present State, and the Self-denial required in it.

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." Alas! does it not seem from this, and many other passages of Scripture, worthy of all observance, and of all acceptation, as if it was our bounden duty in this world to lead a melancholy, wretched, uncomfortable life? And can this indeed be the will of Him who delighteth in mercy; who filleth our hearts with food and gladness, and has, in not a few places, expressly commanded us to "rejoice evermore?" Is there then an inconsistency

in the duties of religion? God forbid! Yet short-sighted men, capable of taking into one view but a part of the vast and perfectly consistent scheme of duty, and guided too generally by passion or weakness, are perpetually acting as if this was the case.

Between these two extremes undoubtedly lies the plain path of duty: the narrow, but not thorny road, that leads through the truest comfort this life can afford, to everlasting happiness in a better.

The natural enjoyments of life are dispensed to us by a gracious Providence, to mitigate its natural evils, and make our passage through it not only supportable, but, at fit times and seasons, so far pleasant, as to make us go on with vigour, cheerfulness, and gratitude: and to give us some kind of earnest of what we are bid to hope hereafter: some kind of faint notion what happiness is: some sensible assurances, that there really is such a thing, though not to be in any high degree enjoyed on this side of the grave. Still it is a yet more merciful dispensation of the same fatherly care, that pain and imperfection, satiety and disappointment, should be so mixed up with all our best enjoyments in this low state of being, as to turn our chief aim and desire towards heaven. And let us not fear, unless we wilfully and madly throw ourselves into a giddy round of pleasures, on purpose to be intoxicated by them, Providence will mercifully interpose in the fullest tide of innocent prosperity, and make us, by some means or other, feel an emptiness and dissatisfaction in the best this world can give; especially may this be hoped by those who take care to keep their minds always open to such serious thoughts and right impressions, as will perpetually present themselves, if not rejected; and who reserve some leisure time in every day, for reading and reflecting.

SATURDAY.

The Importance of Time in relation to Eternity.

Another week is past; another of those little limited portions of time which number out my life. Let me stop a little here, before I enter upon a new one, and consider what this life is, which is thus imperceptibly stealing away, and whither it is conducting me? What is its end and aim, its good and its evil, its use and improvement? What place does it fill in the universe? What proportion does it bear to eternity?

This mortal life is the beginning of existence to beings made for immortality, and graciously designed, unless by wilful guilt they forfeit it, for everlasting happiness. Compared with eternity, its longest duration is less than a moment: therefore its good and evil, considered without a regard to the influence they may have on an eternity to come, must be trifling to a degree below contempt. The short scene begun in birth, and closed by death, is acted over millions of times in every age; and all the little concerns of mortality are pursued, transacted, and forgotten, like the labours of a bee-hive, or the bustle of an ant-hill. "The thing which hath been, is that which shall be; and that which is done, is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun." Our wisdom, therefore, is to pass through this busy dream as calmly as we can, and not suffer ourselves to be more deeply attached to any of these transitory things, than the momentariness and unimportance of them deserves.

But considering this short life as a probation for eternity, as a trial whose issue is to determine our everlasting state, its importance to ourselves appears beyond expression great, and fills a right mind with equal awe and transport. The important day will come, when there shall be a new thing indeed, but

not " under the sun;" for " heaven and earth shall pass away;" but the words of Him who created them " shall not pass away."

What then is the good or the evil of life, but as it has a tendency to prepare or unfit us for that decisive day, when " the Son of man shall come in the clouds with great power and great glory, and shall send his angels, and shall gather together his elect from the four winds?" That Son of man, who is the Son of God, blessed for evermore, and once before came down from heaven, and took upon him this our mortal nature, with all its innocent infirmities and sufferings; and subjected himself even to the death of the cross, that he might redeem us from all our sins, and obtain the gift of everlasting life for all, who should not wilfully frustrate this last and greatest effort of divine mercy.

What then have we to do but, with love and gratitude unutterable, to embrace the offers of salvation, and henceforth become in every thing His true and faithful disciples? To whom should we live but to Him who died for us? To whom should we give up ourselves but to Him who gave up himself for us? " whose yoke is easy, and his burden light." In whom should we trust but in eternal truth? In whom should we cheerfully hope, but in infinite goodness? whom should we copy but Him who was made like unto us in all things, sin only excepted, and has left us an example, that we should " follow his steps?" Which if we do faithfully to the utmost of our power, his grace shall so assist us, that in the end we shall be where he is, to behold his glory and partake his bliss.

ELEGY.

O form'd for boundless bliss! Immortal soul!
Why dost thou prompt the melancholy sigh,
While evening shades disclose the glowing pole,
And silver moon-beams tremble o'er the sky?

These glowing stars shall fade, this moon shall fall,
This transitory sky shall melt away;
Whilst thou, triumphantly surviving all,
Shalt glad expatiate in eternal day.

Sickens the mind with longings vainly great,
To trace mysterious wisdom's secret ways,
While chain'd and bound in this ignoble state,
Humbly it breathes sincere, imperfect praise?

Or glows the beating heart with sacred fires,
And longs to mingle in the worlds of love?
Or, foolish trembler, feeds its fond desires
Of earthly good? or dreads life's ills to prove?

Back does it trace the flight of former years,
The friends lamented, and the pleasures past?
Or wing'd with forecast vain, and impious fears,
Presumptuous to the cloud-hid future haste?

Hence, far begone, ye fancy-folded pains!
Peace, trembling heart! be ev'ry sigh suppress.
Wisdom Supreme, Eternal Goodness reigns;
Thus far is sure: to Heav'n resign the rest.

MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER.

Mrs. Elizabeth Carter was the eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Nicholas Carter, who, with other preferment, held the cure of the chapel of Deal, where this daughter was born, December 16, 1717. She was educated by her father. At first, she discovered such a slowness of faculties, as to make him despair of her progress in intellectual attainment, even with the aid of the greatest industry, and the most ardent desire, which characterized her efforts. She herself, however, though mortified and sorrowful at her own difficulties, resolved to persevere; and her perseverance was crowned with unexampled success. She early became mistress of Latin, Greek, French, German, and afterwards understood Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Hebrew, and last of all acquired something of Arabic. Before she was seventeen years of age, many of her poetical attempts had appeared, particularly in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1734, under the signature of "Eliza." This extraordinary display of genius and acquirements procured her immediate celebrity, and the learned flocked about her with admiration. In 1738, when she was about twenty, Cave, the proprietor of the Gentleman's Magazine, published some of her poems in a quarto pamphlet, now little known, as it appeared without her name. It is probable, she did not think many of these worthy of her; as in 1762, when she published a small collection with her name, she admitted only two from the former work.

In 1741, she formed an intimacy with Miss Catherine Talbot, niece to the Lord Chancellor Talbot, a young lady of considerable genius and most amiable disposition. This was an important

event in Mrs. Carter's life, on many accounts. The intimacy of their friendship, the importance of their correspondence, and the exalted piety of both, made it the principal ingredient of their mutual happiness. In addition to this, it procured her the friendship of Dr. Secker, Archbishop of Canterbury, with whom Miss Talbot resided. By this means she extended her knowledge of the world, cherished her profound learning, and exercised her pious thoughts. To this event is to be traced her undertaking and completing the work by which her fame has been most known abroad, and will longest be remembered by scholars at home, her Translation of Epictetus.

The celebrated Mrs. Montague and Mrs. Carter were acquainted from their earliest years. From 1754, their correspondence was regular and uninterrupted; and Mrs. Carter's visits to Mrs. Montague, at her house in London, introduced her to an assemblage of rank and talents. In 1756, Sir George Lyttleton, afterwards Lord Lyttleton, visited Mrs. Carter at Deal; and from that time an intimacy grew up between them, which ended only with his life. About the same time she became acquainted with the celebrated William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, who delighted in her society, and regarded her intellectual powers and acquisitions with unfeigned admiration. In 1763, she accompanied Lord Bath, Mr. and Mrs. Montague, and Dr. Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, to Spa. His Lordship died in the following summer. In August, 1768, she had an additional loss in the death of her reverend friend and patron, Archbishop Secker. Two years after this, she sustained a more severe deprivation in the loss of her bosom friend, Miss Talbot; of whom she says, "Never, surely, was there a more perfect pattern of evangelical goodness, decorated by all the ornaments of a highly improved understanding, and recommended by a sweetness of temper, and an elegance and politeness of manners,

of a more peculiar and engaging kind, than in any other character I ever knew."

Mrs. Carter was now indeed arrived at a time of life when every year was stealing from her some intimate friend or dear relation. In 1774, she lost her father, in his eighty-seventh year. She had passed the greater part of her life with him, and their affection had been uninterrupted. The house in which they latterly resided was bought by her. Half the year she was in the habit of passing in London; the other half was spent with her father in this house.

In 1782 an event occurred, which once more disturbed the uniformity of Mrs. Carter's life. She had been under great obligations to Sir William Pulteney, who very liberally settled on her an annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds, which it had been expected by her friends that Lord Bath would have done. She therefore complied with his wishes by accompanying his daughter to Paris, though she was now in her sixty-fifth year. She was absent only sixteen days, of which one week was spent at Paris. Mrs. Carter was not insensible to the fatigues and inconveniences of her journey, but her sense of them yielded to her friendship. At home, however, she was able to enjoy summer tours, which doubtless contributed to her health and amusement. In 1791, she had the honour, by the Queen's express desire, of being introduced to her Majesty, at Lord Cremorne's house at Chelsea. Afterwards, when the Princess of Wales occupied Lord Keith's house in the Isle of Thanet, she called on Mrs. Carter at Deal; and the Duke of Cumberland, when attending his regiment at Deal, also paid her a visit. Such was her reputation many years after she had ceased to attract public notice as an author, and when the common mass of readers scarcely knew whether such a person existed.

About nine years before her death, she experienced

an alarming illness, of which she never recovered the effects in bodily strength, but the faculties of her mind remained unimpaired. In the summer of 1805, her weakness evidently increased. As the winter approached, and the time of her annual journey to London, which she never omitted, drew near, her strength and spirits seemed to revive. On the 23d of December, she left Deal for the last time, having six days before completed her eighty-eighth year, and on the 24th, arrived at her old lodgings in Clarges Street. For some days she seemed better, and visited several of her old friends; but, on January 4th, she exhibited symptoms of alarming weakness, after which all her strength gradually ebbed away, till on February 19, 1806, she expired without a struggle or groan. She lies interred in the burial-ground of Grosvenor Chapel. A mural monument was afterwards erected to her memory in the chapel of the town of Deal.

The portrait of Mrs. Carter in her old age, which her nephew and biographer, the Rev. Montague Pennington, has taken, is very captivating. The wisdom of age without its coldness; the cool head with the affectionate heart; a sobriety which chastened conversation without destroying it; a cheerfulness which enlivened piety without wounding it; a steady effort to maintain a conscience void of offence, and to let religion suffer nothing in her exhibition of it to the world; such were the qualities with which she came, as a shock of ripe corn, to the heavenly harvest.

Mrs. Carter's religion was displayed, not only in the humility with which she received, and the faithfulness with which she avowed, the doctrines of the Bible, but in the sincerity with which she followed out those principles to their practical consequences, and lived as she believed. We find her, in one place, charging upon her friend Mrs. Montague, the neces-

sity of enlisting her fine talents in the cause of religion, instead of wasting them upon literary vanities. In another, we find her exposing the pretensions of that religion which does not follow men into the circle in which they live; and questioning, whether piety can at once be seated in the heart, and yet seldom force its way to the lips. We see her scrupulously intent on turning the conversation of dinner tables into such channels as might at least benefit the servants in attendance. This delicacy of moral sentiment, which feels a stain in religion like a wound, which deems nothing trifling that has to do with the soul, which sets God at our right hand, not only in the temple, but in the drawing-room, is doubtless an indication of a heart visited by God and consecrated to his service. Among her studies, there was one which she never neglected; one which was always dear to her, from her earliest infancy to the latest period of her life, and in which she made a continual improvement. Her acquaintance with the Bible, some part of which she never failed to read every day, was as complete, as her belief in it was sincere. And no person ever endeavoured more sincerely, and few with greater success, to regulate the whole of their conduct by that unerring guide. Her piety, unvarying and fervent, though not enthusiastic, was at all times the most distinguishing feature of her character. It was indeed the piety of the Gospel, which showed itself by a calm, rational, and constant devotion, and the most unwearied attention to acquire the temper, and practise the duties of a Christian life. She never thanked God, like the proud Pharisee, that she was not like others; but rather, like the publican, besought him to be merciful to her a sinner.

The following extracts from her writings will furnish a satisfactory illustration of Mrs. Carter's religious character.

Written by Mrs. Carter on making her Will.

"In the solemn act of making one's last will, something ought surely to be added to the mere form of law. Upon this occasion, which is a kind of taking leave of the world, I acknowledge with gratitude and thanksgiving, how much I owe to the Divine goodness for a life distinguished by innumerable and unmerited blessings.

"Next to God, the supreme and original Author of all happiness, I desire to express my thankfulness to those whom he has made the instruments of conveying his benefits to me. Most particularly I am indebted to my father for his kindness and indulgence to me in every instance, and especially in the uncommon care and pains he has taken in my education, which has been the source of such a variety of reasonable pleasures, as well as of very great advantages in my conversation with the world. I likewise very heartily thank my mother*, my brothers and sisters, for all the instances of kindness and affection by which they have contributed to the comfort of my life. If, in this disposition of my affairs, I appear to have made any distinction, I entreat them to believe, that not any difference in my own good-will to them, but a regard to their different circumstances, has been the real motive of it.

"Besides my own family, there are very many others to whom I have been obliged for very considerable advantages, in the assistance and pleasures of friendship: of these, I retain a most affectionate and grateful memory, and desire all my intimate friends to consider themselves as included in my sincere acknowledgments.

"And now, O gracious God, whether it be thy will to remove me speedily from the world, or to

* Her mother-in-law was then living.

allot me a longer time in it, on Thee alone I depend for happiness both here and hereafter. I acknowledge my own unworthiness, and that all my claim to thy favour is founded on thy infinite goodness in the merciful dispensation of the Gospel. I implore the pardon of all my sins, and humbly hope for those pleasures which are at thy right hand for evermore, in and through Him by whom all thy blessings are conveyed, my blessed Lord, Redeemer, and only Saviour, Jesus Christ.

"ELIZABETH CARTER."

"February 9, 1759."

Thoughts on the present State of Affairs, 1752.

"The last winter has been a calamitous one to several nations, and alarming to our own; and the summer prospect is clouded with impending dangers. What method can I take to avoid the threatened evil, or to quiet my fears? Can I fly into some distant country, and endeavour to secure myself there? My connexions and attachments render this an impracticable scheme. Shall I depend for protection on the assistance of my friends? They are helpless and defenceless as myself. Is there then no refuge left? Yes; a reliance on Him in whose hand are the 'issues of life and death,' and the disposal of all events!

"And have I then been careful to secure an interest in this Almighty Protector, this unfailing friend? Dare I, with humble hope and confidence, look up for aid and support to that God who 'is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity?' This is an awful and important inquiry, and merits my most serious attention. Let me examine my own heart. Of atrocious crimes, perhaps, it fully acquits me; but to these have I any temptation? In avoiding them, how little have I to boast! But are there not faults of a less observable nature, and often much too

slightly overlooked, for which, in my situation, I am strictly accountable? By the gracious disposition of Providence, I am a Christian: have I duly considered what this sacred character imports; what a strictness of behaviour my profession requires? Is religion, and a perpetual view to the solemn account which I must one day render, the governing principle of my life? Does it, as far as mortal frailty will permit, influence my whole conduct, my actions, my discourses, and accompany me even in my diversions and amusements?

"In this season of public danger, let me consider in what particulars I am faulty, and sincerely endeavour, by the Divine assistance, to correct what I discover to be wrong.

"Fear, when it terminates in itself, is a painful and contemptible passion; but, properly applied, may be sanctified to a noble use. That use our blessed Saviour has pointed out to me. If the fear of God influences me to correct whatever would tend to deprive me of his favour and protection, what else shall I have to fear? Whatever be the event of the present alarming dangers to me, if I do not forfeit my hope in the Divine Goodness, it will certainly be happy. Though the earth tremble beneath my feet, my soul will be immovably fixed on 'the Rock of Ages;' and when the sword hangs over my head, I shall 'acquaint myself with God, and be at peace.'"

Letter to ———.

"It is difficult to discover what beneficial effects would have been produced, if the truth of Christianity, instead of being left to the deductions of reason, and the concurrence of the will, had been rendered as self-evident as the existence of the Supreme Being. It must still have depended on

the choice of each individual, what degree of attention should have been bestowed on the subject.

"But let us suppose that it had been so ordered, that every one to whom the Gospel is proposed, should be necessarily and instantaneously convinced of its truth, would this conviction universally produce those consequences in action which would answer the design of the revelation? Certainly not; any more than the conviction of the being of God had before produced obedience to his will.

"It would be to no purpose, then, to stop here: we must proceed a step further, and wish that all mankind were under a necessity, not only of believing the Gospel, but of practising it likewise. Now, in this case, it is evident there could be no use in any revelation, since the same necessity that would compel us to act right with a revelation, might answer the same purpose without it. Our wish, then, must be at last reduced to this single point, that all the power of thinking or of acting might be totally removed.

"What a delightful view does the accomplishment of such a wish present to the mind! All the disorders arising from intelligent perverseness at once prevented; all moral evil banished from the universe; and all beings proceeding with constant and undeviating rectitude to their end. In such a system, indeed, it is hard to guess what that end could be: however, on they would go, no matter whither. To this noble and most desirable alteration of the present constitution of things, there is, I believe, only one trifling objection; that it would effectually annihilate all virtue, all happiness, and all personal identity.

"The very essence of *virtue* consists in its being a voluntary act of choice; nor could it exist in circumstances under which any exertion of the powers of the mind is impossible, and its motion ruled by

laws as necessary and inevitable as those which regulate the beating of the pulse.

"*Happiness* is as inconsistent with necessity as virtue is, on which happiness depends. The first and highest instance of happiness, arising from the intercourse between created intelligence and the Supreme Being, must in a great measure be lost. There could be no exercise of our voluntary obedience to his power and wisdom; no voluntary expression of gratitude to his goodness; no reference of our actions to him; no self-approbation arising from a submission of our own wills to his; nor any consequent hope of his favour. All happiness arising from the connexion of human creatures with each other would be equally lost: there could be no reciprocation of affection, but all social pleasures must vanish with the moral qualities on which they are founded.

"But, on the supposition of necessity, in what state would the soul be, considered as an individual? In no state of personal existence at all: the action to which it is impelled by unavoidable necessity, is no more his, than it is the action of B. or of C. Indeed, it is, properly speaking, no action at all; nor could any more consciousness be excited by it, than we should feel for the impressions made by a hammer on an anvil."

Extract from a Letter to ——.

"To consider the Gospel merely as a subject of speculation, which we are at liberty to examine or let alone just as our other avocations will allow, is not having such a sense of its awful importance as gives room to expect any satisfaction from the inquiry. To examine it more diligently, and more in earnest, yet, entirely with a confidence in our own understanding, is not having a proper sense of

human weakness. Religion is a most solemn transaction between God and the soul, founded on every relation in which we stand to him; and it is only by keeping up a perpetual intercourse with him, and by an endeavour to form not only our outward behaviour, but the whole internal frame of our mind, with a reference to his approbation, that we can become sufficiently divested of all wrong tendencies, to be duly qualified to judge of the truth of any revelation proposed in his name.

"Those who sincerely wish to make his will the first object of their choice, who submit their understanding to his direction, and implore and depend on his assistance to guard them from error, his goodness will never suffer to be fatally misled; and they will enter on the inquiry with a full security of obtaining every degree of conviction which is necessary to their virtue and their peace. So true, I believe, is the position, that conviction depends on the heart, that I think you will not, in the whole circle of your observation, find a single instance of a person whose heart was disposed in the manner which I have described, who ever continued an unbeliever.

"With regard to the nature of conviction, it should be carefully observed, that though necessarily existing truths, and such as are conveyed to us by our senses, strike us by an irresistible impulse, no such effect ought to be expected in the examination of historical facts, or of the moral truths which, in their very nature, can rest only on probable and reasonable proofs. The degree of conviction arising from these must necessarily be very different, according to the difference of their own circumstances, and the different turn of mind in those to whom they are addressed. In cases where there appears no absurdity or contradiction, and where the subject is of infinite importance, where all is safe on one

side of the question, and there is dreadful danger on the other, however faint the evidence may appear, common sense will justify the taking it for granted, as we do innumerable other truths, or the business of life must stand still. Those who proceed upon this supposition, and form the whole system of their lives accordingly, upon a principle of obedience to God, and as a proof of their readiness to accept the conditions of salvation offered by the Gospel, if it be indeed a revelation of his will, cannot fail of finding the evidence grow stronger in proportion as they advance in that sanctity of heart and manners which it prescribes.

"Did the great truths of Christianity engage our attention with the same force as those which concern the objects of our interest, and of our attention to the commerce of the world, we should, without hesitation, think it reasonable to admit them upon the same principles; but we are too apt to consider religion as something external, and merely a subject of speculative curiosity, on which we are at liberty to play all the tricks of our understanding, in a manner which would strike us as an instance of the highest absurdity, if it was applied to the common affairs of life. The difference which we make in the two cases, arises only from our own prejudices, for the Supreme Being deals with us alike in both; that is, in exact conformity with the nature he has given us, which is that of reasonable creatures, whose assent is to be determined by reasonable arguments, and not to be kept in eternal suspense by refusing to admit the most probable side of a question, only because it cannot solve all the difficulties with which every question, to every understanding below omniscience, must be attended."

ON GOOD FRIDAY.

A FRAGMENT.

"At this solemn season, which commemorates an event so interesting to every believer, the serious subjects which exclude from our thoughts the idle hurry and trifling pursuits of the world, give a higher refinement and delicacy to all the virtuous affections of the heart; and, while they teach us a contempt of all the little earth-born interests and cares, whose duration is circumscribed by the narrow circle of time, increase our sense of the value of those which, by a proper improvement, will continue to form part of our happiness through the unlimited ages of eternity.

"To all who believe the Gospel, it must give an inexpressible delight, that those sentiments of affection to which we owe our most exquisite pleasure, were sanctified by many instances in the history of Him whose whole conduct is proposed for our unerring example; who, amidst the sufferings of a violent and painful death, felt all the tenderest sensibilities of social love, and employed some of the latest moments of expiring life in expressing his concern for a parent, and his confidence in a friend.

"There is no doubt but he, who had so often made use of a miraculous interposition in other cases, might have made use of the same instrument to render all mortal care unnecessary. But the exertions of his power as the Son of God, could not have afforded so much use and consolation to his followers, as his giving, in every possible instance, an example of the virtues of the Son of man.

"Amidst all those delightful contemplations which the hopes of immortality inspire, it is impossible for a heart devoted to particular attachments, not to feel the most exquisite pleasure in the prospect of improving and perpetuating these senti-

ments. This, like every other blessing, must be incomplete in a world destined for the exercise, not the reward, of virtue. Amidst the rough trials of probationary life, the fondest attachments must often be deprived of that pleasure which they are fitted to bestow. The various duties of different situations must often occasion tedious interruptions of all personal intercourse, which would be most severely felt, if it was confined within the narrow space allotted between our capacity of forming a choice, and the final dissolution of every mortal tie. But, were the commerce ever so uninterrupted, all human connexions must partake of the imperfection of those beings between whom they are formed, under the most favourable circumstances; must consist in a participation of each others' sufferings, and a mutual toleration of their defects."

A MORNING PRAYER.

"O God, my merciful Father, I humbly thank Thee for preserving me in safety the past night, for refreshing me with quiet sleep, and raising me in health and peace to the enjoyment of a world which Thou hast made so beautiful, and in which Thou hast allotted me such innumerable mercies. I bless Thee for all the comforts of my life; for health and plenty, good parents, kind relations, and kind friends. I beg of Thee to bless and reward them, and to make me dutiful and grateful to them.

"Under a sense of my own weakness, I beg the assistance of thy Holy Spirit, to enable me to resist the dangerous temptations and bad examples of the world, the wrong dispositions of my own heart and temper, and the snares of Satan. I humbly beseech Thee to take my unexperienced youth under thy protection. Keep me, O Lord, from presumption and vanity; from idle dissipation and extravagant expenses. Impress on my soul a constant regard to

that awful account of all my thoughts, words, and actions, which I must give to Thee at the dreadful day of judgement. Grant me a firm persuasion that all my peace of mind here, and my happiness hereafter, must depend on my improvement in piety, and in the duties of a Christian life. Teach me to rely with perfect dependence upon Thee, who alone knowest what is truly good for me; and dispose me to cheerful contentment in whatever condition Thou seest fit to place me.

"I beseech Thee to guard me this day from all danger, particularly from the greatest of all evils, the doing of any thing displeasing to Thee. I humbly offer up all my petitions in the name, and through the intercession, of my blessed Saviour, who has taught me, when I pray, to say,

"Our Father," &c.

MRS. SARAH TRIMMER.

Mrs. Trimmer was the daughter of Joshua and Sarah Kirby, and was born at Ipswich, Jan. 6, 1741. From her father, who was a man of great piety, she imbibed the purest sentiments of religion, and at an early period of life acquired the knowledge of the fundamental principles of Christianity. Under the instruction of Mrs. Justinier, a woman of elegant manners and refined sentiments, she acquired the usual female accomplishments. Her studies were chiefly directed to English and French. From the latter language she found great pleasure in translating, which she did with great accuracy. She frequently said it was that practice, which, by giving her choice of words, and facility of expression, led the way to her becoming an author.

At the age of fourteen, she left her native town, with her father and mother, to settle in London, where Mr. Kirby had the honour of teaching perspective to the then Prince of Wales. Here his daughter enjoyed the society of some eminent literary men, especially of Dr. Samuel Johnson, by whom she was favoured with particular notice, and Dr. Gregory Sharp. By the removal of her father to Kew in 1759, on his being appointed clerk of the works at that palace, she first became acquainted with Mr. Trimmer, to whom she was married at the age of twenty-one, with the approbation of all her friends. From the period of her marriage till she became an author, she devoted almost the whole of her time to domestic duties, especially in nursing and educating her children. Mrs. Trimmer became the mother of six sons and six daughters; and the comfort which she derived from them when grown

to years of maturity, compensated the labour and anxiety bestowed upon their childhood.

As a mistress, Mrs. Trimmer was kind and considerate, never losing sight of the best interests of her servants. Her domestic concerns were so regulated, that though she had a young family, each of her servants had an opportunity of frequenting the house of God once at least on every Sabbath. Indeed, she often contrived that they should attend both morning and evening service, and she devoted a part of the Sunday evening to instructing them. She manifested great anxiety for their welfare, whether they continued under her roof, or were removed into other families. Of this, the following extract from her Meditations, on the dismission of a young man from her service, whom she had taken great pains to instruct, is a striking instance. "Thou knowest, blessed Lord, the zeal and sincerity of heart with which I have admonished my servants; with what regret I part from one who may not meet again with a friend who will take pains to train him in the way in which he should go. O Lord! I beseech thee, give to him the help of thy Holy Spirit, and impress on his mind those instructions which he may have received from me, or from others; and let him not be drawn away, by the vanities of the world, into the paths of destruction. O that I may have a household serving God, and loving one another! Adorable Saviour! may every heart in my family be thine! O may thy blessed gospel have its due efficacy with every one of us, through the help of thy Holy Spirit!"

Mrs. Trimmer very properly considered that there was nothing more conducive to the happiness and comfort of man, than the observance of the Sabbath. Still, the day was not marked by her as a day of gloom and severity, but a day of rest, peace, and satisfaction. It was always, however, a cheerfulness which accorded with its sanctity. It

was spent by her in frequenting the house of God, in teaching the children of the poor, in instructing her own household, and in the exercises of private, personal devotion.

Her views with regard to this sacred day, are strongly expressed in her Meditations. "What a blessing to sinful, sorrowing mortals, is the Sabbath! though I cannot, from the infirmity of my nature, always attain to the full enjoyment of it. My cares are suspended, my hopes are enlarged; I take a view, though imperfect, of the future world; I hold communion with the Father of spirits; I feel the love of my Saviour, and the inward consolations of the Holy Spirit."

In another place she says: "How quickly do the Sabbaths return, those seasons of rest and spiritual comfort! A seventh part of our time on earth is taken from the days of toil and care, and blessed and sanctified by the God of all goodness, for the recreation and benefit of our souls, and that we may have a foretaste of heavenly bliss. To me the Sabbath is a welcome day, and I bless God for the institution of it."

The participation of the Lord's Supper was a duty which she frequently observed. Of its efficacy she entertained a high opinion, and found great comfort and refreshment of soul in approaching the table of the Lord.

Mrs. Trimmer cherished the most benevolent feelings for all who were in distress, but was particularly anxious to procure assistance for persons in the Christian ministry, who were, from unavoidable circumstances, struggling with difficulties. In this pious work, she met with assistance from others, more powerful than herself. At one time, a gentleman, who had the disposal of a legacy designed for the indigent clergy, or their families, applied to her to recommend proper objects; by which means she had the satisfaction of being useful to several worthy

and respectable persons. At another time, a benevolent friend, who appropriated a very considerable sum of money annually to the same charitable purpose, requested her advice and assistance in the disposal of it, and thus contributed greatly to her happiness. She cultivated a habit of early rising, which she found useful in various ways. Devotional exercises employed the first part of her time thus well redeemed. In her Meditations, at a time when she was writing on sacred subjects, she thus expresses herself: "O Divine Saviour! it is not my wish to waste those hours in sleep, which ought to be passed in watchfulness and prayer. It is my highest pleasure to rise early to pursue my delightful work: at midnight I would rise to praise my God and Saviour. I would watch with thee, blessed Lord, not one hour only, but my whole life, could I but do it: the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. My nature requires repose. I must wait for eternity before I can be always awake and ready for the service of my God."

Her conversation was very pleasing and instructive; it had not the least tincture of affectation or pretension. Humility was one of the leading features in her character, and it was apparent both in her countenance and conversation. It might truly be said of her, that she was an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile.

Of her love and veneration for the Bible, no one can doubt who is at all acquainted with her writings. On this subject she thus writes in her Meditations: "What an inestimable treasure is thy Gospel! O, Divine Saviour, what would have become of all mankind without thee? How much would all the troubles of life have been increased to me, but for the knowledge of thy Gospel! Lord, it is in my estimation the pearl of inestimable value. I have sought for it as for hidden treasure; and, under the guidance of Divine grace, I have happily found it.

I would not part with it for all that this world, and a thousand such worlds, can give. And yet, O Divine Lord! I highly value the blessings with which this world is adorned by the hand of the great Creator. As for all its pomps and vanities, I despise them: they have no charms for a soul longing for heavenly joys."

The failings of her fellow-creatures she always covered with a mantle of charity, uniformly endeavouring to put the most favourable construction both upon their words and actions. Her favourite maxim was, that a Christian should carefully avoid saying any thing to the prejudice of others, unless when it was necessary for the honour of God, or the good of men. And to this rule she so steadily adhered, that she would take herself severely to task for any deviation from it.

The forgiveness of injuries was a quality which she possessed and exercised in no common degree. She was ready not only to do good to such as injured her, but to pray for those who despitefully used her; and was never so happy as when she could show kindness to any from whom she had received ill treatment, or confer some favour on one who had offended her.

That all mankind might be partakers of salvation, and the name of God be praised from the rising to the setting sun, was the subject of her ardent desire and fervent prayer; and the promotion of these important objects formed no small part of the occupation and joy of her life. When, on one occasion, the ordinances of God had been slighted, and the Divinity of Christ denied, she thus expresses herself: "O that the whole race of mankind would unite in paying the homage and adoration that are justly due! that they would acknowledge thee as King of kings, and Lord of lords! I am very jealous for thine honour, Lord God of Hosts. Mine eyes gush out with water, because men dishonour thy name.

But, alas! they know not what they do. May Divine grace bring them to a proper sense of their duty!"

She greatly delighted in contemplating the beauties of nature, and this she did with a spirit truly devotional. "When my soul," she says, "is filled with admiration, love, and gratitude, in viewing the beauties of creation, I anticipate in some degree the happiness of a future state." Again: "This world is a world of tribulation; yet, it is a world of comfort and consolation too; and it is a world of hope; and heavenly pleasure may, as I conceive, be tasted in it in some degree. O, it is certainly a great blessing to be brought into existence out of nothing, and to be placed in such a world as this! With what beauties does it abound! How delightful is the society of the good! How sweet the tender intercourse of relationship and friendship! What knowledge may be acquired! And then, what glories are revealed from heaven, and held out to future expectation! It is a goodly world, though evil be sown in it. But what is this to the world beyond the grave! Of that my poor faculties can form but a faint idea. What stages there may be betwixt earth and the highest heaven, in which the majesty of God is seen, I cannot conceive; but it is evident from Scripture, that there is a Paradise in which those who die in the Lord rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

She enjoyed great peace of mind. In various parts of her Meditations, and under trials of different kinds, she thus expresses herself: "What an inestimable gift was that which our Divine Lord bestowed upon his followers, before he left the world—peace, that peace which passeth all understanding! Yes, I can bear witness to the reality of my Saviour's bequest. How often has my mind experienced the delight and comfort of this heavenly peace! How could I gain tranquillity, how could I be comforted

under the sense of sins, and the pressure of worldly cares, were it not for this blessed peace?"

The manners of this excellent woman accorded with the simplicity of her character, and were at once mild and gentle, modest and unassuming. There was a dignity in her deportment, arising rather from her real worth than from any consciousness of it in herself; and it was almost impossible to avoid treating her with the respect she deserved. Yet, those who approached her with most veneration, were, upon further acquaintance, equally bound to her by the ties of affection and regard.

Mrs. Trimmer's numerous works have endeared her name more especially to the young. Her largest work is a Scripture History in six volumes. The series of Grecian, Roman, English, and Bible Stories, which appeared under her name, accompanied with prints, has probably had as large a circulation as any book of the class ever published. Besides these, her Introduction to the Knowledge of Nature, her inimitable History of the Redbreast Family, and her Scripture Lessons, have all acquired a permanent popularity. Mrs. Trimmer conducted for some time a periodical publication under the title of the Guardian of Education, which had for its especial object, to watch over the interests of the rising generation. It comprised original papers and a review of elementary and children's books, and extended to three octavo volumes. Few writers of her day, have been, on the whole, more useful, or more deservedly popular. All her works bear the stamp of simplicity of intention; and while their author disclaimed all literary pretension, they exhibit abundant proofs of a strong, well-cultivated, and above all a pious mind.

On the 15th of December, 1810, Mrs. Trimmer, having nearly attained what, in the language of the Psalmist, is called the age of man, was gently summoned to brighter regions, with scarcely an hour's

previous illness, and without any symptoms that could alarm the family. As she was sitting in her study, in the chair in which she was accustomed to write, she bowed her head upon her bosom, and yielded her spirit into the hands of her Creator and Redeemer. Her children, who had seen her occasionally take repose in this way, could scarcely persuade themselves that she was not sunk in sleep; and it was not till after some time, that they could be made to believe that it was the sleep of death.

We shall close this brief memoir with a selection from her Journal, in which she has recorded her religious views and feelings in a manner that cannot fail to instruct and gratify the reader.

"Feb. 12, 1786.—Blessed Jesus, I am this day going to renew my baptismal vow at thy holy table; to testify my allegiance to thee, my heavenly King; to profess my faith in the redemption thou hast purchased for thy faithful servants. Vouchsafe, O Lord! to assist me by thy Holy Spirit in this solemn act. Keep me from vain, wandering thoughts; raise my affections, animate my heart, and let me feel the efficacy of this Divine institution. I love thee, my blessed Saviour! My heart feels gratitude unutterable! I yield myself to thy guidance. O Lord! I look forward with confidence and hope to that eternal inheritance which thou hast prepared for those that believe in thy name, and live agreeably to thy precepts."

"May 28, 1787.—I yesterday experienced one of the greatest pleasures this world can afford, in hearing the praises of my great Redeemer sung in the most exalted strains in Westminster Abbey. Nothing was wanting to complete the enjoyment, but the idea of its being an office of general devotion, instead of a mere public amusement. To myself, and I doubt not to hundreds besides, it was an act of fervent devotion. Blessed Jesus! thou knowest with what heartfelt satisfaction I lifted up my thoughts to thee.

Lord, I now acknowledge, and it is the joy of my life to repeat the acknowledgement, that thou art worthy to be praised. Honour, and glory, and power, be unto thee for ever and ever."

"Oct. 27, 1788.—This year, as far as it has passed away, has been a year of great blessings. The troubles and cares to which humanity is ever subject, have been mixed with them, but they have been small in comparison of what we have suffered in former years. With gratitude to God for his grace and mercy through Jesus Christ, I can now say, that I feel much less affected than formerly with worldly evils: they agitate me with apprehension for a little while, and then give way to the peace of God, which takes possession of my soul. Very often, in the midst of perplexities, I find an inward assurance that no harm shall happen to me while I persevere in the ways of holiness. This kindles a resolution to continue to seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and a trust in God for the performance of his promise, that He will never leave nor forsake those who so trust in him. What can this be but the operation of the Holy Ghost the Comforter?"

"Jan. 1, 1790.—I could wish to note the minutes as they pass, and correct, from day to day, what has been amiss; but this is impossible. Let me, however, take a retrospect of the last year. Thanks to Almighty goodness, it has been a prosperous, and, upon the whole, a happy one; and I trust, I have made some progress in Christian virtue. But, alas! I still fall greatly short of what many have attained to; but I resolve, for the time to come, to use my best endeavours to do the will of my heavenly Father; to honour my blessed Redeemer; and to obey the dictates of the Holy Spirit. Every day's experience convinces me more and more that there is an over-ruling Providence. I have been led to see it in numberless instances, both in my own

family and in public occurrences. I have the most lively faith in all the revelations of Divine things contained in the Holy Scriptures; and clearly see the necessity of Divine grace, and the fallibility of human reason. I as firmly believe in all that is revealed concerning a future state, as if I beheld these glorious things with my eyes; and I acknowledge the infinite goodness of God in revealing them. I esteem, above all that this world can give, the high prize which is set before me. I contemplate with love inexpressible the goodness of my Saviour in dying for mankind; and I trust in his merits alone for salvation.

"O blessed Lord! it is my desire to follow thy Divine example, as far as the infirmities of human nature will permit; and to continue thy faithful disciple till death. Thou knowest that I put not my trust in any thing that I do; my reliance for mercy, my hopes of eternal life, are founded on thy merits. O Lord, keep me thine evermore! O hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place! Reject not my humble petition. Lord, I desire to devote to thy service a large portion of my time: not for the indulgence of vain desires do I covet leisure; but I ardently wish to maintain thine honour in this degenerate age, and to teach the rising generation to know thee as thou art.

"O Lord, what an honour is this which I am now enjoying; holding converse, as it were, with my Maker! I lift up my heart to thee with humble adoration and thanksgiving, and trust thou lookest down upon me with complacency and love. O that I could fulfil the will of my heavenly Father as the angels do! May I, after this life is ended, be admitted into their blessed society! May I see my Saviour! Adorable Jesus! whom my soul honours with the highest veneration, accept my humble services! Enable me, by thy Holy Spirit, to assert thy Divinity, and help me to establish thy true faith

among the young and ignorant. I devote myself to thee. I desire to offer up myself to thy guidance. May thy grace, the love of God the Father, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with me, and all who are near and dear to me, this night and for ever. Let us close our eyes in peace, and rise with renewed strength to perform the duties of our respective stations.

"Lord, if I know this heart of mine, I would lay down my life, rather than deny thee to be the Son of God. O Lord, dwell in my soul according to thy promise to thy faithful servants. Purge me as a branch belonging to thee, the True Vine; but let me not be cut off, and cast into the fire."

"Oct. 9, 1791.—Since I wrote last, what sorrows have I endured! what mercies have been granted to me!

"I went back to Margate the 18th of July, in order to take care of my dear boy; but the first sight of him filled me with apprehensions that all my care would be ineffectual; he appeared the marked victim of death. For three weeks I endured, at times, the most agonizing perturbation of mind; but I constantly had recourse to prayer; and as often as I sought help from above, it was graciously granted me. I fled to my Saviour, and most humbly and earnestly implored him to restore my dear child, if it was the Divine will that his life should be granted to my prayers; or to mitigate his sufferings, and enable me, and my dear husband and children, to submit, as became us, to the dispensations of Providence. My first petition was rejected; my dear, dear child was taken from me on the 28th of August. But, praised and adored be the God of all mercies for his unspeakable goodness to me and my fellow-mourners! He graciously poured the balm of consolation most abundantly into all our hearts. O may I never forget what I so often experienced, when, with a heart full of grief and apprehension, I

fell down before him! How kindly did he speak peace to my afflicted soul by the secret whispers of his Holy Spirit, which suggested every sentiment and thought proper for a Christian under those circumstances; recalling to my mind particular promises recorded in the Scriptures to induce a trust in God; assuring me of the favour of God; raising hopes that my dear child would be received to a life of endless happiness; in short, reconciling me to the stroke that was prepared to fall upon me, and teaching me to regard it as given in *mercy*, not in *anger*. O Lord, how can I describe thy loving-kindness! I am in my nature a poor weak creature; my reasoning powers are too apt to give ground at every alarm; the shadow of misfortune fills me with apprehension; my spirits are all in a tumult with the merest trifles. Yet, I beheld with composure a most tenderly and deservedly beloved child on his deathbed. I saw him, with calmness and composure I saw him, shrinking away from mortality, reduced to a mere skeleton, and ready to expire. I was enabled in this trying hour to say, (and I hope from the bottom of my heart,) 'Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done.' Blessed Saviour, I love thee better than I love even my own dear child: rather than depart from my duty as a Christian, I yield him up —I resign him. O receive him to thyself!"

"Jan. 1, 1793. Let me call to mind the blessings I am now in possession of. At the head of these, let me place a sense of the Divine favour; a well-grounded hope, that God regards me as his child, for Jesus Christ's sake; an humble persuasion that the Saviour of the world reckons me among his faithful servants. O what inestimable blessings are these! Praised be the God of all goodness, the fountain of these unspeakable, these inestimable blessings! May I never forfeit them by disobedience! May I retain them to the end of life! May I carry them out of the world with me! These are not of a

perishable nature; these are the seeds of everlasting blessings!"

"March 17. I am not eager after worldly gain; my desires are fixed on heavenly treasures. The trifles of this world cannot satisfy an immortal soul. I look forward to the joys that are set before me. O that I may, for the sake of them, patiently endure the various evils which I must encounter in the road to them! And can I reasonably hope, that, laden as I am with sins and infirmities, I shall rise to the heavenly regions, to the abode of angels, to the presence of God? O yes, praised be thy goodness, adorable Redeemer! thou hast loosened the burden of my sins; thou hast borne my infirmities; thou hast made the requisite atonement; thou hast washed me in thy precious blood! If I continue faithful till death, thou wilt give me the robe of righteousness. I shall for thy sake be justified in the sight of my heavenly Father. I shall receive the crown of glory; I shall be put in possession of an heavenly inheritance; I shall be happy with thee to all eternity."

"Sept. 1. While I am thus aspiring to join the angelic host, let me remember what *they* are, and what I am myself. O God of mercies, what a difference is there between me, a poor, sinful mortal, and the lowest angel! But it will not always be so. No, I shall not always grovel on this earth: I shall pass the barriers of mortality; I shall ascend to the heavenly mansion; I shall approach the throne of God; I shall sing the praises of the Lamb; I shall join the blessed multitude of all kindreds and all nations. For my Saviour has paid the price of my redemption. I believe in him, I trust in his all-sufficient sacrifice. I will continue faithful to death, his grace assisting me, and I shall finally receive the crown of glory! Blessed Jesus! that I may not be disappointed in the exalted hopes I have formed, vouchsafe to keep and guide me through this world

of temptations. O let not Satan approach to hurt me! I hate and abhor all evil works with all my power. But without the aid of the Holy Spirit I can do nothing: of that I am fully sensible. It is my earnest desire, it is my determined purpose, to do the will of my heavenly Father, and to walk in the way of his commandments. O Father of mercies, thou knowest the inmost recesses of my heart: thou knowest how truly sorry I am, that I should ever do any thing to offend thee; how desirous I am to amend whatever is amiss in my disposition and conduct. I most humbly beseech thee, of thine infinite goodness, to pardon all my sins for Jesus Christ's sake. O Lord, if it be thy will to put a period to my mortal life before the morning light, receive my soul into happiness, for Jesus Christ's sake. If it be thy will to continue my existence here, vouchsafe to strengthen me for the performance of the work, which is the delight and joy of my life."

"Sept. 27. I am thoroughly convinced of the deadly nature of sin; and I can truly say, that I abhor all manner of wickedness; so that I would not deliberately commit any offence against the commandments of my heavenly Father, for I know they are founded upon justice, mercy, and goodness. No, blessed Lord! far be it from me, thy devoted servant, to give my mind to habitual wickedness! Yet, alas! I am often surprised into sin; my infirmities are many and great. I do not know that Satan has power over me; I trust he has not, for I abhor his works; I am not his slave. O Divine Lord! most earnestly do I desire to follow thy blessed example: I will study it daily. Most earnestly do I desire to be led by the Holy Spirit. Had I but the power, I would cast out every desire that is tinctured with corruption. But what can I do for myself? To thee I flee, blessed Saviour; help me to know myself. What is there in me, that my

heavenly Father disapproves? O let me know my secret faults; they are not hid from thee, though my conscience brings them not to my remembrance."

"Feb. 9, 1794. After this retrospect, which I have made with a sincere desire of knowing the present state of my soul, and of calling to mind the mercies of the past week, I will address my God in humble prayer. Merciful Father! God of all grace and goodness, I bow my soul before thee, in an humble sense of my own unworthiness and thine infinite perfection. O Lord, I confess myself a sinner. Alas! my sins and offences are innumerable, and I am not worthy to address thy Divine Majesty but through the mediation of my blessed Redeemer, thy only Son Jesus Christ: for his sake, I beseech thee pardon all my past offences, and receive me into favour. O Lord, with a grateful heart I offer thee my humble thanksgivings for all the mercies of the week past; particularly for the peace and tranquillity which thou hast graciously afforded me, and for the strength which has been granted me for the pursuit of my labours. I thank thee, O God, for the success thou hast graciously given to my plan for the benefit of the poor. O vouchsafe to continue and increase it, and give me the heart to make a proper use of what thy bountiful hand bestows. Let me not be vain and conceited; let me not be puffed up with the applauses of men. Thy Divine approbation ought to be my first object; thy glory, my principal aim."

"July 13. Welcome sweet hours of retirement, devoted to pious meditation! welcome sweet hours of retirement, in which I can commune with my own heart, and be still; in which I can commune with my God and Saviour, and anticipate in some degree the enjoyments of heaven! O Almighty Father, dearly do I love thy law; highly do I prize thy word; most earnestly do I desire to do thy holy will on earth. Most fervently do I hope to find

admittance to thy glorious presence in heaven, when I quit this mortal state. Yet, alas! holy Father, how unworthy am I of the honour and blessedness to which I aspire! I am conscious, O Lord God, of my manifold sins and infirmities. I know that I am not worthy of the least of all thy mercies; that I have in numberless instances offended against thy holy laws. But I have an all-powerful Intercessor with thee, on whose merits alone my hopes of pardon and acceptance are fixed. Holy Father, vouchsafe to pardon me for my dear Redeemer's sake! O Divine Lord, Son of the Father, Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, receive the prayer which I now offer unto thee as the Mediator between God and mankind. Dear and beloved Saviour, have compassion upon me; plead for me; cover me with the robe of thy righteousness."

"March 17, 1797. I have read part of Bishop Beveridge's Resolutions, and I agree with him in resolving to make it my chief business here on earth, to prepare for my eternal state, and to walk circumspectly in those blessed paths of faith and obedience which God himself has graciously pointed out as leading to his heavenly kingdom. I have long since chosen the land of Canaan, the kingdom of Christ, as the lot of my inheritance, the only seat of bliss and glory for my soul to rest and dwell in to all eternity. O most gracious God, who that has read and reflected upon the glories revealed in thy written word, can make any other choice? Can any one deliberately prefer earth to heaven? Can any one deliberately refuse everlasting life and happiness for the sake of the transitory pleasures of this mortal state? I am truly thankful to thy Divine goodness, that thou hast formed me what I am, a mortal being, and placed me where I am, on this earth, which is so wisely adapted to the wants of such creatures as mankind, through which they must pass as proba-

tioners for eternal happiness. But I will not cling to this earth; I will not regard it as my abiding place. No, most holy, most glorious God, I will strive, by using the means of grace which thou hast graciously afforded to me and my fellow-mortals, to secure the inheritance thy goodness has provided for me in a better world. I know that without holiness I must never enter that blessed place; and I feel that I am a sinner unworthy, from my manifold offences, to gain admittance there. But my Redeemer has made atonement for my sins; and thou, O God, hast promised to pardon all who shall truly repent, and for his sake to receive them to thyself as dear children."

LADY GLENORCHY.

WILHELMINA MAXWELL, Viscountess Glenorchy, was the younger of two daughters left by Dr. William Maxwell, of Preston, a gentleman of high respectability and large fortune in Galloway, North Britain; and was born at Preston, Sept. 2, 1741. Dr. Maxwell died four months before the birth of his youngest daughter; and his widow, (afterwards Lady Alva,) wishing to perpetuate the name of a husband so dear, called the fatherless child, Wilhelmina. The eldest daughter was married at Edinburgh, in April 1761, to William Earl of Sutherland: the youngest, who is the subject of these memoirs, was married at London, some months afterwards, to John Lord Viscount Glenorchy, only son of the Earl of Breadalbane.

Lady Glenorchy was only in her twentieth year, when, dazzled with the fascinations of grandeur, she complied with the wishes of her friends, who had pushed on this splendid match. With fine talents, which had been improved by a very liberal and expensive education, she combined an agreeable person, a temper vivacious and peculiarly formed for hilarity, a considerable share of wit and pleasantry, and every accomplishment which could render her an object of admiration in the circles of fashion. She was esteemed one of the first amateur musicians of the day, and had a charming voice. The year after her marriage, she accompanied Lord Glenorchy in a tour through France and Italy, where they spent about two years. On their return, she became involved in all the dissipation of high life, till her health began to suffer, and seasons of indisposition brought leisure for solemn reflections. Early in

the summer of 1765, while at Taymouth Castle in Perthshire, the seat of the Earl of Breadalbane, she was seized with a dangerous putrid fever. On her convalescence, a train of serious thoughts and reasonings was produced, followed by convictions and purposes, which ended in a complete renovation of heart and of conduct. She had been taught in early youth that form of sound words which is contained in the Assembly's Catechism; and now, the first question and answer occurring to her, "What is the chief end of man?"—"The chief end of man is, to glorify God and to enjoy him for ever"—she was involuntarily led to muse on the words, and to put to herself the important questions: Have *I* answered the design of my being? Have *I* glorified God? Shall *I* enjoy him for ever? On reviewing her life of thoughtless gayety, she could come to no other conclusion than that there was no connexion between such conduct, and the glorifying and enjoying of God, and that consequently, hitherto, she had not answered the chief end of her existence. The result will best be given in her Ladyship's own words, as contained in her diary. They occur in the memorandum made on her first birthday after the period at which the MS. commences.

"*September* 2.—I desire this day to humble myself before God, and to bless him as my Creator, who called me into being from the dust of the earth; who hath been my preserver in the midst of many dangers; and who hath, ever since my birth, loaded me with tender mercies and loving-kindnesses. But above all, I would bless his holy name, that he hath not left me in the state of alienation from him in which I was by nature, but that he hath of his free grace and mercy brought me out of darkness, and shewn me the glorious light of his gospel, and caused me to hope for salvation through Jesus Christ. Many a time was he pleased to convince

me of sin in my early years; but these convictions were as the morning dew that soon passeth away. A life of dissipation and folly soon choked the good seed. Carnal company and diversions filled up the place in my soul that was due alone to God. The first twenty years of my life were spent after the fashion of this world. Led away by vanity and youthful folly, I forgot my Creator and Redeemer; and if at any time I was brought by sickness or retirement to serious reflection, my ideas of God were confused and full of terror: I saw my course of life was wrong, but had not power to alter it, or to resist the torrent of fashionable dissipation that drew me along with it. Sometimes I resolved to begin a godly life,—to give all I had in charity, and to live only to God;—but I was then ignorant of God's righteousness, and went about to establish a sort of righteousness of my own, by which I hoped to be saved. God was therefore gracious in letting me feel how vain all my resolutions were, by allowing me to relapse again and again into a life of folly and vanity. My ignorance of the gospel was then so great, that I did not like to hear ministers preach much about Jesus Christ; I saw neither form nor comeliness in him, and thought it would have been more to the purpose, had they told us what we should do to inherit eternal life. My idea of Christ was,—that after I had done a great deal, he was to make up the rest: this was my religion! How marvellous is thy grace, O Lord! to pardon such a worthless creature, who thus depreciated thy great sufferings and meritorious death, and endeavoured to rob thee of the glory which belongs to thee alone.

"But this was not the only way in which I tried to rob God of his glory. I claimed great merit in the patience with which he enabled me to bear the severe trials and afflictions he was graciously pleased to send upon me, to bend my stubborn heart to his

yoke. I thought I had not deserved such a lot;—and thus I secretly rebelled against the good will of the Lord. About this time I got acquainted with the Hawkstone family—some of them had the reputation of being Methodists. I liked their company and conversation, and wished to be as religious as they were, being convinced that they were right; but I still loved the world in my heart, and could not think of secluding myself from its pleasures altogether. I would gladly have found out some way of reconciling God and the world, so as to save my soul, and keep some of my favourite amusements. I used many arguments to prove that balls, and other public places, were useful, and necessary in society,—that they were innocent and lawful, and that the affairs of life could not go on well without them. The Lord, however, followed me with convictions. My own thoughts became very uneasy to me, the burden of my misfortunes intolerable. My health and spirits at last sunk under them, and for some time before I left off going to public amusements, (where I appeared outwardly gay and cheerful,) my heart was inwardly torn with anguish and inexpressible grief. The enemy now suggested to me, that I had no resource left, but to give myself up entirely to the gayeties of life, and seek consolation in whatever way it presented itself, without paying any regard to those maxims of wisdom which hitherto had kept me within some bounds. To the best of my remembrance, it was the very same night in which this thought was suggested, that I was seized with a fever, which threatened to cut short my days; during the course of which, the first question of the Assembly's Catechism was brought to my mind,—What is the chief end of man? as if some one had asked it. When I considered the answer to it, To glorify God and enjoy him for ever, I was struck with shame and confusion. I found I had never

sought to glorify God in my life, nor had any idea of what was meant by enjoying him for ever. Death and judgement were set before me, — my past sins came to my remembrance. I saw no way to escape the punishment due unto them, nor had I the least glimmering hope of obtaining the pardon of them through the righteousness of another. In this dismal state I continued some days, viewing death as the king of terrors, without a friend to whom I could communicate my distress, and altogether ignorant of Jesus the friend of sinners. At this time, the Lord put it into the heart of Miss Hill to write to me. I received her letter with inexpressible joy, as I thought she might possibly say something that would lessen my fears of death. I immediately wrote to her of my sad situation, and begged her advice. Her answer set me upon searching the Scriptures, with much prayer and supplication that the Lord would shew me the true way of salvation, and not suffer me to be led into error. One day, in particular, I took the Bible in my hand, and fell upon my knees before God, beseeching him with much importunity to reveal his will to me by his word. My mouth was filled with arguments, and I was enabled to plead with him, that as he had made me, and given me the desire I then felt to know him, he would surely teach me the way in which I should walk, and lead me into all truth, — that he knew I only wished to know his will in order to do it,—that I was afraid of being led into error; but as he was truth itself, his teaching must be infallible. I therefore committed my soul to him, to be taught the true way of salvation. After this prayer was finished, I opened the Bible then in my hands, and read part of the third chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, where our state by nature, and the way of redemption through a propitiatory sacrifice, are set clearly forth. The eyes of my understanding were opened, and I saw wisdom and

beauty in the way of salvation by a crucified Redeemer. I saw that God could be just, and justify the ungodly. The Lord Jesus now appeared to me as the city of refuge, and I was glad to flee to him as my only hope. This was in summer, 1765. Since that time, I have had many ups and downs in my Christian course, but have never lost sight of Jesus as the Saviour of the world, though I have often had doubts of my own interest in him. I can safely say, that I would not give up the little knowledge I have of him for any thing on earth. And although I have already suffered reproach for observing his precepts, and shortly expect to be scoffed at by all my former acquaintances, and to have my name cast out as evil, yet I rejoice in that he thinketh me worthy to bear his cross. And I now beseech thee, O Lord, to accept of my soul, body, reputation, property, and influence, and every thing that is called mine, and do with them whatever seemeth good in thy sight. I desire neither ease, health, nor prosperity, any further than may be useful to promote thy glory. Let thy blessed will be done in me, and by me, from this day forth. O let me begin this day to live wholly to thee. Let thy grace be sufficient for me, and enable me to overcome the world. And to thee be ascribed the honour and glory, now and for evermore. Amen and amen." *

Great Sugnal in Staffordshire, where Lord and Lady Glenorchy sometimes resided, is at no great distance from Hawkstone; and the families had by this means become acquainted with each other, so far as to exchange visits. At this period, several of the younger branches of the Hawkstone family, Mr. Richard Hill, the Rev. Rowland Hill, Miss Hill, and a younger sister, afterwards Mrs. Tudway, were

* Vide "The Life of the Right Hon. Wilhelmina, Viscountess Glenorchy. By T. S. Jones, D. D., Minister of her Chapel, Edinburgh." 8vo. 1822. To which we have been indebted for many valuable and interesting particulars.

decidedly pious; and they bore and braved the reproach ordinarily drawn down by a religious character, from the thoughtless, the formal, and the profligate. Lady Glenorchy was not yet twenty-four, and Miss Hill was not much older, when, by this correspondence, their slight intimacy was ripened into a warm and permanent friendship. Nothing could be more judicious, faithful, or affectionate, than the first letter which Miss Hill wrote in answer to the unexpected communication from Lady Glenorchy, in which her once gay friend laid open the agitated and anxious state of her feelings under deep religious convictions. By the blessing of God, that letter was attended by the happiest effect: it was the means employed by Divine Grace to rescue her from despondency, and to direct her to the "city of refuge." From that moment, without conferring with flesh and blood, Lady Glenorchy resolutely turned her back on the dissipated world, and devoted herself, and all that she could command or influence, without reserve, to the service of her Redeemer, and the glory of God. The correspondence between these friends, which was carried on without interruption from 1765 to 1768, was doubtless of the utmost benefit to both. None of Lady Glenorchy's letters, however, have been preserved: they were probably destroyed by Miss Hill, who survived her only a few years, on account of their containing much delicate communication.

Her Ladyship passed the winter of 1765, 6 in London and Bath, where every means was employed to induce her to return to the circles of dissipation: but neither severity nor artifice, both of which were put in practice, could divert her from her stedfastness. We find Miss Hill, in one of her letters, congratulating her on the resolution and fortitude she had displayed in resisting all places of public amusement at Bath, from a consciousness of the vast danger she was in of being again entangled in the world. Lord Breadalbane, her father-in-law, al-

though he did not enter into Lady Glenorchy's views in matters of religion, highly respected her integrity and talents, and entertained for her to his latest hour the warmest esteem. But she was exposed to much that was painful and trying from other quarters, and was visited with some severe domestic trials. The loss of her only sister Lady Sutherland, in 1766, must have been aggravated to her by the melancholy circumstances attending it. The death of their eldest daughter had so deeply affected Lord and Lady Sutherland, that leaving their seat at Dunrobin, they repaired to Bath, to seek relief in a change of scene and the amusements of the gay world; but they found it not. Soon after their arrival, his Lordship was seized with a putrid fever, with which he struggled for fifty-four days, and then expired. The first one and twenty days and nights, his Countess never left his bedside; but at length, overcome with fatigue and anxiety, she sank a victim to her affection and fidelity, seventeen days before the death of her Lord. Lady Alva, her mother, uninformed of the event, was on her way to join her daughter at Bath, when, alighting from her carriage at an inn, she saw two hearses standing. On inquiring whose remains they contained, she was told, they were those of Lord and Lady Sutherland, on their way to the royal chapel of Holyrood-house.

The winter of 1766, 7, Lady Glenorchy passed in the country, at a distance from all her religious friends, deprived of almost every outward means of religious instruction or comfort, and exposed, thus singly, to all the odium and unkind accusation which the singularity of consistent piety never fails to provoke. Every effort appears to have been made to reason or to laugh her out of her convictions. She was charged with hypocrisy and superstition; and she felt these reproaches with an acuteness which occasioned the most poignant dis-

tress. Her health appears at length to have been affected by the conflict of her feelings. But her mild perseverance and resignation appear to have met with their reward. She never lost her influence over Lord Glenorchy, and at length obtained his tacit acquiescence in her plans. On her return to Taymouth in the summer of 1767, she frequently invited clergymen to the castle, to conduct domestic worship, and to preach on the Lord's day, after canonical hours, to the household and as many of the neighbours as chose to attend. When in Edinburgh, she formed one of a select religious party, who used to meet at first at each other's houses, and afterwards at the house of the Rev. Mr. Walker, then senior minister of the High Church at Edinburgh, and colleague to the celebrated Dr. Blair. Among the distinguished ladies who used to assemble there, were, the Marchioness of Lothian, the Countess of Leven and Northesk, Lady Banff, Lady Maxwell, Lady Ross Baillie, and others of rank and fortune. Mr. Walker, on these occasions, usually either expounded the Scriptures, or delivered a sermon; and the meetings were continued weekly by him to the close of his life.

It was about this period, probably at these meetings, that Lady Glenorchy contracted that intimacy with Lady Maxwell, which, notwithstanding their subsequent difference of opinion relative to the Wesleyan preachers, continued unbroken to the close of her life. The Diary, to which we have already referred, begins abruptly in this same year (1768). Lady Glenorchy had previously commenced, however, the practice of committing to paper her religious sentiments and varied experience. This document exhibits, in the amplest manner, the fervent piety, guileless sincerity, and tenderness of conscience, by which this illustrious lady was characterized; and the practice was no doubt highly conducive to her own edification, and even encou-

ragement, when, by this means, she was enabled to retrace the dealings of God with her soul, and to ascertain her progress in the divine life. But her Ladyship's Diary is open to the objection which lies too generally against these private records; that they are more occupied with retracing frames and feelings, than with those considerations which are adapted to excite and maintain the feelings that are sought after; and that thus they have a tendency to fix the attention of the mind on its own operations, rather than on the great objects of the believer's faith and joy.

In the year 1770, Lady Glenorchy first conceived the design, in union with Lady Maxwell, of opening a place of worship at Edinburgh, in which ministers of the Gospel of every denomination who held its essential truths, might preach. With this view she hired St. Mary's Chapel, which was opened by the Rev. Mr. Middleton; one of the six students who, a year or two before, had been expelled from Oxford for attending private religious meetings. This gentleman having received orders in the Church of England, officiated at this time in a small Episcopal chapel at Dalkeith. It was Lady Glenorchy's intention, that Divine service should be performed on the Lord's-day evenings, alternately or indifferently by Presbyterian and Episcopal ministers, and that one day in the week, Mr. Wesley's preachers should be allowed the use of the chapel. The different opinions of the persons employed to officiate, never could, however, in the nature of things, coalesce. Large congregations were collected, and good was done to individuals; but the design, which was at that time quite novel in Scotland, met with much disapprobation from the religious public. The ministers of the Establishment refused to preach in it, on account of the admission of Mr. Wesley's preachers, who were by no means generally acceptable. And at length,

soon after the Rev. Mr. De Courcy had accepted the appointment of domestic chaplain to Lord Glenorchy, and minister of the chapel, her Ladyship came to the determination to give up all further connexion with the Wesleyan preachers. Her letter on this occasion to her friend Lady Maxwell, who was the intimate friend and correspondent of Mr. Wesley himself, deserves to be inserted on account of the excellent spirit which pervades it.

" Wednesday Evening.

" My dear Madam,—Your letter gives me real pleasure, as it affords me some hopes, that you will not wholly withdraw from me that friendship which I hitherto have, and do still esteem a singular blessing. The taking any step which endangered my losing it, was the greatest act of self-denial to me; and I do not think any thing less than the clear conviction I have for some time had of the propriety of it, could have supported me under the struggles I felt between the desire of your approbation, and what I thought duty to the cause in which I am engaged. I am sorry if I have offended you by saying, 'We boasted too much of a Catholic spirit.' I know that I have found fault with others for being too narrow-minded, who, I now see, acted from more knowledge of the religious world than I had; and I am not ashamed to acknowledge, that I have in many things acted too hastily, and judged rashly. I hope the Lord will preserve me from this for the future. By what I have done, I would not have it supposed that I do not think the Methodists the people of God. Far be this from me. I only think they do not all preach pure doctrine, and therefore I would not have all of them to preach in my chapel; else I should frustrate my intention in opening it. Though I desire to have it open to every sect and denomination, yet there is but one doctrine I would have taught there,—and

it is this, and this alone, which obliges me to do what I have done. If I have erred, I pray God forgive me; and I trust he will, as it is, I hope, more from ignorance of his will, than a rebellious spirit. I have now to beg once more, my dear Madam, that you will continue me some share of your friendship and prayers. This last you are bound to do as a Christian, if you think me out of the way of truth. I feel that I am very ignorant, weak, and helpless; and it is my desire that the will of God may be done in me and by me at all times. Help me then, by your prayers, to obtain more strength and knowledge of the Lord Jesus; and I also beg, that you will write to me as often as you can, and say whatever you think may tend to stir me up to more diligence in the work of the Lord, or to keep me from that spiritual slumber to which my heart is very prone. I shall not have time to call on you before I set out for Taymouth. I pray that the Lord may bless you with every spiritual blessing, and return a hundred-fold all the prayers and good offices you have bestowed on your most obliged and affectionate friend and servant, W. G."

In the year 1771, Lady Glenorchy became a widow. His Lordship had been seized with a fit in the month of October of that year; alarming symptoms returned in the beginning of November; and on the 11th instant, while Mr. De Courcy was praying for him, he expired. He was aware of his situation, and his last days afforded evidence that the religious sentiments with which Lady Glenorchy had endeavoured to impress his mind, had not been lost upon him. Nothing could shew more unequivocally his Lordship's confidence in her, and his affectionate sense of her real worth, notwithstanding any difference in their religious views, than the

disposition which he made of his property. His will gave Lady Glenorchy his whole real or landed estate of the baronies of Barnton and King's Cramound, and other lands, and all things belonging to him, in full right, constituting her sole executrix and legatee; with full power to convert the whole into money, and to employ or bestow the whole or any part "for encouraging the preaching of the Gospel, and promoting the knowledge of the Protestant religion, erecting schools, and civilizing the inhabitants in Breadalbane, Glenorchy, and Netherhouse, and other parts of the Highlands," in such a way and manner as she shall judge proper and expedient. Of the existence of these deeds, Lady Glenorchy was completely ignorant till they were produced after his Lordship's death. She was thus, at the age of thirty, left her own mistress, with an independent fortune of between two and three thousand pounds a year, under circumstances which called for the exercise of all her prudence, firmness, and discretion.

The first use which Lady Glenorchy made of the wealth with which she found herself thus unexpectedly endowed, was the erection of a chapel at Edinburgh, which she designed to be in communion with the Established Church of Scotland. The first stone was laid in the month of August 1772. It was, however, many years before her design was fully realized by the settlement of a stated pastor. Early in the following year, it having been represented to her by the minister of the parish, that the district of Strathfillan was in urgent need of additional means of religious instruction, her Ladyship lost no time in repairing the chapel there, endowing it, and placing it under the direction and patronage of the Society in Scotland for propagating Christian Knowledge. The chapel still remains, and continues to be useful. She also procured two mis-

sionary preachers of the Scottish Establishment, under the sanction of the same Society, to go at her own expense through the Highlands and islands of Scotland.

Her Ladyship's charities were very extensive, but many of them were distributed with such secrecy that the benefactress could hardly be traced. She sometimes expended hundreds of pounds in relieving indigence, and placing whole families in situations of comfort and usefulness. Her attention was much directed to the most useful of all charities, the religious education of youth. For this purpose she employed different teachers of acknowledged piety and abilities, by whom hundreds of children have been trained up in the knowledge of our holy religion, and fitted for useful stations in society. Many of them are now doing honour to their noble benefactress, as teachers in different departments. Some of them, we trust, are reaping the happy fruits of a pious education in the heavenly state. And very many indigent youth will, we hope, be indebted, in like manner, to the means which she has provided for the benefit of future generations. To her Ladyship's chapel in Edinburgh, is added a free-school, where are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, which also she endowed. Many young men of piety she educated for the Christian ministry. To some able and faithful ministers, whose congregations were in poor circumstances, she paid the whole of their salaries; to others, a stated annual sum in part; to many, occasional donations as she saw needful. In private, the widow and the fatherless, the stranger and the distressed, experienced her abundant beneficence. To enable her to prosecute these schemes of benevolence, she herself carefully looked into all her affairs, and studied the strictest economy; and though her dress, her table, her attendants, her

equipage, always corresponded to her station, yet, she denied herself the splendour which her fortune and rank could well have afforded and excused.

The state of her health rendering it necessary for her to pass the winter in a warmer climate, Lady Glenorchy spent the close of 1776, and great part of the following year, in various parts of the West of England, where her zeal displayed itself in constant efforts to promote the propagation of the Gospel. At Exmouth, she purchased a house, and fitted it up as a chapel, in which a congregation of some hundreds was soon collected. She returned to Edinburgh in the summer, but, from this period, continued to spend part of every year in the West of England. In the year 1781, Lady Henrietta Hope, on the death of her father, the Earl of Hopetoun, took up her abode with Lady Glenorchy; and the two friends, who were of one heart and mind in all things, went hand in hand in their labours of benevolence and works of charity. Though an invalid like herself, Lady Henrietta's happy temper, prudence, and sagacity, rendered her society an invaluable acquisition to her friend. In passing through Carlisle, this year, on her way from Buxton, observing an old Presbyterian meeting-house shut up, Lady Glenorchy, after due inquiry, purchased and endowed it, taking care to provide an evangelical minister. The meeting-house has since been enlarged, and continues to flourish. Some years after, being compelled to remain at Matlock over the Sunday, in consequence of the delay occasioned by her carriage having broken down, she found the state of religion in that village, on inquiry, very low, and immediately determined on the purchase of a chapel and house adjoining, which she ultimately accomplished. This chapel also has been the means of much good to the neighbourhood. Hope Chapel, erected at Bristol Hotwells, was undertaken at the

joint expense of Lady Glenorchy and Lady Henrietta Hope; but the latter did not live to see her design carried into execution. She bequeathed 2500*l.* however, for this purpose, and Lady Glenorchy gave it that name in memory of her friend, regarding it as her most suitable monument. Lady Glenorchy appears also to have been instrumental in opening a new place of worship somewhere in Devonshire.

Lady Henrietta's death, though not unexpected, was a severe stroke to her friend; but the separation was but short. In June 1786, Lady Glenorchy once more set out on her return to Scotland. In her way, she visited Workington in Cumberland, where, having purchased ground for the erection of a chapel, she saw the work commenced. On her arrival at Edinburgh, her friends observed an unfavourable alteration in her appearance. On the 14th of July, she was seized with the first symptoms of alarming indisposition. In the forenoon of the following day, the curtain of her bed being drawn, a relative approaching as softly as possible to ascertain whether she slept, heard her say, "Well, if this be dying, it is the pleasantest thing imaginable." She spoke but little after this, continuing to sleep softly through that night, and great part of the following day, till, near noon on the 17th of July, she breathed her last, the attendants being scarcely able to perceive the change. Her Ladyship was in her forty-fourth year. Her remains were deposited, agreeably to her own request, in a vault beneath her own chapel at Edinburgh, where a neat marble slab, with an appropriate inscription, has been erected by her executrix, Lady Maxwell.

Lady Glenorchy left more than 30,000*l.* in money, of which she bequeathed 5000*l.* to the Society in Scotland for propagating Christian Knowledge; 5000*l.* to the Rev. Jonathan Scott, of Matlock, for the educating of young men for the ministry in England, and other religious purposes; and to her

mother Lady Alva, and other relatives, large legacies and annuities amounting to half of her fortune. She left a sealed letter to her executrix, requiring her to finish Hope Chapel at Bristol Hotwells, and to aid her chapels, and other institutions at Carlisle, Workington, &c.; which directions were religiously attended to; and not long before her death, Lady Maxwell had completely exhausted all the funds which Lady Glenorchy had left at her disposal.

LADY HENRIETTA HOPE.

Lady Henrietta Hope, to whom reference has been made in the preceding memoir, was the eldest daughter of John, Earl of Hopetoun. Possessed of a strong and clear understanding, which was much improved by reading, conversation, and deep thought, she gave early presages of proving highly useful and ornamental to society. The high expectations formed by her friends were not disappointed. She possessed the nicest moral sense, a heart for friendship, a keen sensibility to human suffering, with an unceasing desire to relieve, or at least alleviate in every possible way, the distresses of her fellow-creatures. She was universally beloved by those among whom she resided. Yet, though favoured with a mind thus enriched with every moral virtue, united to the most amiable dispositions and engaging manners, it was not till her twenty-fifth year that Lady Henrietta Hope began to entertain serious views respecting the great realities of eternity. In August 1771, while crossing from Dover to Calais, she was overtaken by a storm, which, under Divine influence, produced such reasonings in her mind, and such impressions on her heart, as led her henceforth to devote herself entirely to the service of Christ. On her return home, in the following year, she sought the acquaintance of Lady Glenorchy, and became her intimate and inseparable friend. Her own words in reference to this memorable period, are, "O to grace how great a debtor! Called at first out of nothing; and, after twenty-five years' obstinacy and rebellion, awakened from a state of sin, misery, and death, and brought to the light of the glorious

Gospel, to the knowledge of Jesus Christ revealed therein, and (though by slow degrees, through various mazes, manifold temptations, and sundry trials, may I not, in all humility, say) to good hopes through grace: how shall I praise the riches of that grace which has abounded towards me!"

The very feeble constitution of Lady Henrietta Hope, rendered it necessary for her in a great measure to live retired; but her great and unfeigned piety was known to all who had access to her. By means of the Countess of Northesk, she procured also an interview at this time with Lady Glenorchy, for her sister, the Lady Sophia Hope, afterwards Countess of Haddington, then just fourteen years of age; and by her conversation with Lady Glenorchy, Lady Sophia received those religious views and impressions which never left her, and by which, as far as her circumstances would permit, she evinced her cordial esteem and affection for evangelical truth and piety during the whole of her life. Lady Henrietta possessed a well informed mind, a sound judgement, much prudence, and great gentleness of manners. She was ever after this a counsellor of Lady Glenorchy's, and to her opinion she uniformly paid much deference.

The deepest humility marked Lady Henrietta Hope's character, almost to excess; and from her retiring disposition, the public eye discovered but few of the numerous instances of her generous and judicious exertions for the cause of religion and the general good of her fellow-creatures, as she usually acted through the medium of others, whom she believed better qualified to stand forward as the witnesses of Jesus. But, though unknown to many, they are all noted in the Divine records, and will, ere long, be read aloud before an assembled world. On many occasions, uniting with others, she contributed largely towards erecting chapels, building schools, and endowing them, together with extensive

provision, both occasional and stated, for the poor and distressed of every description. At the same time she used her influence with those in the higher walks of life, to gain them over to the interests of vital, experimental religion. For this she was well qualified, not only as holding forth, by her own example, the word of life in the most amiable light, but also from a thorough acquaintance with the doctrinal and preceptive parts of the holy religion she professed, together with no inconsiderable knowledge of elocution and command of her pen. Availing herself of these advantages, with a single eye to the glory of God, and with that extreme modesty and winning softness peculiar to her, she often carried captive the minds of those she addressed, at least so far as to gain approbation. Nothing short of the interposition of a Divine Agent can produce in the human mind that belief of the important truths of the Gospel, termed by the apostle, "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Yet, the Divine blessing often renders effectual the feeble attempts of Christians to effect this great purpose; and there is reason to believe that this eminent servant of God did not labour in vain.

Lady Henrietta Hope suffered much, in the latter years of her life, from a very delicate frame, which gave rise to many distressing complaints: these she endured with that calm fortitude and unbroken resignation which nothing but true religion can inspire. In the autumn of 1785, in company with Lady Glenorchy, she removed to Bristol Hotwells, where, every medical exertion proving ineffectual, and the medicinal virtue of the wells yielding no relief, she was at length released from her sufferings, and entered into the joy of her Lord. She died on the 1st of January 1786; more full of honour than of days, leaving behind her a fair copy of every thing that is lovely and of good report. A con-

siderable part of her fortune she left for pious and charitable purposes.

" Of humble spirit, though of taste refined,
Her feelings tender, though her will resigned;
Call'd by affliction every grace to prove,
In patience perfect, and complete in love;
O'er death victorious, through her Saviour's might,
She reigns triumphant with the saints in light."

LADY MAXWELL.

Lady Maxwell was the youngest daughter of Thomas Brisbane, Esq. of Brisbane, in Ayrshire. She was born in the year 1738. When she had attained her sixteenth year, her personal attractions having already rendered her a conspicuous object of attention, she was invited to London by her aunt, the Marchioness of Lothian, for the purpose of being presented at the court of his Majesty, George the Second. The invitation was accepted, and on her arrival in the metropolis she became immediately involved in the mazy round of fashionable life. Although so exceedingly young, she soon attracted a considerable share of admiration; and in the seventeenth year of her age, she was espoused to Sir Walter Maxwell, Bart. of Pollock; a union entirely congenial with her wishes, and which promised to realize all the worldly enjoyments that her ardent fancy and aspiring hopes led her fondly to anticipate.

But this gay vision of earthly bliss was soon dissolved. In little more than two years, she was bereaved of her husband, and in six weeks after, of her son and only child. She was thus left a childless widow at the early age of nineteen. From this period, she took up her residence in Edinburgh and its vicinity, where, during three and fifty years of widowhood, she may be said, like Anna the prophetess, to have served God with fastings and prayer night and day.

The precise circumstances of Lady Maxwell's conversion are not known, but they were identified with this afflictive dispensation of Divine Providence. It is not a little remarkable, that she was never known to mention either her husband or her child after their death; and to the important change in

her views and feelings which was so closely connected with those distressing events, she generally adverted with much brevity and reserve. Indeed, the fullest disclosure which Lady Maxwell ever verbally made to her intimate friends on the subject of her conversion, was comprised in one short but expressive sentence: "*God brought me to himself by afflictions.*"

Of the reality of this change, her whole subsequent life afforded the most convincing evidence. But it is interesting to learn what she herself considered as the reasons for believing that the great change had passed upon her, by which she was translated out of the kingdom of Satan into that of God's dear Son. The following extract from her Diary is dated in the year 1810, about twelve years after the death of her husband.

"On a close examination as to the state of my soul, in the view of the approaching sacrament, I clearly perceived that a great change *had* passed upon me ..... My reasons for thus judging, are: First, I found I had been convinced of sin; secondly, I had been convinced of righteousness, whereby I had received power to believe on Christ, and found the Spirit of God witness with my spirit that I was his child. And, as a corroborating proof that my faith was genuine, I found that it wrought by love to God and man, and conduced to purify my heart. Thirdly, I have felt a continual hungering and thirsting after righteousness, ardent and habitual desires to be wholly devoted to God, together with a deep sense of the depravity of my own nature."

More unequivocal or scriptural evidences of conversion than these, could not be fixed on; more especially what Lady Maxwell properly regarded as the "corroborating proof." Many years, however, before the date of this extract, her private papers testify that she had attained a deep experience of the power of religion. In particular, it appears, that

in the year 1762, she had, according to the then general practice of devout Christians, entered into a solemn covenant with God, though not in writing; which, in August 1794, she deliberately renewed in the following terms:

"I am this day renewing a covenant made with God in January, 1762, (being then in my 24th year,) but never written until now; Lord, help me in this great work. It is in the view of thy great strength *alone* that I am attempting it, being altogether unable in myself to vow unto Thee or to perform. Yet I would, in obedience to thy command, lay hold on thy strength, that I may make peace with Thee. (Isa. xxvii. 5.) If thou, Lord, wilt manifest thy dear Son to me, clear up my evidence of my interest in him, shed abroad at all times his love in my heart, and let me feel him ever drawing me to Himself with the cords of love; and, in times of trial, make his strength perfect in my weakness, and not desert me in duty or in temptation; if thou, Lord, wilt do these great things for me, then, in *thy strength*, I give myself unto Thee, soul, body, and spirit, in the bonds of an everlasting covenant, never to be forgotten. Despairing in myself, I flee to the great refuge set before me, Jesus Christ the righteous, desiring him as my Prophet, my Priest, and my King. I give up my heart *wholly* to him, earnestly praying that He may empty it of sin and vanity, and fill it with his immortal Self—that he at all times may be the object of my warmest wishes. I engage, Lord, if thou wilt give me thy strength, ever to espouse thy cause and interest in the world, however it may be despised; and to esteem thy reproach *more* than fine gold.

"No cross, no suffering I decline,
Only make my heart all thine."

"But, Lord, if thou dost not give me thy strength, I shall fall a prey to every temptation; for thou knowest the deceitfulness of my heart, and how

hardened it is by sin, so that nothing but thy love can allure it. But, Lord, as thou art in Christ reconciling the world to thyself, I believe that thou art in him pure, undeviating love; that thy tenderness to those who are seeking thee through him, is inconceivable; therefore into that fountain of mercy I wish to plunge myself. Oh! give me strong faith to lay hold on those precious promises which thou hast given, for divine teaching, pardon, and sanctification. And now, Lord, I give myself and my resolutions into thy hand—do thou make them good—that none shall pluck me out of thy hand, that I may be thine in that day when thou makest up thy jewels.

"DARCY MAXWELL."*

Lady Maxwell was repeatedly solicited to bestow her hand again in marriage, and she might have formed an alliance with an opulent family of the very first distinction. But, from the time of her first religious convictions, she appears to have renounced the world, and to have devoted herself unreservedly to the Lord. Her habits, her whole deportment, and all her arrangements, were thenceforth strictly regulated by the Christian code. Till after she had attained her fiftieth year, she usually rose at four o'clock, by which practice she secured ample and undisturbed leisure for devotional retirement, without trenching on the duties and engagements of the day. She not unfrequently attended the religious services of the Wesleyan preachers at five in the morning. At what period she first became acquainted with Mr. Wesley, we are not informed; but she was one of the few persons of distinction in Scotland, who embraced his doctrinal views; and a warm friendship appears to have

* For these extracts, and the leading particulars of this sketch, we are indebted to "A Christian Sketch of Lady Maxwell." By Robert Bourne. 12mo. London. 1820.

subsisted between them, which was cemented by epistolary correspondence. When Lady Glenorchy saw it to be her duty to withdraw her countenance from Mr. Wesley's preachers, Lady Maxwell was, no doubt, pained and dissatisfied. From a letter she received at this time from Mr. Wesley, it appears that he was not without apprehension lest Mr. De Courcy's preaching should lead her also to follow Lady Glenorchy's example. But it reflects high credit on both these distinguished ladies, that while each firmly adhered to the line of conduct which appeared to her in unison with the dictates of duty, no interruption of their friendship ensued upon this difference. On those minor points of Christian doctrine on which they were at issue, they agreed to differ.

Lady Maxwell never renounced her connexion with the Scottish Church. When she was first brought to a sense of the truth, she employed an evangelical minister of the Establishment to officiate as her chaplain. But for nearly the last forty years of her life, she took upon herself the conducting of household worship; reading the Scriptures and praying extempore with her whole family, morning and evening. And the fervour, fluency, and variety which characterized these effusions, to the very close of life, rendered them truly impressive. Her Ladyship's conversational talents were considerable. She was extensively acquainted with the best works of British literature, and was familiar with most subjects of general interest, not excluding the passing events which successively engaged the public mind. But she never merged the Christian in the politician, nor the lady in the polemic. Her manners were naturally extremely haughty, and she never lost a certain air of dignity, which to strangers was somewhat repelling, as obscuring her real amiableness and humility. But this impression was dissipated on a slight intimacy. In person Lady Maxwell was tall;

her features, though feminine, were bold; her eye quick and penetrating, yet full of sweetness. And even when she was verging on seventy, time had neither dimmed her sight, nor furrowed her countenance; while she sat and walked as erect, and moved with as much ease and grace, as when in her twentieth year. But if her manners were somewhat distant and reserved, her delicate sense of propriety and her watchful self-command always prevented her betraying the natural quickness and irritability of her temper. Ever ready to express approbation when merited, the most delicate censure was reluctantly permitted to pass her lips. Her candour was the genuine offspring of an amiable and enlarged mind. Speaking evil of the absent, was not known in her presence; and retailers of evil reports and petty scandal were sure to meet from her with so unfavourable a reception as effectually to deter them from again approaching her. Her charity, which led her to "think no evil," inclined, indeed, to an excess, bordering sometimes on pertinacity of opinion; but it was highly conducive to her own peace and serenity of mind.

Lady Maxwell's pecuniary resources, particularly during the latter part of her life, were by no means abundant, when considered in connexion with her rank and station in society. For although left in affluent circumstances as a widow, yet, being limited to a certain stated income, her power of doing good was much curtailed by the increased expense of living within the long period of *fifty years'* widowhood. But the greatest economy was observed, for the sole purpose of administering to the wants of others; the promptness of which kept her Ladyship's funds invariably low. Avoiding unnecessary expense in dress and household affairs, a greater residue of income remained for benevolent purposes than is commanded by many persons of considerably larger income. Lady Maxwell's benevolence and sympathy

with the distresses and necessities of her fellow-creatures, carried her indeed far beyond what usually serves as a *quietus* of conscience in these matters; for there was scarcely a single institution, or a private or public charity, whether for the repose of age, or the instruction of youth, the relief of indigence, or help in sickness, for the reformation of morals, or the spread and support of the Gospel, to which she did not most cheerfully contribute. And, exclusively of her unbounded private benevolence, Lady Maxwell erected and supported a school for many years, in which about one thousand girls have received a good education; and each a copy of the Scriptures on leaving school. And such were the encouraging effects produced by this school, as induced her Ladyship to endow it, as a permanent establishment; by which it will continue to bestow its benefits on all succeeding generations, and convey to posterity a slight memorial of its benevolent founder; who, imitating the example of her Divine Master, and obeying his precepts, truly enjoyed "the luxury of doing good."

As Lady Glenorchy's executrix, Lady Maxwell had a vast accession of public business thrown upon her hands; but her practice of early rising, and her talent for the despatch of business, enabled her to discharge the duties of her important trust with exemplary fidelity, promptness, and regularity. The care and anxiety, however, attendant upon these various concerns, were sometimes oppressive in her declining years. It was not till the early part of 1810, that her Ladyship became a decided invalid; she then experienced an almost total loss of appetite. Nothing appeared, however, to indicate immediate danger, till about a fortnight preceding her dissolution. One evening, she became so exceedingly feverish, that an attendant requested permission to call in her Ladyship's relations, but received for answer, "No, it will hurry me. I feel such a

divine calm that I wish not to be disturbed." She afterwards revived a little; but, being still incapable of taking sufficient nourishment, her delicate frame gradually gave way, without her appearing to suffer either bodily pain or mental decay, till on the 2d July 1810, while a minister was engaged with her in prayer, she peacefully expired. To the physician who attended her, on his inquiring a few days before her death, how she felt herself, she replied, thanking him for all his kindness and attention, that her mind was so much absorbed in Divine things, that she could neither speak of the body nor of the world. After this, her weakness prevented her from conversing, but her language to the minister who visited her, was, "God is with me." Almost her last words expressed that her confidence was unshaken, and her peace inexpressibly sweet. She died the death of the righteous, and has entered into that rest where her works will follow her.

MISS GRAY,

OF TEASES, NORTH BRITAIN.

Miss Gray was born in February, 1741. Her parents were the Reverend John Gray, minister at Dollar, who died January, 1745, and Sophia, daughter of the Reverend John Stedman, minister of the Tron-Church, Edinburgh.

She possessed a sound understanding and very superior talents, which, in her early years, when deprived of both her parents, were highly cultivated under the tuition of an uncle and guardian, not less distinguished for his accomplishments as a scholar, than for his skill as a physician. Such was her proficiency in polite and useful knowledge, that Lord Kaimes, and many others high in rank or in literary fame, were fond of her company. Among these, there was no one whose esteem she so highly valued as that of Sir John Pringle, Bart., President of the Royal Society of London. During a tedious illness, in which he attended her as a physician, he discovered in her such extensive knowledge and dispositions so amiable, as produced a firm and permanent friendship; and her respect for his character, and gratitude for his kind paternal attention, were equally strong. It was from confidence in her prudence and judgement, as well as in her piety and fidelity, that Lady Glenorchy, by her last will, in the event of the death of another pious friend, intrusted to her disposal very considerable funds, destined for pious and charitable purposes.

From the native dignity of her own mind, and from associating with persons of the most polished manners, those proprieties which render social inter-

course so agreeable, sat easy on Miss Gray. Yet, though always affable and polite, from a modest diffidence, she was reserved to strangers; and, in mixed companies, seldom took that share in conversation to which, from her information and good sense, she was well entitled. Among intimate friends, when trifles were dismissed, and subjects of importance started, she discovered the stores with which her own mind was enriched, and her facility in communicating her sentiments with clearness and elegance.

Even before she felt the power of the Gospel, though she mixed with others in fashionable amusements, attachment to them, or to the ornaments of dress, was not the foible of her discerning and contemplative mind. Her deportment at that period was decorous and exemplary, her attendance at church regular, and her charities such as from her opulent circumstances might have been expected. In all this, however, she was influenced by other considerations than those derived from the gospel. It was about nine or ten years before her death, that her views became changed: by what means, her most intimate friends have not been informed. Her religious impressions were cherished and confirmed by the sermons and conversation of several Edinburgh ministers, by the writings of Mr. Newton, of London, and of Archbishop Leighton, and by the lives of pious persons, particularly that of Mr. David Brainerd, with whose experience hers much coincided, in the deep views she had of the evil of sin. With the teachableness of a little child, she hearkened to the instructions of heavenly wisdom, begged her friends to point out her faults, and received their admonitions with meekness and gratitude. One who lived near her, who fully knew and highly esteemed her character, and to whom, as a friend, she was peculiarly attached, generally spent with her an hour or two,

twice or thrice a week, in conversation on religious subjects, and in prayer. These were happy seasons of spiritual improvement, communion with God, and Christian fellowship. At such times, she would talk freely on the state of her own mind, the marks of a state of grace, and of progress or declension in the Divine life; on public events, as calling for humiliation and prayer, or for gratitude and praise; on important passages of Scripture, or Christian doctrines or duties; on the books she had been reading, and the sermons she had been hearing. Without affecting the appearance of it, she was an excellent casuist. She had often occasion to give her sentiments on delicate questions relating to religious character and moral conduct; and her ideas of what is fit and right, though often different from the maxims of the world, were in correct unison with the spirit and precepts of the gospel. Deeply impressed with her obligations to her Redeemer, and humbled under a sense of her own unworthiness, she bewailed that she did so little for the cause of Christ, and for the benefit of her fellow sinners. She watched with a jealous attention, not only her outward conduct, but the thoughts and affections of her heart; looking up for renewed supplies of grace and strength, to Him in whom it hath pleased the Father that all fulness should dwell.

Her opinions were not mere speculation and empty talk. They steadily influenced her temper, and produced a beautiful uniformity and consistency in her deportment. Though in no way ambitious of fame, cautiously avoiding notice and applause, she, from purer and higher motives, studied a behaviour suited to every relation and situation in which she was placed, and becoming her profession as a Christian. In her house she was kind and hospitable. At her table there was elegance without luxury. Though always neat, she shunned those expenses in dress and equipage in which others indulged, that she

might have the more to bestow in acts of beneficence. To her relations she was attentive and kind: their eternal happiness was one daily subject of her thoughts and prayers. To her servants, she was a humane and indulgent mistress. By a pious chaplain, she furnished them with the means of daily worship and instruction; and to some of them she left legacies, as marks of her regard.

Many individuals have enjoyed a larger share of consolation and joy, but Miss Gray had no doubts of her interest in Christ, or of final happiness. Often her depression arose from a deep sense of the extent of the Divine law, and of her falling short of what she owed to her God and Saviour; though, probably, it was increased by the delicacy of her animal frame. Her bodily constitution was indeed feeble, and her health had many interruptions, which she bore with exemplary patience and resignation, more anxious that they might be sanctified, than that they might be removed. On one of these occasions, a friend high in her esteem requested, that, if he survived her, she would leave him any diaries or other religious papers, which might be a pleasant and profitable memorial of the many hours they had spent together in speaking on the things of God. But this she peremptorily refused. She said, that none of her papers were worthy of inspection, that from time to time she had burnt them, and wished none of them might remain after her death. She even begged as a special favour, that he would burn all her letters that were in his hands; with which request he thought it his duty to comply. If her modesty had not prevented her suspecting that she would be the subject of any publication, it would have instigated her to prohibit it.

Her bounties were not extorted by the sight or importunity of the distressed, though to the habitations of sorrow she was no stranger. She carefully inquired who were the most proper objects of her

beneficence; and requested the advice of those whom she esteemed competent judges, as to what might be the most useful employment of that part of her substance which she had determined to devote to pious and beneficent purposes. She thought that the great Proprietor of all things had bestowed upon her so ample a fortune, not barely for her own comfort, or that of her relations, but that she might honour the Lord with her substance, and promote the happiness of mankind; and she believed that she must one day give an account at his tribunal, how she had improved so important a talent. This motive led her to sell her landed estate. Yet, her wealth was much increased, and her power of doing good to others enlarged, without encroaching on what she justly thought due to the ties of blood, of affinity, or of gratitude.

She often employed one or two of her particular friends, under the express condition of concealing her name, in carrying her donations to different public undertakings and charitable institutions in Edinburgh, to pious students of divinity, and to private objects of compassion. At different times, she gave money to the Rev. Dr. Hunter, and to Dr. Davidson, for purchasing useful books to be given to students and preachers. She supported a Sabbath-day's school for the religious instruction of indigent youth, which was blessed with that success for which she earnestly prayed. Many were her kind offices to the parents of those children; and she left an ample provision for the continuance of this school. For some years, she gave a prize of eight pounds, for any of the Edinburgh students of divinity, whose essay on a theological subject, to be prescribed by Dr. Hunter, should appear to him most to merit it. She bequeathed 10*l.* per annum for the same purpose during the doctor's incumbency. This, and some similar institutions, have produced excellent essays. When her funds increased, she vested 500*l.* with the

Society in Scotland for propagating Christian Knowledge, for maintaining a school in Edinburgh or its neighbourhood, where poor children should be taught reading and writing. Usually fifty or sixty attend that school. By her last will, she devised a large portion of her fortune to various important charities; *e. g.* to the Society in Scotland for propagating Christian Knowledge, 3,000*l.* sterling; to the Society for promoting Religious Knowledge among the poor, 700*l.*; to the Orphan Hospital, 200*l.*; and to various other charitable institutions, different sums, amounting, in all, to 6,200*l.* These benefactions did not spring, as many splendid ones have sprung, from vanity and ostentation. They were the genuine fruits of a firm faith in the gospel, and of a love without dissimulation. With wonder and gratitude she often reflected how her heavenly Father had blessed her with outward mercies, with affluent circumstances, a comfortable measure of health, respectable and affectionate relatives, and faithful and conscientious servants. She felt thankful, especially, for the preached gospel, for the frequent opportunities of partaking of the Lord's Supper, regular family worship, and the ample leisure she had for devotional exercises. She lamented that she had done so little for His glory who had dealt thus kindly and bountifully with her, and admired the patience of God in so long sparing one who had so little rendered to him according to his benefits. To Him, she solemnly dedicated all she was, and all she had; her body, her soul, her time, her worldly possessions, and every other talent. Yet, her hope, confidence, and joy, were not founded on her own religious affections, resolutions, and duties, but on that blood which cleanseth from all sin, on the righteousness of Christ, and his only. She looked up to Him who leads the blind in a way they know not, to direct her by his word, providence, and Spirit, how best to manage her worldly substance, what part to give to

the promoting of Christ's kingdom, to the poor members of his mystical body, to her kindred and those of her own house, and what to lay out on the accommodations of life ; what portion of her time to allot to devotional exercises, to social and relative duties, to lawful business, and what to exercise and such recreations as might strengthen her for duty.

During her last sickness, which was only of a few days' continuance, her mind was serene and peaceful, and her conversation pleasant and spiritual. She expired on the 18th of March, 1792.

MRS. ANNE THORNTON.

Mrs. Anne Thornton, whose maiden name was Ford, was the wife of Mr. John Thornton, High-street, Borough of Southwark. She was born of respectable parents, in that neighbourhood, Nov. 1741, and was married to Mr. Thornton in July, 1772.

About the age of nineteen, she received her first abiding religious impressions, through attending the prayers at Westminster Abbey, on a Wednesday. In the early stage of her Christian profession, she chiefly attended the ministry of the late Rev. Thomas Jones, of St. Saviour's. But during the whole course of her life, she held communion with true believers of every denomination, without forming a bigoted attachment to any one.

Mrs. Thornton was favoured with a strong, comprehensive, and active mind, which was improved by a good education, and she had a taste for literature; but this did not prevent her from paying a diligent and exemplary attention to the duties of domestic life. She was much respected in the characters of a wife, a mother, a friend, and a mistress. By her literary attainments, she was well qualified to educate her own children; to which important employment she devoted much of her time.

The following particulars relate to the manner in which she bore the long and painful illness which closed a useful and honourable life.

During the whole of her trying indisposition, her deportment was uniform and consistent. Deeply convinced of the vanity of all human learning and acquirements, she repeatedly declared to those around her, "There is a knowledge that must be given up." All knowledge that does not spring

from the knowledge of Jesus Christ and him crucified, or that has not a direct reference to Him, will prove at last, to an immortal soul, impertinent as a dream, and unsubstantial as the smoke which the wind driveth away. She said, " If God were pleased to prolong her life, she would chiefly confine her studies to that one precious book, the Bible." She trusted for her acceptance with God, and for happiness in the invisible state, (of which she had cheering prelibations while yet upon earth,) to nothing she had done in her past life, but wholly and solely to the atonement and mediation of her Saviour. As she had lived as becometh a saint, aiming to regulate her temper and conduct by the precepts and example of her Lord, so she died as becometh a Christian, renouncing her own righteousness, and simply relying upon Him who was made sin for us, though he knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. She expressed her solid hope and her stable peace, in terms perfectly agreeable to what the Scriptures teach us to expect from those who are rooted and grounded in the faith of the Gospel, and who can rejoice in God as their strength and portion, when flesh and heart are fainting. There was a striking elevation and dignity, combined with simplicity, in her manner and language. Knowing whom she had believed, and expecting to be soon with him to behold his glory, she employed the remnant of her breath in praising Him, in praying for others, in instructing, admonishing, and comforting her children and friends who were with her. With these views she often continued speaking, till, through extreme weakness, she could speak no more. But, as soon as her strength was a little revived, she resumed the same pleasing employment till within a few hours before her happy dismission.

From July 1798, Mrs. Thornton's health had been gradually declining; but, at the first, neither she nor her family were apprehensive of danger.

The Bath waters being recommended, she cheerfully complied with the desire of her friends. When she had been there a fortnight, she said to a friend, " Before I left home, the doctors had little hope of my recovery. I may say, I came hither under a sentence of death from two of them. I heard what they said, with perfect calmness of mind. I felt a sweet composure. I am in my Lord's hands; and, should he call me home, I believe that He, whose goodness and mercy have followed me all my life hitherto, will perfect what is lacking, and take me to be for ever with himself. And if what I feel is a breaking up of nature, it is a gradual one. My Lord deals gently with me."

The Bath waters afforded little relief: her complaints increased upon her. On the 12th February, some friends from Bristol went to visit her, and found her very poorly. After remaining quiet for about an hour, turning to them, she said, " We have not followed cunningly devised fables, but blessed realities, which now yield me Divine support. My illness has been a pleasant time. I am thankful that I am not to live here always. I look forward with joy to the world to come. I have thought much of, and have felt great nearness to, my friends who have already gained the port. It often seems as if a groupe of them were ready to receive me. Blessed be God, I can readily leave all my dear friends and relatives, if He call me. My children I dearly love, but I am willing to leave them. I hope they will follow me to heaven. I have endeavoured to recommend the best things, and can only lament that I have not set them a better example. But if any infirmity or sin they have seen in me, have proved a hinderance to them, I pray God to take the remembrance of it from their minds, and enable them to look to that perfect Pattern, who has left us an example how we ought to walk. I can only recommend to them to do the things which he requires,

and which he has promised to give those who seek him, power to perform."

After this, she thanked God for bringing her to himself in early life, and said: "What mercy and love have been manifested to me all my life long! Had I been in the world, and wished to be introduced to persons of refined sense, fine taste, and cultivated minds, should I ever have found any of more refined taste and more improved intellects than some of those with whose friendship I have been favoured? With those I have conversed on the sublimest subjects, and I expect to renew the pleasing employment in eternity."

A friend said: "There we shall all meet,—not only our contemporaries, but the holy, the wise, the pious, and the good of all ages. There we shall see Abraham the friend of God, Moses, Isaiah, and Daniel." She replied, "Yes. Whom do we expect to meet in heaven? Not Alexander; not those who conquered, but those who renounced the world."

She then took up the character of Abraham, and enlarged upon it, particularly on his condescension to Lot, in yielding the choice of situation to him, for the prevention of strife. She spoke largely on the excellency of the Holy Scriptures. To her daughter, she said: "Study the Scriptures, not only as containing truths which are able to make you wise unto salvation, which they do in the fullest manner; but read them for rules of life, for history, for description of characters, for geography, for every thing. One thing which gives history its excellence, is its authenticity; another, is the character of the author. Now the Bible is infallibly true: the Bible is the book of God. It not only instructs us in the knowledge of God, of ourselves, and of the way by which we may approach him with hope, but in whatever it is needful for us to know; and it will both please

and profit every person who reads it with attention and prayer."

She desired a friend to repeat Gambold's Mystery of Life; and remarked on the last verse, as peculiarly suitable to herself:

> "Oh! what is death? 'Tis life's last shore,
> Where vanities are vain no more;
> Where all pursuits their goal obtain,
> And life is all retouch'd again."

In the course of the evening she once or twice mentioned the names of two departed friends, saying, that she felt great nearness to them in spirit. It often seemed to her, she said, as if they were almost visible. She reflected with pleasure on the many happy hours they had spent together on earth, and rejoiced in hope of their friendship being matured in the kingdom of glory. Referring, at another time, to the death of one of those ladies, she remarked on the peculiarly deep sense of the Divine presence felt by the friends who witnessed the scene, at the moment of her departure, and for some time after: "It was as if heaven was opened, and the angelic guard all but visible." She added: "What a blessing is it, that we have as full and clear an evidence of the influence of good and happy spirits on our minds, as we have of the power of wicked spirits upon bad men!"

Feb. 15. This morning, she strongly expressed her confidence in the Holy Scriptures. After a pause, she broke out in the words of the prophet Isaiah, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God; speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem." She then added, "What condescension in God, thus to address his creatures! The Bible is the best book. It is the truth. Lately I have read little else; and should I live, it shall be my *one* book. It contains every thing. I feel my weakness, and it calls upon me to trust in the Lord Jehovah, for in him is ever-

lasting strength. I know not what our Lord is about to do with me. I grow weaker; and if he takes me home, it will be from the evil to come. If he should spare me, I trust it will be to bring me to a nearer acquaintance with himself." She then desired a friend to read Isaiah xxvi. and to pray with her. It seemed like worshipping before the throne. How near is earth to heaven!

On the 17th, being told that it was a fine day, she said: "The fine weather was to do much for me, *and so it will.*" One saying, "We are hastening where there is summer without winter, and day without night," she immediately cited those lines:

> "The winter's night, and summer's day,
> Glide imperceptibly away;
> Too short to sing thy praise."

And a few minutes after,

> "I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;
> And when my voice is lost in death,
> Praise shall employ my noblest pow'rs:
> My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
> While life, or thought, or being last,
> Or immortality endures."

A little while after, she charged her daughter Maria to tell her other children, that, living and dying, their mother loved them: "You have been good and pleasant children to me; and I pray you, take the Apostle's advice, Be ye kindly affectioned one towards another; be ye holy, harmless, and undefiled." Then, addressing her daughter, she said: "My dear Maria, you have nursed me affectionately, and now you are called to an affecting scene, a dying mother parting with a child she dearly loves. After I am gone, and you retire in secret to weep, perhaps your mother may be looking on. I charge you and your dear sisters, let not a thought enter your minds, that you have neglected any thing that could have been done for me. You

have all been kind. I have had every attention shewn me, that could have been given. The Lord bless you all! Next to my children, I love my nieces, and I hope you will always love each other. Do not expect too much from each other, and then you will live in love." After a short silence, she said: "The mystery of the cross contains our all of good. Our Redeemer, our great Deliverer, is our surety and our peace. I have no hope, no plea, but *Lord, thou hast died.* Oh, Maria, he must be your salvation: expect only to be saved through him!"

On the entrance of her physician, accompanied with his sister, Mrs. Thornton reached out her hand, and said: "And his good sister too.—We are all sisters in Jesus: some are gone home, others are going, and others will follow. We have fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers, and you, sir, (looking at the doctor,) have children in heaven. When I came hither, some of my friends did not think I should recover, nor did I know how our Lord would deal with me. But here I am, waiting with patience and resignation to meet his good pleasure. He has brought me low, but he deals gently with me." Then turning to Dr. L., she said: "O sir, you know much, you have read many books, but there is no book like the Bible. That blessed book contains the mystery of the cross. O that precious blood! that precious blood! It bought our all of good, our blessedness for ever!"

Soon after the doctors had left her, she said, "I fear they do not think I shall go soon." Being told, that they thought she might linger a little, but that they should not be surprised if a sudden change took place, she said: "I hope my dear children will not think I love them the less, because I am willing to leave them."

On the 18th, she said: "My Lord will take me home soon. Though he seems to delay his coming, he has not forgotten to be gracious." Soon after,

being in expectation of Mr. Thornton, she said, "My earthly, and perhaps my heavenly Bridegroom, will come to-day." In about half an hour, Mr. Thornton and his two daughters arrived. She was so much affected as not to be able to speak for some time. After a while, turning to him, she said, "My dear husband, you are come once more to take me in your arms, and lay me down that I may die." Upon which, he lifted her upon the sofa. In a few minutes, she said,

> "Not a doubt doth arise, to darken the skies,
> Or hide, for a moment, my God from my eyes."

She then called her children, and said: "My sweet Anne! (I cannot say, my dearest child, for you are all equally dear to me;) my precious Harriet! seek the God of your fathers. He is my support, and my all; my faithful God." Seeing them much affected and weeping, she said: "I love your tears; they are precious because they are tears of affection. But you may weep too much. Take care that you do not indulge excessive grief."

On the morning of the 19th, addressing herself to Mr. Thornton and her children, she spoke to the following purport: — "I have often thought of a subject which I wished to mention before I left this world; but I forbore, because it was an affecting one. I have not written any thing concerning it, except in my last birth-day poem. I always disliked funeral pomp. I wish to be buried in a plain, decent manner. I should like to be buried in a country churchyard. I have thought so in years that are past, as well as of late, since I have been so much at Epsom. I used to take pleasure in walking in churchyards, and reading monumental inscriptions. They have their use; I do not condemn them; but I beg there may be nothing of this kind for me, but my name, age, and a sentence of Scripture. The Scriptures contain every thing,

and I know no part of them I should rather choose, or think more proper, than Rom. vi. 23. 'The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life.' I feel what a poor, vile, helpless, unworthy sinner I am; as Gambold says, 'No deed of mine but proved me worse.' In one sense, *all I have done is sin.* In another, it is not. I thank God for any good he enabled me to do; but the good that is done upon earth, the Lord doeth it. I wish you to have proper views of your own being. I think some people deficient herein. They have not a right sense of the importance of their own being. I have gloried in my being a redeemed creature: this dignifies human nature. St. Paul gloried in the cross: it was this that raised him up. And St. Peter says, 'We have not followed cunningly devised fables, when we made known unto you the coming and power of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eye-witnesses of his majesty,' &c. No, faith apprehends realities; faith opens the world to come. This life is but the beginning of our existence: when we begin to live here, we begin to die; and when we die (in the faith), we enter into a fuller enjoyment of the blessed realities which faith now apprehends. O may the Holy Spirit impress these truths upon your hearts, my dear children! Without his influence all is nothing." Then, leaning her head back, she said, "Lord! now take me to thyself. Let me depart in peace according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation. Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

She was now quite exhausted, and sank into a fit, which threatened her dissolution. But she revived; and on being offered some refreshment, she said: "He that giveth a cup of cold water for the Lord's sake, shall in no wise lose his reward. How well it is to be employed in acts of kindness, of which our Lord takes such notice! I have thought of that text, 'Henceforth I will drink no more of the fruit

of the vine, till I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom.' What a parting meal was that which our Lord partook with his disciples! What condescension! What intimate familiarity! This Scripture, and others, have led me to consider the similarity and connexion between earth and heaven; such as, 'I am the vine, ye are the branches.' What a union! It is a subject that has often afforded me pleasure and profit." A person said, "You used to reason from analogy." She replied: "Yes, I used to love to compare reason with faith, and nature with revelation. And though some persons may think these things strange, I have had such openings into them within these few days, as I did not expect in this life. But many people laugh at what they do not understand." Her pillow being a little moved, she said: "My mother used to say, If I were a queen, I could not be better attended. I am sure I may say so. But I have often felt pain that I did no more for her; though I paid her all the attention in my power. She was a blessed woman, and I sometimes think she will be one of the first happy spirits to welcome me home. How I shall rejoice in a future day, to present my children to her in glory!"

In the afternoon, she turned to her daughters, and said, "God has been better to me than my fears. You little expected to see your mother dying with so little fear. I have had many fears," (alluding to a complaint which threatened her with painful consequences for many years,) "but my Lord has been good to me. My fears drove me to prayer; and what pain I did feel, has often drawn me nearer to my God. Dr. L. brought me good news, when he told me, I was going home to my God. Lord, suffer me not to be impatient: thy time is best; thy will be done!"

The room being dark, she asked for a light,

saying, "Light is sown for the righteous, and joy for the upright in heart." In the evening, being in much pain, she cried, "Lord, have mercy upon me: do thou help me: let thy rod and staff comfort me. Thou hast prepared a table for me in the wilderness." Soon after, she prayed fervently; and calling upon the Saviour of sinners, said,

"'Son of God! thy blessing grant;
Still supply my every want.'

"I did not think that nature could have held out so long; but, Lord, thou shewest me that thy time and manner are the best. Give me strength and patience, and let thy will be done."

On the 20th, in the morning, she said, "I am waiting for my dismission. My Saviour, my God, my All! perfect what thou seest lacking in my soul, and take me to thyself. Remember the word in which thou hast caused me to trust. I will trust and not be afraid, for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song."

Being informed that a friend had sent her kind sympathizing love to her, she was awhile silent, and then said, "I love her: the very hearing of her name revives me. We know little of the value of love here, to what we shall in eternity."

Being told that Miss Martha M. had frequently called when she was too ill to see any one, she said: "I love her, and all that family. They fill an important station. There are but few people of talents, who can bear to know their own importance. But it ought to humble us, and stimulate us to use them; for talents, for the good of others, are an awful trust committed to our care. It is not at our option whether we shall use them or not. I have often had serious thoughts upon this subject. It is seldom we see such a family as the M—s. I have many thoughts in my mind concerning them, if I had but

strength to arrange them." Feeling herself a little better, she desired that Miss M. might be sent for. On her arrival, she addreseed her to this effect: "I am glad to see you. When I came hither, I seemed nearly as well as you are now. One day, before I left home, the doctor seeing me walk across the room with apparent strength, said something concerning me, from which I thought I should probably slip through your hands; but the thought was not painful. I felt no fear. Now *I am* going. And though I do not think that any thing I am able to say, can have much weight as coming from me, yet, I wished to see you. Yours is a singular family. God has given great talents to you all; and it is true wisdom, to know the part we are called to act, and to fulfil it. We are little aware of the loss we shall sustain, if we do not properly fill up the place for which we are fitted. I have had awful views of this, such views as have influenced my intentions. I have aimed at using what was committed to me, to the glory of God; and though I have fallen far short of my aim, yet, I am now thankful that my endeavours were directed to what at this important moment my mind fully approves. I am a weak, helpless creature, and do not speak because I have filled my place, or done the work assigned me; no, I have only aimed at it; but I speak because of the sluggishness of my nature, and because I wish every one had a proper sense of the increasing enjoyment they may gain by a right use of their time and talents. The necessity of this appears from the Apostle's words, 'Press towards the mark; covet earnestly the best gifts;' and from our Lord's account of the ten virgins. They were all intrusted with talents, all had light, and all had gifts; but five were wise, and five were foolish. The former improved, the latter neglected their talents. You are engaged in a good work; may you go on and

prosper! If he that giveth a cup of cold water shall not lose his reward, the service of those who seek the spiritual good of their fellow-creatures shall surely be remembered. God is faithful. I am a poor worm, but I have found him so, beyond what I could have hoped. Often in my chamber have I prayed,

> "When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
> With lamb-like patience arm my breast;
> When wounding grief my soul assails,
> In lowly weakness may I rest."

"I have had a strong assurance that it would be so; insomuch that I have often returned to my knees to thank God for what I believed he would do. I have often poured forth my soul in prayer respecting the hour which now draws near. I had reason to believe He would be with me; and now He is answering my faith. If a petition has been presented, we know it was accepted, if the thing petitioned for be granted. Does it not amount to a certainty? Spiritual things are realities. Faith produces effects. God is faithful to his word."

Then, turning to her children, she said, "My dear children, let no one cheat you out of immortality." Miss M. was much affected, and thanked her for her prayers and counsel. She replied; "We often ask others' prayers; but we have only faint conceptions of the love and benevolence of the prayer of Jesus for us. O precious, precious Saviour! How great is thy love! May he help you to go on in the good work in which you are engaged! True wisdom, I again repeat it, is to know our calling, to live in it, to be holy and useful. So shall an abundant entrance be administered unto us into the heavenly kingdom."

She was now quite exhausted, and fell back into one of the fits which we have often thought would have taken her home; but she sank into sleep; and afterwards, though very ill all day, continued testify-

ing of the unbounded love of God our Saviour, often saying, " Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," &c.

Soon after, mentioning a pious individual, she said, she remembered that several years ago, he had a fever, which produced delirium, during the whole of which, his conversation was about spiritual things. " I have often thought of him," she added, " since I came hither. My thoughts, through my weakness, have not been always under the control of reason. How thankful should I have been, to have known nothing but what I would wish to think !" A friend standing by said ; " I have often been struck with the rich variety of spiritual sentences and verses of hymns, with which your memory is stored, and in which you now so readily express yourself; and I have thought, I will endeavour more than formerly to advise young people to store their memories with what they would wish to think of in a dying hour." It was told her, that one of her nieces was committing to memory Gambold's " Mystery of Life ;" on which she gave a smile of approbation, and, turning to her children, entreated them to fill their minds with the good things which might be useful to them on a dying bed.

She then asked a person present, if she had known the good man above referred to: the reply was, " Yes, I have often met with him." Mrs. Thornton continued : " I well remember the precious times we used to enjoy in that society. A few simple-hearted, spiritual people met together: several of them had little learning, but they used to speak in a manner which would not have disgraced persons of the greatest abilities. Mr. W. was a man of good plain sense. How many persons of fine strong intellects will one day wish to change places with him ! Religion is the one thing worth seeking after."

Near midnight she was in great pain, and prayed

most fervently that our Lord would take her to himself. She complained of the room being dark; and when told that there were candles in it, and that it was owing to her illness that she did not see the light, (for, at the approach of her fits, her sight was much affected,) she said, "I am glad you tell me so. I hope it is a proof that I am not far from my heavenly inheritance. I always loved light, because I thought it typical of spiritual light. I hope, if one of my natural senses is closed, it is a prelude to my spiritual senses being more fully opened: perhaps it may be soon."

On the 22d, she seemed to be in great pain. She was much engaged in prayer, and often expressed her strong confidence in God. While we were fanning her, she said,

> "From Sion's tops the breezes flow,
> And cheer us in the vale below."

For some days she dozed much, and had several fits. On the 28th, she said, "How comfortably the Lord has kept me in this week! I could not have thought I could have been so comfortable in such a state of weakness. Let patience have its perfect work in my soul. Lord, make me perfect and entire, lacking nothing. Sometimes the enemy thrusts sorely at me with a temptation, to fear that all is not right with me, that after all, I may fail. But he is not suffered to distress me. In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust.

> "Thy mighty Name salvation is,
> And keeps my soul above;
> Pardon, and peace, and power it brings,
> And everlasting love."

A friend said: "God is faithful: you know he is so. Having loved his own, he loved them to the end." She answered, "Yes, he is faithful. In years that are past, when fear has assailed me,

I have prayed to the Lord, my heart has been poured out before him, and he has permitted me to talk to him, as a man with his friend. He has comforted me, and now he is answering my prayers. By night on my bed have I sought thee, and thou art my Rock and my Refuge. I renounce all my righteous and my unrighteous deeds. I have no hope or plea but in Thee." On that text being mentioned, "All things are yours, for ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's;" she took up the words; "Yes, ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's; and when Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory." Then looking affectionately on her children, she said; "My dear children, you see your dying parent bearing testimony to the truths of God." Soon after, being in great pain, she said; "If my continuing here sometime longer may be of use to any person, I am willing to stay. These our light afflictions, which endure but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." A person repeated the following verse, "While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen;" and added, "You now are between both worlds, and see the things that are invisible." She replied, "I do indeed. Lord, my sure trust is in thy word, and thou wilt not suffer me to be confounded. I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust."

Towards the close of life, her weakness was extreme. She said little, except in those blessed words which our Lord himself has taught us, frequently repeating the Lord's prayer, or detached sentences from it; particularly, "Our Father—Thy will be done: for thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen, and amen." For nearly forty-eight hours before her happy spirit took its flight, she took little notice of any thing around her. She expired without the least struggle,

on the 12th of March, 1799. In a few days, her remains were removed to Camberwell; and on Thursday, the 21st, they were, according to her desire, interred in Epsom churchyard; where a stone was erected, inscribed with her name and age, and the last verse of the sixth chapter to the Romans: "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

MISS ANN BACON.

A Letter from her Brother to one of her intimate Friends.

DEAR MADAM,

It having been the wish of yourself, and many others, that a short memoir of my late sister should be printed, and distributed through the circle of our friends, as a grateful tribute to her beloved memory; I am induced to acquiesce in the request offered to me as her near relation, to attempt to put together the few items which may be interesting in her life and religious experience. I say *few*, not because I consider her character and conduct as affording little of what was interesting and engaging to those who best knew her; but as deeming it a mistake which has sometimes been committed, to give all the particulars of the life of an individual, whose sphere of motion has perhaps included little more than an occasional remove from town to the country, and from the house of one friend to another.

"We are fond," says Dr. Goldsmith, "of talking of those who have given us pleasure: not that we have any thing important to say, but because the subject is pleasing." On this principle I write; professing to attach no other importance to the narrative, than that which true religion must ever stamp upon the memoir of the most humble individual.

The few pages we propose printing, may, however, fall into the hands of a stranger. I therefore premise, that the subject of this sketch was born on the 10th of May 1768, and was eldest daughter of the late John Bacon, Esq., R.A., whose memoirs were published by the Rev. Richard Cecil, M.A. In those

Memoirs, the character of a decided and consistent Christian is fully and justly displayed; and in her mother, it may truly be stated, there was an example of all that is lovely in the Christian character. May I digress from the main subject, to add, that this woman was "full of mercy and good fruits." She wore with peculiar grace, the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. She was one of whom we might say, with more propriety than of many others, that she "sat at the feet of Christ to hear his words," having made her choice of "the one thing needful;" which, it may not be improper to mention, from the natural diffidence of her mind, she always feared to appropriate to herself; but which, on a bed of death and of triumph, she found secured to her by the immutable promise of Him who hath said, "I will never leave you, nor forsake you."

Born of such parents, it may be needless to add, that our late sister was dedicated to God from her birth. At her baptism, I picture to my mind a second Hannah, a second Mary, in fervent prayer and faith presenting her infant as a free-will offering to the service of Heaven. The minister, probably, discerned these parental feelings. After naming the child, he returned it to the mother, addressing her in these words, (partly quoting those of Pharaoh's daughter,) "Take this child, and nurse it for the Lord." We are assured, this admonition was not given in vain. We may venture to answer for the many prayers and the tender solicitude of which this child was the subject. Yet, it is, perhaps, not unimportant to state, that, for a period of twenty-three years, these prayers appeared to be unproductive! That Divine assertion, "Every one that asketh, receiveth," seemed to be fallacious.

Her mother, when on her death-bed, committed her five children into the hands of her heavenly Father; and among the petitions which she fervently

and repeatedly offered in their behalf, was this; that they might be kept from the evils of the world. This prayer was not uttered in vain in the instance of my sister. She *was* preserved, although she acknowledged herself to be naturally vain, and disposed to join in every kind of worldly pleasure and amusement; and, from what I remember of her younger days, I have no hesitation in believing, that, had she been otherwise educated, she would have become a willing subject for the gayest scenes of the fashionable world. She possessed no inconsiderable share of address and ability, joined, in these younger days, with personal attractions, which would have made such an education a great, if not a fatal snare to her. To speak of personal attractions, may appear beneath the object of this memoir; yet, as many are supposed to take refuge in religion as a source of happiness, because they are unable to gain the notice or admiration of the world, I am induced to add, that the many candidates for her hand, which offered themselves, form a sufficient proof of the contrary in the present instance.

In this place it may be proper to give a further intimation of her natural disposition. I think it should be stated, (as we profess to give a just description, and not to flatter,) that she was, on the one hand, *naturally* irritable, and, as she confessed, volatile, and even vain. On the other hand, those were unacquainted with her, who did not know her to be of a disposition the most open, affectionate, tender-hearted, benevolent, grateful, forbearing, generous, and disinterested. This was joined to an exquisite delicacy of feeling and deportment, which manifested itself on every occasion, and, united to her natural vivacity and affability, made her generally admired, even by those who had little knowledge of her *sterling worth;* in naming which, we justly sum up her character as a Christian.

At the time of her mother's death, which happened

when she was thirteen years of age, she was at the boarding-school of a lady of eminent piety, who endeavoured to improve the important event, and to impress it on the mind of her scholar. She was deeply sensible of the loss she had sustained by the death of such a parent; yet, as it regards that spiritual improvement of the event, which it was the endeavour of her governess to effect in her mind, she says, (in a diary written some years afterwards,) "I attended to her for the moment, but no longer." She adds, in reference to this period: "I used to attend the ministry of a faithful and animated preacher; but he had no power to unstop my deaf ears, or to dissolve my stony heart. His words were lost on me, as water spilt on the ground: I regarded them not."

She goes on to state: "A short time afterwards, I chanced to view some pictures representing the torments of the damned: on which I reflected, Will this ever be my case? Conscious of my irreligious state, I thought, if I were to die now, the miseries of the wretched victims here represented, would assuredly be mine. Terrified at this idea, I determined to fit myself for heaven, by reading, praying, and abstaining from the thoughts of those worldly pleasures, the contemplation of which had hitherto afforded me so much delight. But, alas! I depended on an arm of flesh, or, in other words, on the strength of my own resolutions; and I found it fail. Only three days after these impressions and resolutions, some persons were describing the amusements of an evening spent at a playhouse. I recollect wishing I had been with them, and thinking, that if I did not give up my proposed reformation, I must debar myself from much pleasure. I therefore determined to defer it till I was older. On my uttering some sentiment of this kind, a friend remarked to me, that I might arrive at a death-bed before the period of my promised reformation. I

thought, This is true; but I may repent then, as many have done before me; and if I leave no testimony of my repentance behind me, yet, if I do repent sufficiently to gain heaven, the fears of my friends will not signify." She adds: "I shudder when I think of my dreadful situation at that time. My state was that of the fool in the Gospel, defying God, and saying, 'Soul, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.'"

The diary then mentions, that, in seasons of sickness, she was generally visited by serious reflections. Miss Bacon proceeds: "At the age of twenty, a severe ague occasioned me repeatedly to make the following resolutions: If I am restored to health again, I will certainly be very good in future; I will become very religious, very strict, very circumspect. But no sooner did my health return, than all my resolutions were broken, or forgotten." She, however, mentions, that, shortly after this, the idea of public diversions and worldly company became less fascinating to her, from discerning that very little dependence could be placed on many worldly characters who called themselves friends, and whose friendship, she perceived, was generally formed on some selfish motive. She then mentions, that when any circumstance occurred which depressed her spirits, she was induced to pray; and frequently, on such occasions, has wished herself in a cottage, remote from society, where she might give herself up to the duties of religion; but, when she regained her spirits, prayer was neglected, and her mind constantly reverted to some plan of worldly happiness. She remarks: "This shews the folly and insensibility of the human heart. The road to true happiness was before me; yet, I was preferring that, the end of which, but for Divine mercy, would have proved eternal misery."

We now come to a period of her history which is best related entirely by herself; and shall therefore make a more ample extract from her diary.

"Saturday, August 13, 1791, I shall venture to call my spiritual birth-day; and hope ever to remember it with grateful thanksgivings to the Lord. As I was walking alone in a garden belonging to a house we inhabited for the summer season, at Hampstead, I was employing my thoughts on an inquiry, how I should conduct myself under the different circumstances of my future life which might possibly occur. The reflection came powerfully on my mind,—'Perhaps I shall not live to make the trial; but the trial of a death-bed is what I am certain to experience: am I prepared for that trial, should it be near at hand*?' Conscience compelled me instantly to reply—'I am not prepared.' I, however, reflected, I am now on praying ground; and I will now endeavour, by *Divine assistance,* to make a friend of God, that I may have Him for my refuge when that trying time shall arrive."

It may not be irrelevant, Madam, to remark, that, in this first dawn of true religion upon the mind, mention is made, unlike her former ideas of becoming religious, of looking for "*Divine assistance.*" This is, perhaps, the best criterion which can be appealed to.

Whatever an individual, under religious convictions, may promise, or however resolve, even if it be to do "some great" and good "thing;" yet, if we do not perceive that he humbly looks for Divine aid, we have reason to fear the result. But, for the consolation of the fearful, it may be remarked, that the smallest beginnings may with confidence be encouraged, when only the two following points are

* Though it is thus related here, I have heard her say, that while her thoughts were employed on her future plans of life, the reflection—"Art thou prepared for death?" came so suddenly and powerfully upon her, that it seemed as though some one actually spoke to her; wihch occasioned her audibly to reply in the negative.

observable; namely, a distrust of self, and a reliance upon Divine assistance. The example before us may be proposed for the encouragement of such persons. I am more particularly induced to make this remark, because it will appear to have been a considerable time before my sister met with the comfort which she sought for.

Her narrative proceeds: "The following day, being Sunday, I hoped I should enjoy in a greater degree than I had ever done a Sabbath before; and determined to give particular attention to what I should hear from the pulpit. I did so, but was much disappointed. I heard a very excellent preacher; but comprehending very little of the meaning of what he advanced, I could derive no comfort or instruction from his discourse. Seeing that human teaching afforded me neither light nor encouragement, I prayed earnestly to the Lord, that he would become my teacher, and open my understanding.

"I had heard of some persons who have opened the Bible promiscuously, and thereby obtained, as they have imagined, an answer suited to their experience, in the first passage they have cast their eyes upon. I did the same; but in this was also disappointed.

"On the arrival of the next Sabbath, I prayed, as well as I was able, for Divine instruction; and particularly, that the Lord would send a message of mercy to me through the mouth of the preacher, and which should set my soul at liberty: for I felt at this time, as if bound with cords that were becoming more and more tightened, and as if a cloud or mist was before my eyes. I often arose from my knees in a degree of darkness and distress beyond description. Unable to utter words, a sigh was all that I could repeat at the throne of grace.

"When the Sabbath arrived, instead of gaining relief, I was, if possible, thrown into greater dis-

tress; and this by a remark from the minister who preached, 'that those who do not connect a degree of zeal with their devotions, have little evidence of their sincerity.' This remark was as though sentence of death had been passed upon me, as I felt that I possessed a heart of stone, devoid of the least spiritual warmth. I lay awake many hours that night, watering my couch with tears, believing that I was condemned to everlasting misery, and owning the justice of the sentence which I apprehended had passed against me. I now concluded that I had sinned the unpardonable sin; having so often practically rejected Christ, and resisted my convictions respecting Divine truth. Having often slighted and treated with contempt, the repeated invitations and offers of mercy with which I had been favoured, I now concluded that the day of grace was past, and that I was therefore lost for ever. I seemed to feel that hope was denied me in this world, because the gates of heaven were eternally closed against me. All my relations, friends, and acquaintances, I believed I should see going to heaven, whilst I was forbidden to accompany them. The most profligate character I had any knowledge of, appeared to be spotless compared with myself.

"Notwithstanding this hopeless state of mind, I was impelled to cry unto the Lord. My prayer was as follows: 'O Lord! thou art a merciful as well as a just God; permit me, at least while I am in this world, to live to thee. Let me but devote myself to thy service while here below, and I will then account it my greatest privilege to sing thy praises afterwards; yea, when thou art passing sentence upon me.'

"The Lord heard my prayer, and had pity on my distress. A gleam of hope entered my mind from these words which occurred to me, 'Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth.' I thought — there is a distant chance this may be my case: 'Lord, grant it may be so!' was my prayer.

" Much did I wish, at different times, for some religious conversation with my dear father; though I could not venture to break my mind to him. It was now two weeks that I had remained in great distress of mind; but having taken pains to conceal it, it was not discovered by any one.

" On the next Sunday, I again prayed that the Lord would send me a message suited to my case, by the minister who might preach; resolving, at the same time, that if I were again disappointed, I would continue praying till my prayers should be answered: after which, I went to Divine service with a heavy heart, though somewhat relieved by a previous conversation with my father, which arose from an inquiry, on my part, as to the nature of the sin against the Holy Ghost. In the course of his explanation, he told me, that connected with that sin was a knowledge of God, yet, an enmity and hatred against him, even to a degree which would, were it possible, deprive him of his throne. Then, thought I, there is yet hope of mercy for me; for I am sure I love God, and would rather die at this moment than live in the world without him.

" When we arrived at chapel, I found the person who was to have preached, sitting with the congregation; and another minister, whom he had brought with him, was asked to preach. What his text was, I do not recollect; but I shall not soon forget these words, uttered in the course of his sermon: ' You who have a desire to know God, to love and to fear him, though your faith be weak, and your ability so small, that you can scarcely ask to have that little faith increased, fear not; the Lord will remember you; he will fan the spark to a flame.' This was indeed Divine consolation to me; it was balm to my soul, a cordial for all my fears. This I regarded as an answer to my prayer for a message

of mercy by the mouth of the preacher; and for this, 'my soul did magnify the Lord, who had regarded the lowliness of his hand-maiden.'

"On my return home, I ventured to disclose all that had passed in my mind to my father. His conversation afforded me great encouragement. He joined with me in thanksgiving to the Lord, who had brought me out of that natural state of insensibility which attaches to the condition of mankind in the world, and had given me to feel my spiritual danger, and the need in which I stood of a Saviour and Redeemer.

"During the remainder of that day, and the day following, I was very happy; but afterwards, my fears returned, as I could find no liberty in prayer. A cloud seemed still to be before my eyes; and I was at times greatly distressed in mind. My experience at this time was such as I shall venture to call a hard conflict with Satan. He endeavoured to persuade me I had been deceiving myself in the few hopes I had recently entertained, and even in the credit I had given to the Bible itself. This drove me to prayer. I called upon my Saviour in these words: 'Lord Jesus, assist me in this struggle with my spiritual enemy, that I may withstand him, and that he may flee from me.' My prayer was heard, and answered. I would not encourage a fanciful view of the experience of any one; but mine, at this time, was to me so surprising, so clear, and so impressive, that I should scarcely describe it too strongly if I were to say, the cloud was removed from before my eyes, and I could, as it were, see my Saviour smiling upon me, and protecting me with one hand, while keeping off Satan with the other; and, while the enemy seemed desirous to snatch me from him, I was enabled with confidence to exclaim, 'Get thee hence, Satan! for thou art described in that very book, which thou hast lately

been tempting me to disbelieve, as an enemy and a deceiver from the beginning *.'

" After this, I found myself more at liberty in prayer; but was continually fearing that I should relapse into my former state of insensibility. From this apprehension, however, I was relieved by a sermon which I heard from this text: ' Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken from her.' This sweet promise from my Saviour, I applied to myself, and from that moment my fears on that head left me."

The narrative is here interrupted; and, it appears, was not resumed till nearly three years afterwards, when it proceeds as follows :—

" May 18th, 1794. Two years and seven months have elapsed since I concluded the last lines.

" I now feel myself constrained to make a fresh memorandum of the Lord's goodness to me, that I may praise him for all that is past, and be enabled to trust him for all that is to come.

" I still bear my testimony, that his service is perfect freedom; that his ways are ways of pleasantness, and all his paths peace. I trust I can now with confidence say, I have found the pearl of great

* I had very nearly omitted this part of the diary, from an apprehension that it might be thought to imply, that she imagined she was distinguished by a kind of vision. As, however, there was nothing visionary about her character, I do not understand her as intimating any such thing. We seldom have strong impressions of any occurrence, without forming an imaginary picture in the mind of the scene which we suppose to be passing, and even of the kind of place we are in at the time. When, therefore, she says, she had a clear " view" of what she has here related, I assure myself, that nothing more is to be understood, than that she was favoured with such a conviction of the mercy of God through Christ, as occasioned an impression in the mind of what she relates, so strong as to embody it (as it were) into a kind of reality; but not greatly beyond what we all experience at certain times, and frequently allude to in referring to subjects on which no one thinks of charging us with visionary notions.

price, even Christ my Lord; in comparison with whom, I count all things else but as dross."

She then continues the narrative :—

"On leaving Hampstead at the time alluded to in the last memorandum, I had frequent opportunities of hearing some eminent ministers of the Gospel. With rapture could I then say,—'Thy house, O Lord! is a banqueting-house to my soul, and thy banner over me is love.' I who, like many of old times, was afflicted with divers diseases, have found the heavenly Physician, and have experienced his Divine power in giving sight to the blind, and unstopping the ears of the deaf. Surely, O Lord! old things are passed away, and all things are become new. My joy was now such as a stranger intermeddleth not with; I possessed a peace that passeth all understanding.

"When I had occasion to leave home again, I felt perfectly happy in the delightful reflection, 'Where I go, the Lord in his word has promised to go with me, and this will make any place a paradise;' and so I found it.

"During our residence for the summer season, the next year, at Little Chelsea, my experience was truly happy. When I retired to rest, ardent praise for every spiritual and temporal mercy concluded the blessed employment of each day. If I awoke in the night, my Saviour was the first object presented to my view. This was a delightful season. It was heaven begun below. I had been at Chelsea but a short time, when I, with my two sisters, received an invitation from an uncle to pay a visit in Worcestershire. At first, I was very reluctant to accept it, fearing that I should have very few opportunities for retirement; but receiving a further and more pressing invitation, I was induced to accept it.

"At this season of my experience, every greater and every lesser circumstance were turned to spi-

ritual account. Our journey, which was very tedious, and to me fatiguing, I was pleased in comparing, as I proceeded, to the journey of life, which is sometimes pleasant, but more often rough and uneasy, yet, ever bringing us nearer home, where the Christian is assured he shall arrive at last. The kind reception we met with from our relations, produced the thought—When shall I be welcomed to the presence of my Saviour? When shall I hear him say, 'Father, I desire that those whom thou hast given me, be *now* with me where I am,' &c.

"Our habitation was very much retired, being five miles from any town or village, and surrounded only by a few humble cottages.

"I can remember, on a former occasion, paying a visit to the same place, when I could hardly support my spirits, owing to the gloominess of the situation, and the homeliness of the style in which (being at a farm-house) we were received. But now, though apparently my health and strength were declining, I was so often enabled, like the disciples of old, to constrain my Saviour to abide with me, that I found the rough farm-house changed into a palace, and this complete retirement to afford the most blessed society. When, by chance, any noise awoke me in the night, I was happy in being disturbed, as affording me an unexpected opportunity of lifting up my heart to my Saviour, and of hearing, I could almost persuade myself, the angels bringing (as to the shepherds in the night season) glad tidings of great joy to my soul; and when I again fell asleep, my very dreams partook of the same peace and blessedness.

"On each morning, when I awoke, my first inquiry was, 'When, O my Saviour, shall I awake with thee in glory?' On seeing the advance of the morning light, my prayer was, 'Now, Lord! also lift up upon me the light of thy countenance;' and, on the bright shining of the sun, 'Arise, O Sun

of righteousness, with healing in thy beams!' While dressing myself, 'Let me be found clothed, and in my right mind, sitting at the feet of my Redeemer.' When our table was spread, I thought, 'When shall I sit down at the marriage-supper of of the Lamb?' When I saw the reapers working in the fields, I thought of that time when the angels shall separate the chaff from the wheat, to preserve the one, and burn up the other *.

"The sweet interconrse which I had at this place with my uncle and aunt, in reference to Divine things, also explained to me the blessedness which is to be enjoyed in the 'communion of the saints †'

"But, in the midst of all this blessed experience, I found the declaration of Scripture to be true; that there is a spiritual enemy, who has access to the mind. He seemed to be nigh at hand, and only waiting for permission to distress me. This he sometimes accomplished by harassing me with doubts about the veracity of the Scriptures. On this account, I was often brought before the Lord

* I have been induced not to pass over this part of her narrative, although I am aware that it may, by some persons, be deemed trite, and perhaps an enthusiastic spiritualizing of every natural object and occurrence, so as to partake of an unwarranted disregard of the things with which we are properly connected in this world. The disadvantage implied in this objection is, however, I think, fully counterbalanced by the example which, in addition to innumerable others, is here afforded of the effect of religion in giving happiness to the soul. This example shews, that true religion is not merely a resource to which the melancholy mind may resort for some kind of imaginary satisfaction amidst its splenetic reveries; but that it is a certain principle, able constantly to occupy the mind with ineffable gratification; and, so far from occasioning a disregard of natural things, converts them into sources of real and rational enjoyment, beyond what, I venture to believe, the objector is often favoured with.

† I should venture to consider a critique on this expression as captious and uncharitable. My sister does not apply the title *saint* either to her uncle, her aunt, or herself. She is merely in substance saying, "If the communion of Christians on earth be so delightful, what must that of the saints in glory be!"

with a trembling and broken heart, confessing my unbelief, and abhorring myself on its account.

"Before our return to London, we exchanged our rural common for the bustle of a market-town. Here I had some new experience and fresh temptations. The friends to whose house we were invited, in order, as they supposed, to render the visit more agreeable to myself and sisters, made for us several engagements; among which was one at the house of a friend, who, however, had not exactly the same views of things as themselves; and who had prepared such diversions for us as alone belong to a vain and fashionable world, and which, I am confident, can afford no real enjoyment to those whose affections are 'set on things above,' nor even be allowed by those who are decided in being separate from the world and its vain pursuits and amusements.

"Being partly aware of what was proposed, I wished much to be excused going; but the whole party being made on purpose for us, I could not frame a sufficient excuse. On the previous evening, I recollect sincerely wishing that I might be taken ill the next day: my wish, however, was not gratified in this respect. While dressing to go to this entertainment, I remember doing the occasion so little honour, as to be wishing that, instead of being thus engaged, I were being arrayed in the robe of my Saviour's righteousness, and about to be translated to the society of the blessed above, where no temptation could ever approach me. During the evening, the company were much surprised that I declined joining in any of their diversions. With some little exertion of courage, I told them, these amusements were once gratifying to me, but that they had now lost their charms. Before the evening was over, however, I found myself mistaken in this assertion; for the influence of company and of repeated persuasion was such, that, had I not

been convinced the diversions were such as a religious character could not consistently join in, and remembered that I had prayed against their influence, I should at length have made one among the rest. Instead of the undivided objection and dislike which I had persuaded myself I should feel through the whole of the entertainments, I found my mind variously affected. At one time I thought, 'You, my dear friends, have your pleasure *now*; I am looking for mine when I shall enjoy a lasting entertainment in the presence of my Saviour, and in the society of angels and of the just made perfect.' Yet, at other periods during the evening, I became light and trifling. The levity of a young clergyman who was present, much concerned me, when I reflected on the important office which he held, and the character which he ought to have sustained as a preacher of righteousness, rather than affording an example of gaiety and worldly pleasure.

"The next day we returned to our cottage, and, in a few days afterwards, to London.

"One Sunday afternoon, soon after my return, when retired to my own room, and kneeling before my God under a deep sense of my own unworthiness, abasing myself in the dust before him; I powerfully felt the meaning of that Scripture which speaks of being 'drawn with the cords of love.' I had such a view of the infinite condescension and love of God to lost sinners through Christ Jesus, of the beauty and excellency of my Saviour, and the glory that surrounds him, that it was almost too much for human nature to support.

"I lament, however, to record an example of the rebellion of the human heart, notwithstanding this instance of Divine condescension and communion.

"About two months after this, an event occurred, which much agitated my mind. In anticipation of it, I prayed earnestly for that composure of spirit which should enable me to meet the event with

comparative unconcern. When the time arrived, however, I found my prayer was not granted; on which account I felt a rebellion of mind, which, till then, I could not have believed possible, after all I had known and experienced. I carried my sinful indignation so far as to think, 'There is no God; or, if there be, I will not be subject to him.' After this was permitted to *pass through* my mind, (for it scarcely did more,) I felt a very deep contrition of soul; through the remainder of the day, I apprehended myself to be a mark for some judgment; and acknowledged, that if the carriage in which I was riding, had overturned, and broken all my limbs, it would have been but a just recompense for my great, though momentary, rebellion. At night, I endeavoured, as usual, to offer my prayers and praises, and to commit myself to the protection of Almighty God; but I felt that he was an insulted and offended God, and knew not how to approach him. At length I said, 'To whom else can I go? Thou art my only refuge. I am unworthy to be called thy child: yet, make me as one of thine hired servants! Thou alone hast the words of eternal life.' After this, such a flood of comfort broke into my soul, such a persuasion of the mercy and forgiveness of my heavenly Father, and this so unexpected and sudden, that I felt as though I could attribute it to nothing but the previous intercession of my Saviour in my behalf. I felt that, like St. Peter, I had been assaulted by Satan, and had denied my Master; but that my Saviour had prayed for me, that my faith should not entirely fail.

"Joy and peace in believing was now the blessed state of my mind.

"About this time, I had great enjoyment in the *society* (for such I may call it) of a little sister, whose age did not exceed seven years. The piety of this child was very extraordinary. She was one who was constantly inquiring her way to Sion; and a fitness

for heaven seemed to be almost her only solicitude! She would often retire for a long time in the dark by herself, refusing to have a light, lest her attention should be diverted from the subject of her prayer and meditation, to any object around her. She would, with much delight, bring the Bible, and read to me while I was at work; and would anxiously ask many pertinent questions respecting what she read. Janeway's Token for Children was also a book with which she was often greatly affected and delighted. This child has been observed to weep in the midst of a lively and numerous company; and, on being asked the reason, has whispered, 'that she was thinking what a wicked heart she had.' The Divine affections which were wrought in the heart of this child, were preparatory for what was quickly to follow. She was suddenly attacked by a putrid fever, which, in a single day, deprived her both of sight and hearing; but, in the midst of this severe visitation, we witnessed her lifting up her hands and her blind eyes to heaven, being evidently engaged in prayer. From the time she sickened, till within half an hour of her death, which happened the next day, she was apparently the subject of great suffering; but, during the last half hour, she seemed restored to perfect ease; and a sweet smile graced her countenance as she took her flight!

"One of the other children having taken the infection, my father was necessitated to seek another habitation, in order to remove the younger part of the family from our house. One was immediately found at Brompton; where having the care of the family now upon myself, and my opportunities for regular retirement and meditation being greatly interrupted, I soon began to lose the Divine light and joy with which I had been previously favoured, and which was now succeeded by great darkness and discouragement. I had, however, some consolation in this reflection, that since the Lord had apparently

withdrawn himself, and the pleasures of religion had therefore fled, yet, I was preserved from seeking pleasure in any worldly object.

" Either from the air of this place not agreeing with me, or from having lost the presence of that Divine Friend in whom my soul delighted, my health began to decline; I lost all my strength and spirits, and I greatly longed for the time when I should be released from the care of the family. This relief, I was favoured with in five or six weeks*; but my spiritual peace and joy did not return. Finding this the case, I determined to try what human resolution could effect; and, as I was able to discern right from wrong, I was resolved that nothing should move me from a scrupulous adherence to every thing which was right. This train of thought, I am now aware, was connected with a self-righteous spirit. All my actions, words, and thoughts, were to be ordered with the strictest propriety. I, however, found, that ' when I would do good, evil was present with me;' and my unceasing prayer, therefore, was, that the Lord would restore unto me the light of his countenance, and teach me more fully my entire dependence upon the continual supplies of his grace, to enable me to maintain the consistency of my profession. To this end I earnestly besought the Lord, and poured out my soul before him. At length I was enabled to appropriate to myself those words of holy writ, ' Fear not, for I am with you; be not dismayed, I am your God;' and by degrees

* Should it be suggested, that a proof is here afforded, that much religion so occupies the mind as to unfit a person for the duties of life, as a member of society; I beg to remark, that my sister was a subject of extreme irritability and delicacy of health; and am induced to refer to the memoirs of many pious persons, as records which prove, that, when eminent religion is connected with health of body and extensive means of usefulness, no individuals have been such active blessings in society, as those who have been distinguished by it.

I regained that sweet liberty which I had before so often enjoyed.

" Those who have no concern about spiritual things, will not understand me, when I call the experience of these few weeks a time of trial: it was, however, truly such to me. I could with deep sensibility of heart, adopt the language of the Psalmist, and say; ' Thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled.' Yet, I afterwards perceived the reason of this spiritual desertion. Having for a long season been favoured with the gracious presence of my heavenly Father, I at length began to think that ' my mountain stood strong, and that I should never be moved.' This, I am now conscious, was connected with a degree of self-complacency and spiritual pride: I was therefore left to myself, that, like Hezekiah, I might learn a little of what was in my heart. That promise was, however, at length fulfilled in my experience: ' I will heal their backslidings; I will love them freely;' and I was afterwards favoured, in a peculiar manner, with a ' time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord,' yea, with a state of mind so blessed, that I seemed to have but one wish, namely, for ' the wings of a dove, that I might fly away, and be at rest' for ever. July 23, 1794."

The diary does not extend further than the foregoing; and I am therefore unable to inform you of the state of her mind during a period of twelve years after this; excepting what may be gathered from various letters written to her friends during that interval. These, however, bear testimony, that the experience which her diary records, was not the transient dream of a distempered fancy; but that she had cordially embraced Divine truth, and had experienced it to be a glorious reality. She knew that she had an immortal treasure within her grasp, and seemed ever to be influenced by a remembrance of the Divine exhortation, " Hold fast that which

thou hast, that no man take thy crown." Not only her various letters, but the testimony of all who had the pleasure to be much acquainted with her, evidence the spirit by which she was actuated on all occasions; and I must be allowed, as her near relative, to bear my decided testimony to the consistency of her walk and conversation as a Christian. In giving an opinion of her, I endeavour, as far as possible, to divest myself of that favourable bias which is supposed to attach to a brother; but, as a tribute justly due to her character, I feel myself authorized to say, that few private individuals have been more exemplary in their conduct, or more devoted in their lives.

The persevering steadiness of her religious life, during a period of eighteen years, is a point to which I am induced emphatically to allude. She becomes, in my opinion, a witness to the reality of a religious principle, to the efficacy of Divine grace, and to the very 'faithfulness' of that heavenly Master whom she served, superior to many of those whose history will include remarkable circumstances of trial, difficulty, and even public utility. For the constitution of the human mind is such as to enable itself, by preparation and resolution, to meet great events, and compass extensive undertakings, in a manner which, in appearance, approaches near to the character and effect of holy zeal arising from religious principle; and this really with little difficulty, compared to the constant maintenance of an humble, simple, dependent, consistent walk and conversation, through a period of many years.

The nature of my sister's situation in life would almost preclude the possibility of my recording any event peculiarly entertaining, even if we had ample documents for carrying our memoir regularly on. The want of them is, therefore, the less to be regretted; especially as we are enabled to present her friends with a little of that confirmation which her

latter days afforded, of all which she had professed and experienced during the days of comparative youth and health.

About four years previous to her death, she had an attack of the pleurisy, which was only introductory to the consummation of that ill health with which she had been visited for several years, and which terminated in a decline.

I beg leave to make an extract from one of her letters to a friend, written about twelve months after this period. She writes: "You have heard of the death of our valuable friend, Mr. Newton. This bereaving providence made me anxious to shew some attention to his afflicted niece, Mrs. Smith; and induced me to venture abroad in damp and foggy weather, which is a great enemy to my lungs. My cough returned with great violence, so that I could not lie down in my bed, and my difficulty in breathing was very great; but, by the Divine blessing on the means prescribed by Mr. Blair, I am now nearly recovered. I need not tell you, my dear friend, the happiness of having the Lord for my refuge. Though cast down, I was not forsaken: the arms of everlasting strength were underneath me. I called upon the Lord in my distress, and he attended to the voice of my supplication. O that I may remember his goodness, and give glory to him! Surely, it is good for us to be afflicted; it empties us of self, and makes us humble and dependent."

Shortly after this, and on many subsequent occasions, she seemed to be under great darkness of mind and doubt about her spiritual safety; at which times, she frequently repeated that hymn of Mr. Newton's collection, the cxixth of the first book. This depression, however, seemed principally owing to bodily infirmity; as, on the partial return of health, her religious comfort and confidence generally revived.

During one long continuance of this distressing state of mind, she remarked: "I hope, none of my dear Christian friends will be at all discouraged by the lowness of spirits and want of confidence which at these times they discern in me, but be enabled, in full assurance, to put their trust in the Lord; for though, at these times, for wise reasons, he is pleased to hide his face from me, I know he is the same God, in mercy, truth, and love, as when he is indulging and cheering me with the light of his blessed countenance; and I desire to be thankful, that, in the midst of my present depression, I am enabled to praise him for the justice of his dealings, and to believe that all is for the best! I feel my weakness so great, as not to be able to pray for myself at certain times; but I can look to Him who is interceding for me, and whose prayers are always heard."

I here beg to give an extract from another of her letters, written eleven months previous to her death.

"This weather is indeed very trying to my constitution. I am never in a room without a fire, yet, I feel the cold affect me, and my cough is very troublesome. But I have reason to be thankful, my breath is not so short as it was last winter, from which I suffered much, and was obliged to have blisters on my chest; yet, I have almost lost my voice, and it is painful to me to speak much. This is the affliction with which my heavenly Father sees fit to visit me; and he knows much better what is for my good, than I do myself. We are taught by his word, that if we are without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, we do not belong to the number of his children. He is indeed shewing me that he does not willingly afflict me, because he deals so gently with me. I feel myself in his hands, to whom I have committed myself, body, soul, and spirit; and I know he will keep that which I have committed to him."

While on a visit at my house for the last time,

which was about three months previous to her death, she expressed herself to the following effect, alluding to the discouraging state of her mind: "I have a secret hope,—I may add, a humble persuasion, that the Lord will requite me good for all which I have suffered." And it is remarkable, that, from the time of her paying this visit, her faith became progressively stronger, and her evidences brighter, so as at length completely to triumph over the adverse effect of bodily weakness and disease.

Two months before her death, she wrote thus to a friend: "As I cannot return your kind visits in person, I must endeavour thus to acknowledge my sense of them. The Lord has, in great mercy, recovered me from my nervous complaint. No one but himself can know the distress of mind I have laboured under, this summer. I used to envy even the very birds their happiness. But now, though my weakness increases, and I seem daily drawing nearer the grave, the Lord has dispersed my fears, and delivered me from the dread of death. I think I have not a wish to be restored to health again."

Her sister Mary, who constantly attended her, alluding to this period, writes to me as follows:—

"Her joy seemed too great for her weak frame to support; and she frequently appeared as though at the gate of heaven before she left this world! Her vivacity, from this period, continued to the last, so that no one but myself (with the exception of a medical friend) was aware how ill she was; and, though constantly with her, I was not myself apprised of it to the full extent, till she confessed it during an accidental conversation. It is my pleasure to bear testimony to the fact, that during the whole of her long and afflictive illness, though the subject of extreme debility and constant loss of rest, occasioned by an almost incessant cough, I never knew any thing in the shape of a murmur to escape her lips; unless, indeed, such observations as the follow-

ing might be esteemed in that light, though I think such a conclusion would be unfair. On one occasion she said, 'I find the observation of Mr. Newton to be true; that it requires, comparatively speaking, but an *ounce* of grace to *do* the will of God, but a *pound* to *bear* it.' On another occasion, alluding to what she termed the folly of her having, in former days, hoped at some period to be so situated as to be free from care or anxiety, she said: 'It was my wish to make me a nest, and to die in my nest; but what a good man once said, I find to be true, that if we will make our nest in this world, the Lord will put a thorn in it; and if that will not do, he sets it on fire.'"

On the contrary, instead of a repining spirit, her promptitude in noticing her subordinate blessings and comforts, was remarkable. While she said little about her afflictive illness, she used frequently, and with emphasis, to allude to the many privileges she enjoyed in the midst of it; among which, she enumerated the visits, sympathy, and prayers of Christian friends, the possession of religious books, and the loan of others, and the having a sister to read them to her. In allusion to these, she would say: "As I cannot go from home to seek these mercies, you see the Lord sends them to me."

Aware of the deceitfulness of the human heart, and of the necessity of a regular use of the means of grace, and especially of private devotional retirement, she did not suffer any degree of bodily infirmity to form an excuse for omitting the custom at any time. Indeed, a great degree of order and regularity was connected with her natural habits and disposition. The same disposition which, in common things, occasioned her to keep one purse for her clothes, another for general purposes, and a third for the poor, displayed itself in every religious duty; so that she may be said at all times, both in a tem-

poral and a spiritual sense, to have kept "her house in order."

It had been her custom in earlier life, to retire for private worship morning and evening, and, on the Sunday, three times: this she continued to the last, notwithstanding her increase of indisposition. Her impression of the importance of not allowing any occurrence to interrupt the season for retirement and reading the Scriptures, was such, that if a letter came by post, which she had been long wishing to receive, or any other circumstance took place at the time for her retirement, which seemed to demand previous attention, she used to suffer all to remain unopened and unattended to, till the higher and more important business was gone through at the usual length. "Unable to walk alone, I have," says her sister Mary, "often supported her to her chamber, leaving her there engaged in fervent devotion till she has knocked for me to help her back again. This I continued to do, when her debility has been so great as to compel me to dress and undress her without even speaking to her; as the mere sound of my voice was frequently more than she could bear, in addition to the fatigue of being dressed or undressed."

In proof of that readiness to overlook her sufferings, and to recount her mercies, which we have alluded to, she used generally, at the close of every day, to make some remarks to the following effect: "How much have I been favoured to-day! I have had more fever to-day than yesterday; but then, I have had less languor." Or, "I have had more languor, but less fever; so that, if one part of my complaint is increased, another is mitigated."

I need not inform you, Madam, that during the progress of her malady, every means which human skill could devise or apply, was made use of to rescue from the grave a member of society so

valuable, and one so greatly beloved by her relations and intimate friends, and so universally esteemed by all who had any knowledge of her. Finding that medical aid was ineffectual to arrest the progress of her complaint, change of air was, in several instances, resorted to. A removal to Bristol, or some milder part of the kingdom than the vicinity of London, having been suggested by one or two friends, as affording a chance in her favour, she seemed at one time very anxious to make the experiment; and so greatly was her mind intent on this plan, that she seemed to consider every one unfriendly who discouraged the idea. It must, however, be remarked, that this was but nature clinging to life; and seemed to attach to her only during the time of that distressing lowness of spirits, to which we have already referred.

Her medical friend was asked, if he thought the proposed journey to Bristol would afford a prospect of benefit. On his replying in the negative, and naming his reasons for that opinion, she burst into tears, but added: "I ought not to murmur, or even feel disappointed, while a conviction of the hopeless nature of my malady may be designed for the good of my soul."

We are now, my dear Madam, arrived at that part of our little memoir, which presents my amiable sister to you within a few weeks of her death, and when she had completely given up all expectation of recovery. And here we have a blessed example of the power of Divine grace, to enable one who was constitutionally timid, to triumph over the king of terrors, and even to welcome all the horrors of the opening grave. In contemplating the experience of her closing days, we are naturally reminded of the language of St. Paul, so often quoted: "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?" Also, of the following passages of holy writ: "Let

me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."—"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee."—"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me."

It is matter of surprise to me, that the fearless, the happy, the triumphant departure of the devoted and consistent Christian out of time into eternity, is not more regarded, as deserving investigation by worldly, and even infidel characters! There exists in our day a great spirit of inquiry and research into the cause of any phenomenon, however little important its development may be, as adding to the perfection of any particular branch of science; yet, if it be a subject not completely ridiculous, or one the discovery of which may be of the remotest service to certain insulated individuals in society, it is deemed worthy of minute investigation, and often even of laboured controversy. How is it then, while all men are conscious that nothing is so awful and so universally dreaded by mankind as death, and that it is a calamity with which, sooner or later, every one must come in contact, that so little inquiry is made into the nature of the Divine antidote against the fear of death, which Christianity professes to afford? Much curiosity has lately been excited about a person who, report states, has lived for several years without food. Much greater is the wonder,—though, thanks to the great Founder of our holy religion, by no means so uncommon,—that mortals educated to believe in all the awful realities of an eternal state, and in the deserts under which they labour as sinners against Divine justice, of dwelling in the "devouring flame" for ever,—that multitudes of these should be found, by some means or other, longing to die, triumphing over all the sensibilities of a nature most frail and timid, and whose hearts, while the distant members have ceased

to live, are rejoicing with "joy unspeakable and full of glory!" Such an example is afforded in the experience of my beloved sister, particularly within the last few weeks and days of her final illness, when a certainty of speedy dissolution was the immediate prospect before her.

On one occasion she said: "I understand there is no hope of my recovery; but all is well. The Lord's will be done. I have done with the world. Oh! at such a time as this, what reality is there in religion!"

She frequently with much feeling repeated the following verses from Cowper:

"O Lord! my best desire fulfil;
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

"Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

"Thy favour, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant:
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want."

Looking at her wasted and almost fleshless arms, she said: "The sight of these withered limbs affords me solid pleasure; for, as I discern the outward man to decay, so, through the mercy of my Redeemer, I believe the inward man is renewing day by day*."

* To shew that the Christian can adopt the same language, living and dying, I am induced here to make an extract from one of her letters to my father, written eleven years before this period. She writes: "One lady told me, she thought I must be in a decline. Should this be the case, I could rejoice if, while the outward man is decaying, I could feel the inward man to be strengthening; but, alas! it seems as if they were both going down together. Though I can say, I desire to love God as much as ever I did, yet, I fear I have less ability to do so. I can, however, sometimes take comfort from what Mr. Gunn once

At night, when first laid in bed, she frequently said, "Blessed be God I have another day less to be here! I am another day nearer to my journey's end*."

Alluding to the gradual departure of life without the experience of bodily pain, she said: "The wise Master-builder is taking down the house; but he does it so gently, that the tenant hardly perceives it. Yes, the house is coming down; but I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!—Oh! how I long to shake off this clog, this body which weighs me down to the earth!"

The following hymn of Mr. Newton being read to her, she said, "Put a mark on that; it speaks the language of my heart."

"My soul! this curious house of clay,
Thy present frail abode,
Must quickly fall, to worms a prey,
And thou return to God.

"Canst thou, by faith, survey with joy
The change before it come;
And say, Let death this house destroy,
I have a heavenly home?

"The Saviour, whom I then shall see
With new admiring eyes,
Already has prepared for me
A mansion in the skies.

"I feel this mud-wall cottage shake,
And long to see it fall,
That I my willing flight may take
To him who is my all.

said; namely, 'that a Christian in experience, is sometimes like a passenger in a ship—going forward, though he often cannot feel himself move.'"

* Seventeen years before this period, she wrote thus to my father: "Oh! the joyful day when I shall be called from this world of tribulation, beyond the reach of all my spiritual enemies, and when I shall have done with sin and sorrow for ever! Each night, when retiring to rest, my heart is gladdened with the thought, 'one day nearer to my Father's kingdom and my heavenly home.'"

" Burden'd and groaning then no more,
My rescued soul shall sing,
As up the shining path I soar,
Death! thou hast lost thy sting.

" Dear Saviour! help us now to seek,
And know thy grace's power,
That we may all this language speak
Before the dying hour."

The Rev. Mr. Venn, who came to see her, among other things said: " The Lord is your portion." She replied: " And what a portion He is! Well is it for me that he is my portion," she added, while being supported across the room, " for observe what a poor feeble, helpless creature I am; and yet, I am commanded to 'run, to strive, and to fight.' The Lord has put me in the furnace of affliction; but he is attending at it himself."

Not many nights before her death, being extremely fatigued through want of rest, which was constantly interrupted by a cough that rendered ineffectual every effort to gain sleep; her sister Mary, who with unwearied assiduity and affection attended her night and day, involuntarily on one occasion, when she was disturbed by the cough, exclaimed from the sympathy of the moment, " Oh! how cruel!" She immediately rejoined, " Do not say so: all is right."

On her intimate friend, the Rev. Mr. Steinkopff, coming to see her, and conversing in a very affectionate, encouraging, and appropriate manner, her joy seemed too great, and her heart too full, for utterance; her tears alone could express a little of what she felt. She therefore merely said: " I must not speak upon this subject; for, were I to tell you all I feel, it would make me quite ill."

On receiving the visits of her younger acquaintance, she was particularly earnest in exhorting them to make religion their business in youth, and to rely on Divine strength alone for ability to persevere;

saying, " What a mercy it is that I have not left repentance till a dying hour!"

To the children of her sister, Mrs. Thornton, she said: " I am going to heaven; and I hope I shall meet you there. I love you; I love your papa and mamma; but I love God better; and, though it is our constant duty to love our near relations and friends, yet, God demands our first love. Love him, therefore, above all, and pray to him: go to Jesus Christ, who is all compassion, and who invites you to come and accept of his great salvation."

The enthusiastic reveries of religious visionaries are generally found to absorb, in what they call personal experience, all regard for the subordinate interests of others. It is therefore proper to notice, though the circumstance is not extraordinary, the great solicitude which our dying friend manifested for the temporal, as well as spiritual welfare of her sister Mary. She told her, that the thought of leaving her, was her chief concern; but, she added, " I am cheered by the reflection, that I leave you in the hands of one who ' sticketh closer than ' a sister or ' a brother,' and whose friendship and counsel will be far better than mine would be, though I were restored to perfect health." She also always expressed herself particularly gratified if any of the friends who prayed by her, remembered to pray for her sister; and seemed disappointed if they did not.

Two days previous to her death, her old and intimate friend Mr. Blair, coming into the room, said: " Mr. Cecil sends his love to you." She replied: " I thank him: pray return mine to him, and tell him I am going to my heavenly Father.—Feel my pulse." Mr. B. remarked, " 120 in a minute." She answered: " The worst is my panting for breath: it is very oppressive and difficult for me to breathe. But I suppose, the more difficult it is, the sooner I shall be dismissed. I assure you, I am not alone; my heavenly Father is with me." Mr. B. said:

"May the Lord remain with you, Miss Bacon." She replied: "And with you also; for you cannot do at all without him: you would be sadly off without him. I bless him that I find him with me now: I am in the furnace, and yet, I am supported." Mr. B. added: "You are going where there will be no pain, nor sorrow, nor sin, to enjoy the best of company for ever." She replied: "I shall be with my dear Redeemer. I bless God for all his mercies; but especially for my sickness." "Poor thing!" said Mr. B. "Don't say *poor* thing," she rejoined; "I am *rich* in him who has all riches in himself." Mr. B. said: "When flesh and heart fail, God will be the strength of your heart, and your portion for ever." She answered: "A good portion! Yes, He is *my* portion."

Two days afterwards, Mr. Blair again called. It was Christmas eve, and finding her sinking very rapidly, he said, "You will spend a happier Christmas to-morrow than you ever did. You will celebrate the day with Christ and his angels." She replied with a degree of animation more than common, "Do you think so? Blessed be his name! Yes, I shall surely be with him. I have told you the state of my mind already, and what I have felt; I cannot now speak; but all is well." Shortly after which she breathed her last.

Her remains were interred at Epsom, in Surrey, agreeably to her desire. On a small cenotaph placed over her grave, is the following inscription, which she had requested me to write, and which was adopted by herself in her last illness:—

ANN BACON,
Daughter of John Bacon, Esq. R.A.
Died Dec. 24th, 1809, aged 41.

While Flesh and Heart fail,
I desire the Marble which may cover my Remains,
To be inscribed as a Memorial,
Not to myself,

But of the Free Grace and Mercy of my
LORD AND SAVIOUR, JESUS CHRIST:
By which alone I was, in early life,
Brought to a knowledge of
Divine Truth;
Have been preserved from the Evils of the World;
And can now say,
'Not any thing hath failed of all that the Lord hath promised!'
If thou, Reader,
Art a Seeker of the Kingdom of Heaven,
Accept, for thine Encouragement,
This Dying Testimony
From thy Sister in the same Redeemer.

Having been able, by a relation of facts, to give so happy, and, I trust, so interesting a conclusion to this little memorial of my late invaluable sister, I shall be excused from lessening its effect by intruding reflections of my own by way of improvement. I therefore merely add: Let each one encourage in his own mind, such improvements as unprejudiced reason may suggest, while it listens to the voice of conscience; which ever faithfully whispers the true state of things between the soul and that God who, after he hath "required the soul," "hath power to cast it into hell," or to translate it to a state of endless felicity.

I have the pleasure to be,
Dear Madam,
Your indebted friend and servant,

J. BACON.

Paddington, October, 1812.

LADY BURFORD.

Though the records of the pious dead are not frequently graced with the names of those who were dignified with worldly titles and honours, yet it pleases God sometimes to select the monuments of his grace from among the rich and noble, to shew that he is no respecter of persons, but is rich in mercy to all that call upon him. In the course of our work, we have given an account of several noble ladies who were not more distinguished by rank than by piety. We now have to record another instance.

Lady Burford was the daughter of Mr. Moses, an eminent merchant in Hull, who had married the sister of Sir Henry Etherington, Bart., one of the aldermen of that corporation. Lady B. was the only fruit of that union, her mother dying soon after her birth. And though her father twice afterwards entered into the matrimonial connexion, he left no other child to inherit his vast property. Lady B. was born in the year 1767, at Hull.

Being an only child, and, by the death of her father, in possession of a large fortune, and in expectation of a very considerable addition to it at the death of another near relative, she was brought up by that relative with the most anxious solicitude, and with a careful attention to every thing that might qualify her for an elevated rank in society. Her various accomplishments attracted many admirers; and she at length gave her hand, in the year 1790, to the noble lord, whose title she bore, afterwards Duke of St. Albans.

Thus dignified and introduced into high life, she was for a season fascinated with the splendour and

allurements of nobility, which seemed to absorb all her thoughts, and gratify her utmost wishes. But it pleased God, by a series of trials, to convince her, that no situation, however high and elevated, can secure to its possessor uninterrupted felicity. These trials were made the means of promoting her best interests: she meekly kissed the rod, and adored the Divine hand that, by this wholesome discipline, brought her to the knowledge of herself and of her God. That excellent book of the late Rev. James Hervey, "Theron and Aspasio," was the means, under God, of effecting this important change in her religious views, and of exhibiting to her the source of true and permanent happiness. She read it with pleasure, and drank in, like a thirsty traveller, the refreshing streams of consolation there opened to her view. She was led to see the insufficiency of her own righteousness and method of salvation, on which she had been resting; and was made willing to receive the Lord Jesus Christ, as the foundation of her hope and trust. Weary and heavy laden, she heard her Saviour's gracious call, "Come unto me;" she obeyed, and found "rest to her soul." Then, "what things were once gain" to her, with Paul, "she counted loss for Christ." Yea, she counted "all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord."

Her first serious impressions were felt when she was about twenty-five years of age, and soon after the birth of her only child. Trouble, not so much bodily as mental, appears to have been the occasion of exciting serious thoughts, of shewing her the vanity of all sublunary greatness, and of making Christ precious to her soul. To this change she herself adverts, in a letter written to her only child, the Right Honourable Lady Mary Beauclerk, and left with the Rev. John Waltham, then curate of Ickleford and Piston, Hertfordshire, to be given to her after her mother's death.

"DEAR CHILD,

"When you receive these lines, I shall be gone to that dear Jesus, whom I used to talk and read to you about. Pray now, take some of my best advice; hear my faith, and pray to the Lord Jesus Christ to give you the same. He was pleased to shew me, at twenty-five years of age, soon after you were born, that all my strict attendance on public worship, my many prayers, alms, and reading good books, would not make me righteous. I saw that I sinned in whatever I did. I read that precious book, Mr. Hervey's Theron and Aspasio, which I particularly recommend to you. I there saw, that I was to apply to Jesus for every thing. I did so. He gave me to trust that I was pardoned through his blood; justified, completely justified by his righteousness. He has guided me hitherto by his good Spirit, and I am assured he will stand faithfully by me in the last and trying hour of death. Yes; 'this God is our God, for ever and ever; he will be our guide, even unto death.'"

The whole of her after life furnished indubitable evidence, that she had believed unto righteousness. She soon joined herself to the people of God, and never appeared to be ashamed to own whose she was, and whom she served. She was moulded into the image of her Saviour, and the graces of his Spirit shone conspicuous in her. If in one grace, more than in another, she resembled him, it was in meekness and humility. Here she shone a pattern to all, especially to those of her own rank and station. She was most amiably condescending to all her inferiors, even to the poorest, and more especially the pious poor; and would enter the meanest cottage with pleasure, to converse and pray with the people of God. She often attended the worthy clergyman already mentioned, to the sick beds of the poor disciples of Christ, and, with sym-

pathizing tears, heard them relate their trials, their supports, and consolations. She truly loved all who loved her Saviour, of whatever denomination, though herself attached to the established church.

Lord Burford having taken the seat of Mr. Bowes, at Paul's Walden, Hertfordshire, as a temporary residence for three years, her Ladyship attended the evangelical ministry of the Rev. Mr. Waltham, during the greater part of that period, and till within a few weeks of her death. Her attendance was uniform and constant. Even when they have had company in the house, she has arisen the earlier, and arranged her family affairs, that she might be enabled to attend, once at least, to hear the precious truths of the Gospel, which she so highly prized. Her attendance was also early. She never disturbed the congregation by coming in after the service was begun. She might, indeed, justly adopt the Psalmist's words; "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord." (Psalm lxxxiv. 1, 2.) "Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth." (Psalm xxvi. 8.) Though, for the last few years of her life, she had to ride, generally on horseback, upwards of sixteen miles, to and from the churches where she attended to hear the true doctrines of the church of England, those truths which she loved, and which were her support and consolation in death; yet, neither frost, snow, rain, nor bad roads, were sufficient to detain her at home, or to keep her behind the time. Will not some, even among those who profess an attachment to the same truths, feel a sense of shame, and be stirred up to emulation, when they read this, and conscience testifies, how prone they are to permit any trivial accident, and even the appearance of unfavourable weather, to detain them from the house of God, or to produce late and lame service! Lady Burford could say, with the prophet,

"Thy words were found, and I did eat them, and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart." Jer. xv. 16. She has frequently expressed, how much she has been animated and comforted under the word of God. This was, indeed, her grand support and relief under her various afflictions, and caused them to appear, in her view at least, comparatively light. It was this that enabled her to submit to them without a murmuring word; fully confident, that, though her heavenly Father was leading her by a rough and a thorny road, it was the right way to his kingdom.

She was a warm friend to the doctrines of grace, which she delighted to hear set forth. She saw in her own case, that salvation was all of grace, and that she was, by the grace of God, what she was. These doctrines diffused their influence through all her conduct: she became dead to the world, and her whole desire was, to live to and for God. Though her ability to relieve her Saviour in his poor members, was not so extensive as she wished, yet, by dedicating to their service what she might without the least impropriety or blame have used for other purposes, she was enabled to afford them frequent and seasonable relief.

Lady Burford was exemplary in every domestic and relative connexion. It was her usual practice, and more especially on the Sabbath evening, to collect the greater part of the female servants into a private room, and there to read to and pray with them.

Thus bloomed this beautiful plant of the Lord's planting; diffusing, by a holy and heavenly life, a sweet fragrance on every side. But it was not destined to bloom long here: it was shortly to be removed to a more genial clime, and being transplanted into the paradise of God, there to bloom in eternal youth and vigour.

As we have seen the happy influence which true religion shed on the life and conversation of Lady

B., so, we may now see the support and consolation it afforded her in a dying hour.

> " The death-bed of the just ———
> Angels should paint it. Angels ever there !
> There on a post of honour and of joy."
>
> YOUNG.

Lady Burford's faithful and affectionate pastor, the Rev. Mr. Waltham, had not the opportunity of visiting her during her last illness; but was frequently informed by letter of the state of her mind, which was signally comfortable and happy.

> " Her God sustain'd her in her final hour !
> Her final hour brought glory to her God !"
>
> YOUNG.

The 22d of June, 1801, was the first Lord's-day that she was confined at home, though she had evidently been declining in health for some time before. In the course of the following week, she was taken very ill; and, from the excessive weakness of her mortal frame, appeared to her attendants to be going. This was evidently her own impression at the time, for, in a very triumphant manner, clapping her hands together, and looking joyfully upwards, as if prepared to take her happy flight to heaven, she repeated again and again, " Oh ! how happy ! Oh ! how happy ! I shall be with Jesus ! I shall be happy for ever, for ever !" Her weak frame for a while sank under this exertion; but, when unable to express all she felt, her lips were observed to move incessantly, and her hands to be clasped together, as in the act of fervent prayer. Her increasing weakness, however, would not permit her to converse much without being exhausted; yet she continued to evidence the fulness of her joy, saying, " I am very happy, and long to be with Jesus !" She saw the last enemy approaching, without any thing terrific in his appearance, and could say, " My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."

This happy state of mind did not, however, continue uninterrupted during the whole of her illness. While she continued in health, she had scarcely ever known what it was, to entertain a doubt of the safety of her state, or to experience any cloud intercepting the light of God's countenance. Now, it pleased God to permit the enemy of her peace to make a last attack upon her; to fill her with tormenting imaginations, and to deprive her for a while of all sensible comfort. She was for a short time in great distress, and on one occasion was heard to exclaim, "Oh, what a dreadful night I have had! All is dark around me, and the enemy of my soul is harassing me!" But though the grand adversary was thus permitted to sift and try her, he did not long enjoy his seeming triumph over her: her Saviour soon restored to her the light of his countenance, dissipated her gloom, and filled her again with all joy and peace in believing.

Under the influence of this blessed change, she called one of her attendants to her, and said, "Write this down, that I have desired to leave a testimony behind me, and it has been granted." — "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." — "Some one told me, Heaven was not quite ready for me yet; I must wait my appointed time; but I long to go, and to be with Jesus!" In the middle of the same night, she repeated the following passages of Scripture with great emphasis and energy. "Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!" "The vision is yet for an appointed time." "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin, worms destroy this body; yet, in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another." Once, on recovering from fainting, occasioned by the exces-

sive debility of her frame, she said, "Oh! why did you bring me back? I seemed to myself to be going into heaven, and heard them singing, Worthy is the Lamb, that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing!" Rev. v. 12. Feeling that the time of her departure was rapidly approaching, she desired her only child to be called into the room, that she might witness the happy state of her mind, and see her sleep in Jesus.

A few days before the Lord was pleased to release her, she looked with a most gracious smile at one of her attendants, and said, "Now I know that all is right. I shall soon be well." At another time she said, "I shall be with Jesus, and I shall be like him; for I shall see him as he is." She appeared to be frequently engaged in prayer, her hands being folded together, as in earnest supplication; and at all times she shewed where her heart and affections were fixed, and the heavenly tendency of her whole soul. The last words she was heard to utter, that could be at all understood, were, "Jesus, Jesus;" probably like the protomartyr, when calling out, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" During the whole of the last day, there was an inexpressible sweetness in her countenance; and she appeared more than commonly happy. She expired on the 18th of July, 1801, in the 33d year of her age, and was interred in the family vault of the Duke of St. Alban's, at Hanworth, in Middlesex.

Thus lived and thus died the Countess of Burford, an illustrious instance of the riches of Divine grace, and a pattern of every thing excellent and praiseworthy in the Christian character.

Her Ladyship kept a Diary, wherein she registered the exercises of her own mind, her observations in reading or hearing God's word, and any remarkable occurrences in Divine Providence, interspersed frequently with ejaculatory petitions. The Rev. Mr.

Waltham had been favoured with a perusal of the two last volumes of this Diary a few months before her death, each the size of a thick copy book. Could he have availed himself of these, we should have been able to delineate a more striking portrait of her religious character. But when her Ladyship perceived that her sickness would be unto death, she gave orders to her waiting maid to commit these documents to the flames, apprehensive that an improper use might be made of them, by the persons into whose hands they would fall.

MISS ELIZABETH SMITH.

Miss Elizabeth Smith was born in December, 1776, at B——, in the county of Durham, where her parents then lived in affluence. She was remarkable, in her early years, for a thirst of knowledge, for regularity, and for reflection. During her youth, she does not seem to have enjoyed any peculiar advantages, except in the instruction of her mother, who appears, from some of her letters, to have possessed an elegant and cultivated understanding. In 1785, Mr. and Mrs. Smith removed to Piercefield, a celebrated and romantic seat on the Wye; where, in the summer of 1789, Elizabeth became acquainted with Mrs. H. Bowdler, the lady to whom we are indebted for the interesting memoir of her life. Notwithstanding the difference in their years, they soon became intimate friends; and their friendship was terminated only by the death of the former, or rather, suspended awhile, to be renewed for ever in happier regions. By Mrs. H. Bowdler, Miss Smith was introduced to another lady (Miss H.), to whom most of her printed letters are addressed.

In 1793, a bank in which Mr. Smith was engaged, failed; and this unexpected stroke at once reduced the family from affluence to very narrow circumstances. Elizabeth lost her books, her instruments, and the command of all those elegant comforts and conveniences which are generally deemed necessary to the formation of female character. From that time till the summer of 1801, Miss Smith had no fixed home. Some part of that period she passed with Mrs. H. Bowdler, at Bath; several years were spent in Ireland, where Mr. Smith was quartered,

amidst the inconveniences and distractions of military cantonments; and the rest at the houses of friends, or in a hired house on the banks of the Ullswater. Yet, it must have been during these years, and under such disadvantages, that Miss Smith acquired that variety and depth of erudition, which justly rendered her an object of admiration to all who knew her. After the year 1801, Miss Smith principally resided at a small farm and mansion, which we collect to have been seated among the Lakes; where, in the summer of 1805, she caught a cold, which, though at first it seemed trifling, terminated her life on the 7th of August, 1806. She was, at the time of her death, not quite thirty years of age.

Of the force of Miss Smith's genius, and the variety of her attainments, the reader will be able to form some judgement, from the following summary, which is contained in a letter from Mrs. H. Bowdler to Dr. Mumssen.

"The lovely young creature on whose account I first applied to you, had been for above a year gradually declining; and on the 7th of August, she resigned her spirit to God who gave it. Her character was so extraordinary, and she was so very dear to me, that I hope you will forgive me dwelling a little longer on my irreparable loss. Her person and manners were extremely pleasing, with a pensive softness of countenance that indicated deep reflection; but her extreme timidity concealed the most extraordinary talents that ever fell under my observation. With scarcely any assistance, she taught herself the French, Italian, Spanish, German, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages. She had no inconsiderable knowledge of Arabic and Persic. She was well acquainted with geometry, algebra, and other branches of the mathematics. She was a very fine musician. She drew landscapes from nature extremely well, and was a mistress of perspective.

She shewed an early taste for poetry, of which some specimens remain; but I believe she destroyed most of the effusions of her youthful muse, when an acquaintance with your great poet, and still more, when the sublime compositions of the Hebrew bards gave a different turn to her thoughts. With all these acquirements, she was perfectly feminine in her disposition; elegant, modest, gentle, and affectionate; nothing was neglected which a woman ought to know; no duty was omitted which her situation in life required her to perform."

As, in every powerful engine, there are many inferior parts concurring to give the principal agent its full energy, so, there were certain circumstances and habits which favoured the development of Miss Smith's extraordinary faculties, and which, if they did not add to their force, at least prevented it from being wasted. The following passages, while they mark the extent of her attainments, explain in some measure her secret of acquiring them.

"When I first saw Miss S—, in the summer of the year 1789, she was only in her thirteenth year, and her extreme timidity made it difficult to draw her into conversation: but even then, I saw many proofs of very uncommon talents. We were frequently together during the three following years; either at Piercefield, where Mr. and Mrs. S— then resided; or at Bath, where Miss S— and her sisters were often with us. At that time, Elizabeth astonished us by the facility with which she acquired information on every subject. She excelled in every thing that she attempted. Music, dancing, drawing, and perspective, were then her chief pursuits; and she succeeded in all. But even at that early age, her greatest pleasure seemed to be reading, which she would pursue with unwearied attention, during so many hours, that I often endeavoured to draw her away from her books, as I feared that such close application might injure her health. She was then

well acquainted with the French and Italian languages, and had made considerable progress in the study of geometry, and some other branches of the mathematics. At every period of her life, she was extremely fond of poetry.

"In a few days after I went to Piercefield, my friends quitted it for ever; and the young ladies spent seven or eight months with us, in and near Bath. The time which was thus spent with my mother, was certainly of great advantage to my young friends; for she was extremely fond of them; and nothing can be more just than what Mrs. S— says of her peculiarly happy manner of conveying instruction. Many of their favourite pursuits had been interrupted. They had lost the sublime scenes of Piercefield, which furnished an infinite variety of subjects for the pencil. They drew extremely well, and Elizabeth was completely mistress of perspective. Her musical talents were very uncommon: she played remarkably well both on the piano-forte and harp, but she had lost her instruments. The library, of which she so well knew the value, was gone. Always averse to large parties, and with no taste for dissipation, she readily agreed to a plan of employment proposed by my mother, and we entered on a regular course of history, both ancient and modern. At other times we studied Shakspeare, Milton, and some other English poets, as also some of the Italians. We took long walks, and often drew from nature. We read with great attention the whole of the New Testament, Secker's Lectures on the Catechism, and several other books on the same important subjects. After my mother retired to rest, we usually studied the stars, and read Bonnycastle's Astronomy; which reminds me of the following circumstance: — Elizabeth told me one evening, that she did not perfectly understand what is said in Bonnycastle, (p. 91,) of Kepler's

celebrated calculation, by which he discovered that the squares of the periods of the planets are in proportion to the cubes of their distances. She wanted to know how to make use of this rule; but I confessed my inability to assist her. When I came down to breakfast at nine the next morning, I found her with a folio sheet of paper almost covered with figures; and I discovered that she rose as soon as it was light, and, by means of Bonnycastle's Arithmetic, had learnt to extract the cube root, and had afterwards calculated the periods and distances of several planets, so as clearly to shew the accuracy of Kepler's rule, and the method of employing it.

"In such pursuits as I have mentioned, I could accompany her; but in others, she had a much better assistant in our mutual friend, Miss H—, who, fortunately for us, spent four months in our neighbourhood, and was the companion of our studies and our pleasures. She led Miss S— to the study of the German language, of which she was afterwards particularly fond. She assisted her in botanical and other pursuits, as well as in different branches of the mathematics. I do not know when Elizabeth began to learn Spanish, but it was at an earlier period than that of which I am now speaking: when she was with us, she seemed to read it without difficulty, and some hours every morning before breakfast were devoted to these studies. She acquired some knowledge of the Arabic and Persian languages during the following winter, when a very fine dictionary and grammar, in the possession of her brother, led her thoughts to oriental literature. She began to study Latin and Greek in the year 1794, when Mr. C—'s excellent library and improving conversation, opened to her an inexhaustible fund of information. She studied Hebrew from my mother's Bible, with the assistance of Parkhurst; but she had no regular instruction in any language

except French. Her love of Ossian led her to acquire some knowledge of the Erse language; but the want of books made it impossible for her to pursue that study as far as she wished."

Amid such pursuits and enjoyments, we need not wonder if Miss Smith felt little regret for the loss of affluence. She had only resigned that which thousands enjoyed in common with herself; which, though it may shelter us from some sorrows, can never confer happiness; but she retained her best riches, those faculties and feelings which are the true fountains of enjoyment, and which Providence had bestowed on her with a liberal hand. Poverty neither dimmed her intellect, nor chilled her heart: and while her mind was daily occupied with new inquiries after knowledge, her affections were cherished and satisfied with the friendship of those she loved.

It is surely profitable to observe how greatly Miss Smith was indebted for her resources, in the reverse of fortune which she experienced, to her early habits of reading and reflection. These fortified her mind, and enabled her, with Religion for her instructress, to form a just estimate of the things which really minister to our happiness. These secured to her friends whose conversation delighted and improved her, whose approbation animated her ardour, whose experience directed her pursuits, and whose tenderness excited, without fear of excess, the most delightful sentiments of our nature. These furnished, through succeeding years, the means of constant occupation, not constrained by necessity, or by a dread of vacancy and restlessness; not limited to a single pursuit, which becomes wearisome from its continued recurrence, and narrows the understanding, even while it quickens the faculties; but always new, always useful, equally fitted for society and solitude, sickness and health, prosperity and misfortune.

The following stanzas were composed by her in June 1792.

The sun, just rising from his watery bed,
Shook from his golden locks the briny drops:
The earth her many-colour'd mantle spread,
And caught the crystal on her flow'rets' tops;
While Nature smil'd to see her rising crops
With brighter beauty glow, and richer hues;
As now the Night her sable chariot stops,
Each drooping flow'r, refresh'd with morning dews,
Lifts its gay head, and all around its fragrance strews.

So fair the morn, when Emma, fairer still,
Left the lone cottage, now her sole retreat,
And wander'd musing o'er the neighb'ring hill,
With downcast eyes, which weeping look'd more sweet.
Down to the vale she turn'd her trembling feet.
There, in the middle of a shady wood,
O'erhung with trees, which branch to branch did meet,
Glided a gentle stream, where, as it stood,
Each bough its image show'd in the clear glassy flood.

Here paus'd the nymph, and on the bank reclin'd,
'Neath a large oak, fann'd by each gentle gale,
She swell'd the brook with tears, with sighs the wind,
And thus her melancholy fate 'gan wail:
And ye, who read her sad and mournful tale,
Oh! drop one tender sympathetic tear!
Think that the best of human kind is frail,
Nor knows the moment when his end is near;
But all sad Emma's hapless fate must fear.

" How fair each form, in youthful fancy's eyes,
Just like the tender flow'rs of blooming May:
Like them in all their beauty they arise,
Like them they fade, and sudden die away.
We mourn their loss, and wish their longer stay,
But all in vain;—no more the flow'rs return,
Nor fancy's images divinely gay!
So pass'd my early youth: then, in its turn,
Each fancied image pleas'd; for each at times I burn.

" How charming then o'er hill and vale to stray,
When first the sun shot forth his morning beam;
Or when at eve he hid his golden ray,
To climb the rocks, and catch the last faint gleam;

Or when the moon imbrued in blood did seem,
To watch her rising from the distant hill,
Her soft light trembling on the azure stream,
Which gently curl'd, while all beside was still;
How would such scenes my heart with admiration fill!

" But now, alas! these peaceful days are o'er;
Fled like the summer breeze that wakes the dawn,
Wafts spicy odours swift from shore to shore,
And gathers all the fragrance of the lawn;
Yet, ere his noon-day crown the sun adorn,
'Tis past, 'tis gone; no more the scorching plains
Can shew where blew the gentle breath of morn.
The brook, the cattle, and the shepherd swains,
All seek the shade; — but peace for Emma none remains!"

The canzonet which follows, styled " Song from afar," is taken from a German poem by Matthison.

When in the last faint light of ev'ning,
A smiling form glides softly by,
A gentle sigh its bosom heaving,
While thou in oaken grove dost lie;
It is the spirit of thy friend,
Which whispers — " All thy cares shall end."

When in the mild moon's peaceful twilight
Foreboding thoughts and dreams arise,
And, at the solemn hour of midnight,
Paint fairy scenes before thine eyes;
The poplars give a rustling sound, —
It is my spirit hovers round.

When, deep in fields of ancient story,
Thou hang'st enraptur'd o'er the page
That gives and takes the meed of glory;
Feel'st thou a breath that fans thy rage?
And does the trembling torch burn pale? —
My spirit drinks with thine the tale.

Hear'st thou, when silver stars are shining,
A sound as Eol's harp divine,
Now the wild wind full chords combining,
Now softly murm'ring — " Ever thine!"
Then careless sleep: — to guard thy peace,
My watchful spirit ne'er shall cease.

By far the most striking parts of her writings are the reflections on various subjects, which were found among her papers after her death. We have room only for a few specimens.

"Humility has been so much recommended, and is indeed so truly a Christian virtue, that some people fancy they cannot be too humble. If they speak of humility towards God, they are certainly right; we cannot, by the utmost exertion of our faculties, measure the distance between Him and us, nor prostrate ourselves too low before Him; but with regard to our fellow-creatures, I think the case is different. Though we ought by no means to assume too much, a certain degree of respect to ourselves is necessary to obtain a proportionate degree from others. Too low an opinion of ourselves will also prevent our undertaking what we are very able to accomplish, and thus prevent the fulfilment of our duty; for it is our duty to exert the powers given us to the utmost, for good purposes; and how shall we exert powers which we are too humble-minded to suppose we possess? In this particular, as in all others, we should constantly aim at discovering the truth. Though our faculties, both intellectual and corporal, be absolutely nothing compared with the Divinity, yet, when compared with those of other mortals, they rise to some relative value; and it should be our study to ascertain that value, in order that we may employ them to the best advantage; always remembering, that it is better to fix it rather below than above the truth.

"It is very surprising that praise should excite vanity; for if what is said of us be true, it is no more than we knew before, and cannot raise us in our own esteem; if it be false, it is surely a most humiliating reflection, that we are only admired because we are not known, and that a closer inspection would draw forth censure, instead of commendation. Praise can hurt only those who have

not formed a decided opinion of themselves, and who are willing, on the testimony of others, to rank themselves higher than their merits warrant, in the scale of excellency.

"Study is to the mind what exercise is to the body: neither can be active and vigorous without proper exertion. Therefore, if the acquisition of knowledge were *not* an end worthy to be gained, still, study would be valuable on its own account, as tending to strengthen the mind; just as a walk is beneficial to our health, though we have no particular object in view. And certainly, for that most humiliating mental disorder, the wandering of the thoughts, there is no remedy so efficacious as intense study.

"An hour well spent condemns a life. When we reflect on the sum of improvement and delight gained in that single hour, how do the multitude of hours already past, rise up and say, What good has marked us! Wouldst thou know the true worth of time, *employ one hour*.

"To read a great deal, would be a sure preventive of much writing, because almost every one might find all he has to say, already written.

"A happy day is worth enjoying; it exercises the soul for heaven.

"Happiness is a very common plant, a native of every soil; yet is some skill required in gathering it; for many poisonous weeds look like it, and deceive the unwary to their ruin."

The following minute bears date January 1, 1798. It was written by Miss Smith at the end of a pocket-book, which contained some part of the reflections given in the Memoir. The writer was then just one-and-twenty.

"Being now arrived at what is called years of discretion, and looking back on my past life with shame and confusion, when I recollect the many advantages I have had, and the bad use I have

made of them, the hours I have squandered, and the opportunities of improvement I have neglected; — when I imagine what with those advantages I ought to be, and find myself what I am; — I am resolved to endeavour to be more careful for the future, if the future be granted me; to try to make amends for past negligence, by employing every moment I can command to some good purpose; to endeavour to acquire all the little knowledge that human nature is capable of on earth, but to let the word of God be my chief study, and all others subservient to it; to model myself, as far as I am able, according to the Gospel of Christ; to be content while my trial lasts; and, when it is finished, to rejoice, trusting in the merits of my Redeemer. I have written these resolutions to stand as a witness against me, in case I should be inclined to forget them, and to return to my former indolence and thoughtlessness, because I have found the inutility of mental determinations. May God grant me strength to keep them!"

Among the reflections, there are many which strongly breathe a spirit of humility, dependence, and devotion. We see, indeed, in almost all of them, a mind deeply impressed with the value of religion, and the vanity of worldly things. The following are peculiarly striking.

"The Christian life may be compared to a magnificent column, whose summit always points to heaven. The innocent, and therefore *real* pleasures of this world, are the ornaments on the pedestal; very beautiful, and highly to be enjoyed when the eye is near, but which should not too long or too frequently detain us from that just distance, where we can contemplate the whole column, and where the ornaments on its base disappear.

"The cause of all sin is a deficiency in our love of God. If we really loved Him above all things, we should not be too strongly attached to terrestrial

objects, and should with pleasure relinquish them all to please him. Unfortunately, while we continue on earth, our minds are so much more strongly affected by the perceptions of the senses than by abstract ideas, that it requires a continual exertion to keep up even the remembrance of the invisible world.

"When I hear of a great and good character falling into some heinous crime, I cannot help crying, 'Lord, what am I, that I should be exempt? O preserve me from temptation, or how shall I stand, when so many, much my superiors, have fallen?'

"Perhaps there is nothing more difficult to guard against, than the desire of being admired; but I am convinced that it ought never to be the *motive* for the most trifling action. We should do right, because it is the will of God: if the good opinion of others follow our good conduct, we should receive it thankfully, as a valuable part of our reward; if not, we should be content without it.

"Hope without foundation is an *ignis fatuus;* and what foundation can we have for any hope, but that of heaven?

"Great actions are so often performed from little motives of vanity, self-complacency, and the like, that I am more apt to think highly of the person whom I observe checking a reply to a petulant speech, or even submitting to the judgement of another in stirring the fire, than of one who gives away thousands."

Such, among others, are the indications of piety and good sense which Miss Smith's writings furnish, and which are amply confirmed by the testimony of her friends. The following extract is from a letter written by Mrs. H. Bowdler, in September, 1806.

"But the part of her character on which I dwell with the greatest satisfaction, is that exalted piety which seemed always to raise her above this world,

and taught her, at sixteen years of age, to resign its riches and its pleasures almost without regret, and to support with dignity a very unexpected change of situation. For some years before her death, the Holy Scriptures were her principal study; and she translated from the Hebrew the whole book of Job, &c. &c. How far she succeeded in this attempt, I am not qualified to judge; but the benefit which she herself derived from these studies, must be evident to those who witnessed the patience and resignation with which she supported a long and painful illness, the sweet attention which she always shewed to the feelings of her parents and friends, and the heavenly composure with which she looked forward to the awful change which has now removed her to a world, ' where (as one of her friends remarked) her gentle, pure, and enlightened spirit will find itself more at home than in this land of shadows.'"

Miss Smith's religion, it must be remembered, was not raised in the hot-bed of controversy, nor trained up in the nurseries and forced soil of a party. It was less the offspring of feeling than of reflection; but it taught her seriousness and humility, kindness, resignation, and contentment. It sustained her through the trials of life, and cheered her dying hours.

MISS HENRIETTA NEALE.

Miss Henrietta Neale was born in London, her father being a citizen of the metropolis. Her mother was the only child of Mr. William Whately, a gentleman of Bromley, near Bow, Middlesex. On being left a widow with five young children, she retired with them, first to her mother's house, and soon afterwards, on the decease of the latter, to Northampton. Mrs. Neale was descended, by the maternal line, from pious French Protestants, who took refuge in this country from the persecution of Lewis XIV. The favour of God so rested on the family of these oppressed Christians, that it is believed never to have been destiute of a seed to serve him. Mrs. Neale trained up her children in the fear of the Lord, with the happiest success; and through his blessing on her laudable exertions, they discovered, in early years, a love to the ways of Christ.

Henrietta, the subject of this Memoir, was early distinguished by habits of piety and a love of religious retirement. She was in the practice of committing her daily thoughts to writing, from the age of sixteen. A selection from these papers is given at the end of this memoir. When seventeen years old, she thus writes: — "Our blessed Redeemer has said in his word, we must examine ourselves. How little have I been found in that duty! This night I have searched my own heart. My sins are more in number than the hairs of my head! The remembrance of them is grievous, and the burden intolerable. I should be quite cast down, were it not for those comfortable words, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

A short time afterwards, she writes:— "O Lord, grant that I may be more constant in prayer! What could such a sinner as I do, if it were not for my blessed Redeemer, who laid down his life for such as I am! I cannot but lament how ill I have spent my time; but do thou, O Lord, for the future, enable me to redeem it; for, without thee, I can do nothing. Wean me from this world! Yet, thanks to my God, I can say I enjoy more true pleasure in my closet, than any this world can afford!"

At Northampton, the family attended on the ministry of the late Rev. John Ryland; and the three daughters, Elizabeth, Leonora, and Henrietta, joined the church under his pastoral care. On that occasion, Miss H. Neale observes: "I was enabled, though in an imperfect manner, yet, with composure and comfort, to declare in Sion what God has done for my soul; and was admitted as a member. O that I may walk worthily! May I be like Daniel, whose enemies could bring nothing against him as an accusation, but in the matters of his God!"

In 1789, Mrs. Neale and her two younger daughters removed to Luton, to reside in the same house with her widowed daughter, Mrs. Chase, who was left with three young children. As Mrs. Chase devoted her time chiefly to the education of her children, the attention of her sisters was naturally attracted to the same object; and a very pleasing and instructing volume, intitled "Amusement Hall," was, in consequence, written by Miss H. Neale, and published in 1794. Her talents and taste for the tuition of children were fully demonstrated in that work; and at this period, Mrs. Chase made an alteration in her domestic arrangements, which afforded increasing scope to her exertions. At the request of her friends, she opened a boarding school. Before her sister's arrangements became so extensive as to occupy all her time, Miss Neale published, early in 1796, her Sacred History, in Familiar Dialogues, in three

volumes; to which was afterwards added a fourth, containing an Abridgement of the Jewish History, connecting the Old and New Testament, in Sixteen Letters. This work is incomparably the best extant, as a guide for young persons to an acquaintance with the historical parts of Scripture.

While the minds of these pious sisters were thus intent upon the spiritual and temporal improvement of the rising generation, they were by no means indifferent to the more enlarged plans of usefulness which, during this period, occupied the attention of many religious people in this country. The advancement of the Gospel, whether among our ignorant neighbours, the Jewish nation, or the heathen world, excited in their minds a lively interest. In 1797, Miss H. Neale published a pamphlet, entitled "Britannus and Africus; or an attempt to instruct the Untutored Mind in the Principles of Christianity: in a Course of Conversations, supposed to take place between the Companion of a Missionary and a Native of Africa." The ingenuity and familiar simplicity which rendered her former productions so serviceable to children, are, in this smaller work, applied to the benefit of heathen minds; and are likewise well adapted to the advantage of the ignorant multitude in any country. These publications met with extensive encouragement, and excited in the minds of many parents and friends of youth, a wish for the continuance of Miss Neale's literary exertions; but her time becoming closely occupied with the labour of tuition, she was, though with regret, obliged to give up this additional application, and their hopes in this respect were disappointed.

In March 1798, this estimable family sustained a severe loss by the death of Mrs. Chase. Her aged mother had died in the faith only a year before. The work of tuition was thereby rendered more laborious to Miss H. Neale and her surviving sister. Their distress was however consoled, and their labours

amply rewarded, by the blessing of God visibly resting upon several of the children committed to their charge, and especially those of their deceased sister. The Miss Neales spent the midsummer vacation of 1802, at Brighthelmstone; where a scene of affliction commenced, that can only be described by an eye-witness. The following letter from Miss Leonora Neale to a friend at Northampton, will convey the best idea of the distressing circumstances with which she was surrounded, as well as of the support afforded her in this time of extremity.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Accept my sincere thanks for your kind favour and sympathy. I feel afflicted very much; but, blessed be God, I can live upon a taking, as well as a giving God, and love him as much as ever, yea, more; for he knows what is best for me and mine. 'Say ye to the righteous, It shall be well with him.' If the Son of God puts us in the furnace, he will walk with us in it; and nothing shall that fire consume but our dross. Here I am in the midst of it. Oh, in what distressing scenes have I been during the last fortnight! Happy were we all, before that time, in the enjoyment of lawful pleasures: but ah! how soon they were blasted! We took two lovely children with us to Brighton, to enjoy the sea-air and bathing: one had been ill, and went on account of her health; the eldest, between eight and nine years old, in full health, was taken ill on Friday, July 9, and was a corpse on Monday; the fever a putrid one. The doctor desired we would all quit the house as soon as possible; but one must stay till the child's friends could come. Oh, how satisfied do I feel, that I offered myself to stop in the post of danger! Had I left my sister, I should now have been wounded by sad reflection. The Lord knew, though we did not, the need we should stand in of Christian sympathy and consolation, and raised

us up friends indeed, to console and assist us. A lady, who keeps a boarding-house, and who lived next door to us, kindly took in our dear children from the infection. The day they all left me, my servant was taken ill; and only a nurse besides was in the house. That night, what were my feelings! Myself and the dear little corpse alone on the same floor, and the servant ill above! I thought I was like a bush burning, but not consumed. I knew not but that I might be the next victim. I could not tell how it might terminate with her, or how it might end with me. In the midst of all, I thought I saw, by the eye of faith, the angel of the covenant stand between the living and the dead, to stay the plague, and saying unto me, 'Fear not, I am with thee; be not dismayed, I am thy God. I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee by the right hand of my righteousness.' Oh, what a sweet season was this to my soul! I could tell the Lord that I was well satisfied with all that he had done, and even with my doleful situation. I could tell him that I was just where he wished me to be, and in circumstances that he willed me to be in; and my will was lost or swallowed up in his: so great was the oneness of soul that I then found with Christ. I was nothing: Christ was all in all, and my all. Oh, what a precious gift! He gave himself for me; he gives himself to me! What need I more? I have all. Little did I then think, that the furnace of affliction was to be heated seven times hotter, and that he was preparing me to bear it. On the Lord's day following, I received a letter from my dear sister, informing me, that she and Eliza were both ill; but begging me not to return till the Lord released me. The surgeon, who tenderly sympathized with us, begged me to set off immediately, as he was certain the servant was sufficiently recovered to bear the journey well. I arrived safe on Monday, found Eliza nearly well; and they told me my sister was better. But when I saw her, oh, how altered! Her

throat so bad, that I could hardly understand what she said. I asked her how she was in her mind. She said, Quite easy and composed; she was in the Lord's hand; but, in her weak state, she could not bear the joy I had been favoured with. She thought the Lord meant to raise her up for the sake of the three dear orphans, for whose sakes she wished to live; otherwise she should think it far better to depart. This she frequently said to me before her illness. Her heart was set upon heavenly things; and to do the will of God was her delight; nor would she ever take any step in life without being assured it was his will. Ah, little did she think, that she was so near that heavenly mansion prepared for her, and she for it! On Wednesday afternoon, July 21, she departed. Oh, it was sudden, it was unexpected glory! I was by. Death entered, not with the grim visage of a ghastly monster, but with the placid, serene appearance of a conducting angel, gently opening the temple-door, without alarming the heavenly inhabitant; who, finding herself at liberty, claps her glad wings, and soars aloft to the full enjoyment of her Lord and her God. And here am I left alone; and yet I am not alone, for my God is with me, fulfilling all his promises, strengthening me with strength in my soul, upholding me with the right hand of his righteousness, guiding me by his counsel. My dear madam, there are a few (perhaps more than a few) left, who used to love us, and with whom we took sweet counsel, and walked to the house of God in company, communicating our sorrows, and our joys. Let this epistle be read amongst them. I cannot write to each of them, but I love them all; and gladly would I communicate to them any thing that may tend to strengthen their faith, and encourage them to trust in the Lord at all times. I am a living witness, and can declare that it is impossible to expect more from God than he will give. 'He will withhold no good thing from them that walk up-

rightly.' If sharp trials be good, he will not withhold them. He knows what is best for you, for me, and for all his. I know your tender sympathy. You know the wound I feel, though I adore the tender hand of him that strikes the blow. 'Trials make the promise sweet; trials give new life to prayer.' Oh, praise the Lord, for his mercy endureth for ever. I may never again address you. I could not now refrain. May every blessing rest upon your dear pastor, and all of you! Strengthen one another; communicate to each other the faithfulness of God to his word. Trust him when you cannot trace him: clouds may hide the sun, but it shines nevertheless. Accept my thanks for all your tender sympathy, and believe me to be unalterable in my affection for that church with which I had the honour to be united.

L. N.

Miss Henrietta Neale returned to Luton, with her nieces, on Wednesday the fourteenth of July. The following day she was seized with a fever; but neither she nor her friends apprehended that it would be fatal. She said, that she thought the Lord had more work for her to do, and meant to restore her; but added, "Perhaps the Lord is about to shew that he can do without me." Through the whole of her short, but sharp illness, she was serene and easy in her mind. Early on Tuesday, the twentieth, hearing it observed that the morning was very fine, she desired that the curtains might be drawn aside. The sun was just then gilding with its radiance the tops of the neighbouring hills. She remarked it, and said, "O what a glorious sun! But I have a better,—the eternal Sun of Righteousness!" In the course of that day, she was speaking of the terrors of mind that some endure on a sick-bed in the view of death; a friend said to her, "But you have none." She replied, "No; I leave myself in the hands of the Lord. What a mercy it is

to have God for our portion! A whole world, were I in possession of it, could afford me no comfort now."

Other particulars are thus related by Miss L. Neale: —"On Wednesday morning, she appeared better; the fever turned; and we flattered ourselves that the worst was over. She was taken up and seated in an easy chair; but soon afterwards became worse, and was lifted on the bed, where she sat apparently easy. She spoke to her two nieces, who were by her; but her throat was so much disordered, that little more than the purport of what she said could be understood. She exhorted them to keep close to God by prayer; assuring them of her tender affection towards them; and that, if she had ever seemed sharp in any of her reproofs, it was from love, and for their good. She likewise spoke very affectionately to her attendants, exhorting them to serve the Lord with full purpose of heart. She particularly addressed one who had been dangerously ill with the fever, at Brighthelmstone. She afterwards spoke to me alone; and desired me to tell our pupils, when they should return, the feelings of her heart towards them. After she had done speaking to me, and the attendants returned, she said, 'You stand weeping around me, as if you thought me dying; but I am not.' She assigned a reason for supposing herself not very near death, adding, 'I am going into a long sleep;' and appeared to compose herself to rest. While I stood and gazed upon her with mingled grief and surprise, she sat motionless, with a sweet serenity on her countenance, breathing shorter and shorter for ten or fifteen minutes: and then, without a struggle or a groan, the mortal spirit left the cumbrous clay, in the prime of life, July 21st, 1802. O! what must the sensation of her soul be, to find itself so suddenly, so easily released, and in a moment set at full liberty!"

Describe, who can, those worlds of light,
Those realms of endless day,
Where from the scenes of gloomy night
She wing'd her joyful way!
Describe, who can, the loss we feel;
The loss which Zion mourns;
But Christ alone our wound can heal,
By his benign returns!

Miss Neale's Diary is brought down no further than to the year 1798. We subjoin a selection of detached extracts.

"1. When I look into myself, I can find nothing but sin and pollution. But my Saviour has said, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in nowise cast out.' Therefore, I presume to come unto thee, O Lord, to beg pardon for my omissions, and for strength to do better. O my God, go with me to thine house this day, and let not a worldly thought intrude; but let me think on thy love for lost man,

Who sent thine own eternal Son
To die for sins which man had done.

"2. O my God, help me to live a godly and righteous life, to keep a constant guard over myself, that sin may not have dominion over me. O Lord, I bewail my manifold sins and iniquities, for I have not spent this week as I ought to have done: when I would do good, evil is present with me. O grant that I may be more constant in prayer! What could such a sinner as I do, if it were not for my blessed Redeemer, who laid down his life for such as I am, and is now at the right hand of God, pleading for me?"

"3. I will praise the name of the Lord for all his mercies and goodness vouchsafed to me, who has heard and answered my prayers, and given me sweet communion with him in his house this day. Oh Lord, pardon my manifold sins at thy house, which I have committed this day; for thou art a God full

of compassion, long-suffering, and of great goodness. Oh deal not with me after my sins, nor reward me according to my iniquities! Thou knowest whereof we are made, and rememberest that we are but dust. Look graciously therefore upon my weakness; pity and pardon the interruptions and imperfections of my prayers; and what I cannot do with a steady and composed zeal, accept the sincerity of my heart."

"4. Bless the Lord, oh my soul! for all his goodness to us; particularly in his divine interposition in bringing us to Northampton: for if we cannot see the hand of God in this, we never shall in any thing. I have been some time under great dejection of mind. Oh Lord, draw nigh unto thy poor servant; for without thee I can do nothing. Be not thou far from me, oh Lord! for thou art my strength and my Redeemer; in thee will I put my trust. I must confess with sorrow, that my love is weak, and my piety imperfect; nor can they be cherished, unless thou dost fan thy holy fire, and feed it with thy heavenly comforts. Oh visit me with thy salvation, and make me to improve under the influence of thy Holy Spirit! Deliver and purify my heart from all corrupt affections and irregular passions; heal my spiritual diseases, and take away that dross and filth, which obstruct my purer delights of divine love, discompose my patience, and shake my intentions of perseverance."

"5. Remember the Sabbath-day. O Lord, go to thy house with me this day, and be with me; for I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me. Oh that I may say to all unsuitable thoughts, as Abraham did to his servants, 'Abide ye here below, while I go and worship the Lord yonder.' May this day be sweet unto me, and may I find him whom my soul loveth and longeth after!"

"6. I heard two good sermons this day. One from Prov. iii. 17. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Oh, what plea-

sure there is in religion! Nothing to compare with it! God has promised to be our Father, Christ our Mediator, and the Holy Spirit our Comforter; three persons, but one God. Oh, how pleasant it has been to me! But now my soul is in distress, and has been so for some time; yet, I hope it is that the Sun of Righteousness may shine with more glory in my heart. I wish I may be enabled to take comfort from those words: (Prov. iii. 11, 12.) 'Despise not the chastening of the Lord, neither be weary of his correction,' &c. Oh that I may be watchful! For my Lord and Saviour has said, 'Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.' I am beset on every side with temptation, but I am supported with an omnipotent arm; and it is said, 1 Cor. x. 13. 'There hath no temptation taken you, but such as is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able.' Therefore, in all my distresses, I will flee to him, 'who is able to save unto the uttermost.' O Lord, pour down upon me the influence of thy Holy Spirit, to direct me in my preparations for the Lord's day!"

"7. My soul is in darkness, and I go mourning all the day; but I have this one comfort, that I know Christ will never leave nor forsake me. He will enable me to bear up under all troubles, and fortify me against all temptations. I have found some comfort in 2 Cor. viii. 12. 'If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.' Thou, Lord, knowest my willingness. I count it the greatest happiness of my life to serve Thee. Oh, that I could do it with a better heart! May I make the word of God the rule of my life, and read it daily; and may it be my meat and drink to do the will of my Father who is in heaven; that so I may grow in grace, and in the knowledge of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

"8. The Lord has been gracious to me; for my prayers are answered, and I am brought out of the

dry wilderness into green and pleasant pastures. Now can my soul rejoice, and all that is within me bless his holy name. Oh, may I be found faithful in the hour of darkness; and let whatever affliction befall me, may I be patient, and wait God's time for its removal! I do now desire to offer up myself entirely to thee; for there is nothing in the world, I desire in comparison of thee, O my God! Give me Christ, and I have all things. Oh that I could but praise God more, who has revealed his Son to such a miserable sinner, who deserved not the least of his favours, who has so often neglected to pray to him who made me! Oh, that I could praise Him, from whom all blessings flow; who sent his own Son to die for my sins, whom I have crucified afresh by my transgressions; and yet He has had mercy on me! Oh, goodness inexpressible! Love abounding! O Lord, send thy Holy Spirit to direct me, that I may walk worthily, so that no one may be able to reproach me, but, by my life and conversation, all around me may be constrained to confess, God is with her."

"9. I abhor myself when I look into my heart, and behold my manifold sins and iniquities. I am amazed at the goodness and mercy of God in sparing me, when I have deserved nothing but eternal destruction. I may compare myself to Felix, who said to Paul, 'Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee.' How many opportunities of prayer have I put off with this excuse, I shall have as convenient a season by and by! But, like Felix, that season never came; and I have found by fatal experience, what a sad thing it is to neglect prayer. For I am now left in darkness, and can find no comfort either in reading, praying, or hearing; and when I am at the house of the Lord, I cannot fix my thoughts upon any thing that is good. But I will cast myself at the feet of Christ; for I know that he is able and willing to save all that come unto him."

" 10. O Lord, 'bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name.' — 'I will wait upon the Lord, that hideth his face from the house of Jacob, and I will look for him.'—'I am poor and needy; yet, the Lord thinketh upon me.' 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.'—'The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger; but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.'—'Sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under the law, but under grace.' O Lord, do thou enable me to conquer that tyrant, sin, which is seeking to devour me. Help me to put on the whole armour of God! Clothe me with the robe of thy righteousness! Oh that I may be hid with Christ in God!—After I had written those words, 'Oh that I may be hid with Christ in God!' I had joy unspeakable and full of glory. I had such a manifestation of the love of Christ to me, and saw so clearly my interest in him, that the tongue of men or of angels could not express what I felt! I am filled with wonder, astonishment, and gratitude, that the Lord should thus be mindful of a poor sinful worm! This night I avouch the Lord to be my God, and give myself up entirely to him. O my God, give me Christ, and I have all things; for my soul loveth him; and then shall I be rich indeed. I have had a little of the foretaste of heaven. This frail nature could hardly support the joy I felt. Oh, that I may never forget this night! Oh, that I had been dissolved that I might have been with Christ! But, whether living or dying, I will endeavour to be the Lord's."

" 11. I now hear the sound of the bell, which is to summon another body to its original dust. O my soul, may the funerals of others remind thee of mortality! Thou mayest this night be called to appear before thy God! What art thou? A sinner! As such, thou art condemned. But Justice—behold! Look at the robe which I wear, and let the sentence

be reversed. It is the white robe of Christ's righteousness that I am clothed with; in that there is no flaw; in him I am perfect! Therefore, I need not fear thy sting, O death! Where is thy victory, O grave! Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. I often grieve that I cannot sing the praises of God. But when I come to glory, I shall sing as loud as any of the redeemed, as I have had so much forgiven; for I should never have loved Christ, had not He first loved me! It is said in Jer. xxxi. 3. 'Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee.'"

"12. I cannot help mourning when I think on the state of our nation. Our nobles are corrupted; the common people are filled with pride and luxury; and, yet this polluted nation is spared! Oh, the long-suffering goodness of our God! His thoughts are not as our thoughts, neither are His ways as our ways. I wish to possess the spirit of meekness, that when I hear of the wickedness of any person, I may not be angry, so as to speak unadvisedly with my lips; but may I be enabled to go to a throne of grace to beg mercy for them."

"13. I carry about me a body of sin and death! Oh, my base ingratitude! I have distrusted God's power; and, like a silly creature, have heaped sorrow upon sorrow. This would not have been, if I had put my confidence in God, and given this cause up to the Lord, and prayed to him to manage it. Oh, that I may but pray in faith, believing I shall receive the things I ask in thy name! And now, oh Lord! teach me to put my trust in thee; for thou only canst help me in this my distress;—casting my care upon thee, and waiting with patience till thou seest fit to answer my prayers."

"14. I desire to praise the name of the Lord, for all his mercies vouchsafed to us, and that we are

so well settled in our house. Oh, may it be devoted to thy service! May we have health, both of soul and body, that we may be better able to serve thee! The Lord enabled me to overcome a temptation; for he has said, 'With every temptation I will make a way to escape.' Therefore, all God's children ought to flee to their heavenly Parent, whenever the roaring lion attacketh them, who goeth about seeking whom he may devour. Even children may teach us this; for, if any danger be near, they will, without delay, flee to their parents for help. Oh, may this teach me, under all my temptations or distresses, to flee to Jesus, the great Captain of my salvation; under whose banner I shall be safe, though a legion of devils encompass me: I shall be more than a conqueror through Christ who strengthens me!"

"15. Jan. 1. O Lord, I desire to return thanks for the blessings of last year; and beg the pardon of my sins of omission and commission, which are more in number than the hairs of my head. Send down thy Holy Spirit to make me walk more worthy this year; for, unless thou dost assist, I can do nothing. I intend every day to write down whether it has been spent to God's glory, or not; that I may thereby find out the depravity of my own heart, which will teach me more and more to seek after Christ."

"16. Three months from home. Found benefit to my health, and have learned one lesson; that of all the things I have to be thankful for, the best is, that the Lord has brought us where the Gospel is preached, and given us a heart to count the word of the Lord precious, and that we are not running down with the torrent of wickedness which besets this land. I hope our faces are set Zion-ward. Oh Lord, leave not one of us; but let us all travel together to the heavenly Canaan! I wish all my relations in nature to be such also in grace. Oh, that I may have more wisdom, that I may never be ashamed of owning God!"

"17. Lord's-day. I have been in a dark frame; but I went and poured out my soul before God, and those words came with power: 'Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.' I found sweet resignation to the Lord's will. Oh, how different are the sentiments of my heart now, to what they were last week! I think I have been like Baal's prophets, who cut themselves because their god did not answer. Now I have made myself ill with fretting, because God did not answer me in my own way; but the Lord hath taught me that my thoughts are not as his thoughts, nor my ways as his ways. Mr. R.'s text this morning was very suitable, from Psalm cvi. 43—45. Many times the Lord has delivered me; yet many times have I provoked him with my counsel. I was brought low for my iniquity: nevertheless, he regarded my affliction, and heard my cry. He removed the burden from my mind, though not its cause; but I can say, the Lord doth all things well."

"18. My soul was filled with grief, to hear a minister, in a public congregation, stand and declare, that it was enthusiasm to believe the influence of the Holy Spirit. If that constitutes an enthusiast, I glory in being one. I believe I never speak or pray acceptably to God, but when I am assisted by his Holy Spirit. And in the church service, we are directed to pray that the Lord would not take his Holy Spirit from us. This the minister prayed for in the desk, and denied the influence of it in the pulpit. From such blind guides, good Lord deliver me!"

"19. June 1. I was greatly shocked this morning at seeing some morrice-dancers. 'Oh that they were wise, and would consider their latter end!' Time is short! Eternity is long! I earnestly wished for the conversion of these poor creatures. I was thinking how the wicked rich and honourable of the earth must be mortified, when they enter into the

regions of everlasting misery, to find themselves the companions of the rabble of the earth. There they will have no titles, nor robes to distinguish them, but they must mix with the common herd. But the children of God, who are now despised, will then reign gloriously with Christ their head. It matters not whether they were rich or poor in this world — they will all be rich in heaven. If a nobleman marry a servant, he raises her to all his dignities and estate; and she has the same honours paid her, as if she had been born of noble blood: so it is with the children of God. We shall never be ashamed of one another's company, because we are raised from our low estate, and are united unto the King's Son, the Lord of Hosts. We shall appear as kings' daughters, all glorious. Oh, what a glorious day will the judgement-day be! Then will the mighty of the earth be brought low. What horror, confusion, and envy, will seize their guilty souls, to see those very persons whom they once persecuted, now at the right hand of God, attended with angels and archangels, and all the heavenly host! They will also behold Jesus, whom they despised, and will call in vain to the rocks and mountains to fall on them, and hide them from the wrath of the Lamb. If this be the end of the wicked, fear not their reproaches, O my soul! neither be afraid of their reviling! Let all who love the Redeemer, go on in the strength of the Lord, be stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as they know that their labour is not in vain in the Lord."

"20. Sept. 29. I have been in the house of mourning. I have seen a Christian parent, to all outward appearance, on the brink of eternity; but the Lord can spare her. For that we would pray, if consistent with his will, for the sake of her children. O Lord, I would bless, adore, and praise thee for thy goodness, in comforting her mind with

thy promises! She wants nothing, even on this bed of sickness, in view of death, and in parting with her husband and children, but the presence of the Lord, to make her happy. O Lord, give her the desire of her heart; and grant her thy presence, whether living or dying!"

"21. Dec. 8. Lord's-day. Oh, the wonderful goodness of God, once more to permit such an unworthy creature to approach his table, and feed upon his love! I count it the greatest blessing on earth, to have a name and a place in the church of God. O Lord, keep me by thy grace, that I may never forfeit it: and may the falls of others make me take heed to my ways, that I lean not to my own understanding; but may I be continually looking unto Jesus, and walking humbly with my God!"

"22. Jan. 1. O Lord Jehovah, thou who dwellest in the heaven of heavens, and yet condescendest to bow down thine ear to sinful creatures, hear one of the most unworthy, and forgive all my sins! How negligent have I been this last year! How little have I done for Him who bled and died for me! May not the Father of heaven and earth, who has seen the barrenness of my heart, thus address his beloved Son: 'Have I not these many years come, seeking fruit on this fig-tree, (or barren soul,) and found none? Cut it down! Why cumbereth it the ground?' But I see the Friend of sinners pleading for me; for 'he ever liveth to make intercession for us:' 'O my Father, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it, and dung it; and if it bear fruit, well; and if not, then after that, thou shalt cut it down!' O Lord Jesus, do thou take me under thy special care this year! Dig about this barren heart; and if the pruning-knife be necessary, spare it not. Let me lose every other thing, so that thy presence go not from me. Oh, give me heavenly wisdom, that, by my fruits, men may know to whom I belong. I am

confident that the reason I have not, is, because I ask not; for they that seek shall find. Oh, that I may be enabled to seek, and dig as in the mines for heavenly wisdom, which is more precious than gold! —When I review the last year, with regard to our nation, I may say it has been filled up with judgements and mercies. The Lord, in mercy, sent a plentiful harvest, that we are not this winter languishing for want of bread: but his judgements are now abroad in the earth. Oh that we may 'hear the rod, and know who hath appointed it.'—O Lord, grant that war may cease, and that peace may be established between us and the Americans; that brother may no longer fight against brother! Oh, may that accusation not be brought against England, which was once brought against Israel: 'Behold, because the Lord God of your fathers was wroth with Judah, he hath delivered them into your hand; and ye have slain them in a rage that reacheth up to heaven!"

"23. Feb. 10. This day is appointed by Government to be kept as a day of fasting and prayer. I would humble myself before Almighty God this day, for my own peculiar sins; for 'there are with me sins against the Lord my God.' And may all thy people unite, as with one heart, to seek the Lord for this guilty land; for in the peace thereof we shall have peace. May we follow the example of Abraham, and entreat and wrestle with God, that, should there be but ten righteous persons in this land, it may be spared for their sakes. Let not our enemies triumph over us; but do thou, the Lord, reign over us. Let us not boast in our armies, or our navy, but let our boast be in the Lord of hosts; and may our eyes be continually up unto God."

"24. May 24. This morning I waked in a sweet frame of mind.—The preaching was blessed to my soul. Some members who have long been unworthy the name, have been separated from the church.

While we detest their crimes, let us pity their persons, and pray for their repentance; and may we cleave closer to the Lord, who is able to keep us from falling.—Mr. R. jun. made a remark in his sermon, which was very strengthening to me; that 'corruption could never discover corruption.' At times, I have been like a wild bull in a net; thinking God would deal hardly, if he were to take away the delight of my eyes, my dear relations, with whom I have taken sweet counsel. I think Satan presents future prospects to my mind, and raises apprehensions to distress me, and make me murmur and fret against God. Some seasons of rebellion I have experienced; but, blessed be God, they did not last long: they only drove me to a throne of grace; there was my only refuge against every fear. This has brought me to think closely of the vanity of all things here below, the transitory nature of every enjoyment, and that 'in the midst of life we are in death.' I have this day consecrated all I have to God without reserve. Lord, do with me and mine what is most for thy glory. 'Consult not my ease, but thy glory.' O Lord Jesus, thou gavest all, even thine own life, for me; and shall I withhold any thing from thee? Thou hast a prior right in them; they are thine by creation and redemption; do with them what seemeth good unto thee.—The Lord is my strength and my portion, of what shall I be afraid? I will not fear evil tidings; for thou art my hiding-place. When every earthly friend is gone, Jesus will be 'a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.' When father, mother, brother, sisters forsake, (as by death they may,) the Lord has promised to take me up and will more than compensate every loss. 'In six troubles he will be with us, and in seven he will not forsake us. The eternal God is our refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.' Happy is he who has Christ for his portion: no temporal losses or crosses can make

him miserable, when Christ is present; even in the midst of afflictions he can rejoice. Oh the happiness of a religious life, the blessedness of a Saviour's love shed abroad in the heart! I would not part with the comfort and satisfaction I now feel, for all the world. I want to spring out of life, that I may praise God in exalted strains for his unspeakable love in the gift of his Son Jesus Christ. I wish I could always be in such a frame of mind as I now enjoy; but ere long I shall get among the thorns and briars again. Sin wounds; but Christ will heal. Shall I sin, that grace may abound? God forbid! I do declare now, when no eye seeth me but Christ, in whose presence I am, that I do love holiness; but yet, I know that I shall not be perfect in holiness till I get to glory. I am nothing without Christ; but, through Christ strengthening me, I can suffer and bear all things. O Lord Jesus, I commit myself, and all that is mine, into thine hands; knowing thou wilt either

——— "restore what I resign,
Or give me blessings more divine."

"25. Dec. 9. Saturday. This is the day of the month, and the day of the week, in which I first drew breath. A few years ago, I was an infant, weak and helpless; but at that time the Lord saw me, and took me under his protection, and has watched over my heedless steps ever since. I bless God that ever I was born; born to know Christ, and to be redeemed by his blood! This is a blessing which angels know not. I can triumph when I view myself in Christ; but when I look inward, and see with what deadness and coldness I worship God, I am astonished that ever Christ should love me!

"26. May 5. In a very few days, we shall be called to leave this place, at least for six months. Providence has appeared for us, in our letting our

house for that time. Lord, do thou go with us; do thou be our guide in all our removes. We know not what is before us; but we will put our trust in thee. We were brought hither by a most remarkable appearance of Providence. Our removal seems a frowning one; but the Lord can out of evil bring great good. Whatever difficulties we may have to go through, Lord, keep our minds in perfect peace; let our stay be on thee. Bless our dear friends that we have left behind, our pastor, the church to which we belong: shower down abundant blessings on them all! Lord, appear for the poor; comfort their hearts, and raise them up friends that shall have it more in their power to do them good, than we have had. Lord, to thee I can appeal, that we have done according to our ability; yea, even beyond our ability: but now we are straitened on every side, so that all things appear against us. But it is only in appearance; for they shall all work together for our good. None ever trusted the Lord in vain. We have long given up every thing we had to him: he has a right to dispose of it just as he pleaseth. But no good will he withhold from them that fear him. He may, for a time, try and prove them; but if they quietly submit to his Divine will, 'He will restore what they resign, or give them blessings more divine.' Lord, keep us from fretfulness and murmuring, whatever befall us; then all will be well. But while we are under the cloud, unbelief blackens every thing. Lord, let faith triumph, and see a smiling God under a frowning providence.

"27. Feb. 19. These last twenty-nine days have been filled up with an uninterrupted series of mercies. Preserved in journeying from N—— to London; from thence to Chatham; had a pleasing interview with my dear brother and friend; prospered in the business I went about. Looking back, I am filled with wonder: in the common course of providence

we had no friend to rely on, no one we could depend on to transact our business. Two years ago, all things appeared against us; but our trust was in the Lord, and we have not been confounded: for he has made us to see that he can make 'all things work together for good.' Instead of being decreased in our substance, we are increased; and every thing we set our hand unto prospers. O Lord, sanctify our mercies; for we have such wicked hearts, that we are in continual danger of abusing them. Bless my dear sister Eliza in the near approach of a change in her condition. The prospect is pleasing and satisfactory to all parties, and we doubt not but they are fellow-heirs of the same kingdom. Oh Lord, unite their hearts together in thyself! May they promote each other's spiritual interest; and let them be examples to the flock of Christ, and adorn the profession they have made! Bless them in the church, in the family, in their basket and store, in their going out and coming in; and in all their ways may they acknowledge thee, and look upon themselves as stewards for God!

"28. Nov. 28. On the 4th of this month, I was attacked with a cold and cough, which brought on an inflammatory fever. I kept my bed many days; but the time was not tedious, because the Lord was with me. I never before enjoyed such a calm frame of mind, and sweet serenity. Fearing one morning that the levity of my wicked heart would draw me aside again, and that I should forget God, as I have done times without number, those words came sweetly to my recollection: 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' When I began to sit up, I took my Bible, and the promises appeared so glorious, that I was too weak in body to bear them, and was obliged to leave off reading. At another time, my heart was so drawn out in prayer, that it was too much for me: I was obliged to leave off, and appeal to my beloved Lord, that the spirit was willing, but

the flesh was weak. Lord Jesus, grant that this affliction may be truly a sanctified one! Oh that I may live nearer to thee than ever! May I never forget the loving kindness of the Lord; but may my heart be filled with praises and thanksgivings continually! Oh thou who hast heard and answered all my petitions, strengthen me to go forth to thy house on the approaching Sabbath! Hear the prayers which have been offered up on account of the dangerous visitation of thy servant, Mr.——: spare his valuable life for the sake of his family and the Church. Sanctify the afflictions which abound. Many have been cut off by death; some in the prime of life. May we, individually, and as a church, have reason to say, 'It is good for us that we have been afflicted.' Even the Throne is not exempt from thine afflicting hand. Lord, hear the prayers that are offered up for our sovereign; rebuke his fever, and restore him to the right use of his reason. Oh, that he might come out of this affliction, to praise the Lord! May it be sanctified to the queen, and all the royal family!

"29. Oct. 9. Just returned from the house of God, in which I have pleasantly spent two hours. This was a time set apart for praise and thanksgiving to our gracious God, who has so wonderfully appeared in behalf of our nation. At a time when we were near giving up, as lost, the prospect of a harvest, thou didst disperse the clouds rapidly, ripen the corn, and send such weather for its ingathering, as scarcely ever was known. The text which our minister preached from, was in Psal. xxxi. 1. 'Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous; for praise is comely for the upright.' We will, as exhorted by him, rejoice in the Lord; and let the high praises of our God dwell in our hearts.—The world is in commotion: Oh, that it would please the Lord to put a stop to wars and rumours of wars! I am tired of reading the accounts of garments

rolled in blood! Oh the thousands and tens of thousands which the sword hath driven into an unknown world, within the last few years! Blessed Jesus, let the banner of peace be displayed in all countries. We know that thou canst make as great and as sudden an alteration in the political, as thou hast in the vegetable world. O Lord, give us new cause to praise, for praise is delightful work! We would praise thee for stirring up the hearts of thy people in exertions to send missionaries to the heathen nations. Bless those that are now in the Indies with abundant success; bless those who are now on the mighty waters, going to the African shore. Oh that Ethiopia may stretch out her hands unto God! Bless the Sierra-Leone Company; may that settlement promote the cause and interest of our dear Redeemer! Bless the churches that are already settled there; may they, by their wise and prudent conduct, win the natives to the religion of Jesus. May another Society just now formed, with a view of sending Missionaries to publish the Gospel in the South Seas, be blessed of God; and may all Christians unite in strengthening one another's hands in the work of the Lord: may many faithful labourers enter into the work, and may Jehovah crown it with his blessing!

"30. Nov. 4. My spirits are very low, on account of my dear sister's health, which is in a very precarious state. Lord, spare her valuable life, if it be thy blessed will: but in this, as well as in every other thing, bow our wills to thine. Thou wilt do all things well.

"31. Feb. 11. Oh what agitations of mind have I experienced for these last two months! my dear sister recovering and then relapsing. There is now no hope of her life: Lord, support us all under the trying stroke, and grant to the dear dying saint strong consolation in death. May she have the triumphs

of faith, and be enabled to commit her dear children to a covenant-God!

"32. Feb. 18. Oh, what a Sabbath this has been to me! what a wandering heart! Will nothing make me cleave entirely to the Lord? O my God, sanctify present afflictions to me! I do find myself more resigned to parting with my beloved sister. Blessed Jesus, manifest thyself to her! We desire to praise thee for the passive resignation she experiences; but her desire is to behold more of thy glory: then, she says, her affliction would be nothing. Lord, make her triumph in death! Oh, may her own children, and those committed to her care, receive her dying instructions! Thou hast supported her under the greatest weakness, to speak for thee; and as her useful life seems near its period, may her death be eminently useful to those under her care!

"33. Feb. 26. In conversing with my dear sister, I had sweet consolation in finding the Lord had given her infinite delight in meditating on the dying love of Christ. Her weakness would not permit her to say much, but that the Lord deals very tenderly with her; and she could leave herself entirely in the Lord's hands, for life or death.

"34. March 3. My dear sister very ill; she feels that she cannot continue long; desires we would pray for her, that the Lord would give her comfortable views in death. At present, she does not feel as she could wish; but added, 'Why should I be reluctant to tread the path my Saviour trod?' She spoke with great composure to her dear children; begging them to seek an interest in the love of Jesus, pointing him out to them as their Friend, when all others may fail.

"35. March 10. My dear sister, apparently drawing near her departure, had all her pupils around her, exhorting them earnestly to seek an interest in

the love of Jesus. Lord, support us all under the trying scene! Oh, give her a triumphant entrance into glory!

"36. March 14. My dear sister entered into the joy of her Lord. This house has been a Bethel; none other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven! Oh what a display of the Lord's goodness! The sting of death, and all its terrors, taken away! How sweetly did the dear saint smile in death! With what holy confidence she committed her dear orphans to the Lord!

"37. April 1. For some time very low: I feel my loss daily. While my dear sister was on the verge of eternity, the prospect of her felicity carried me above my own natural feelings: but now I am ready to sink under them.

"38. April 20. The Lord has graciously delivered me from the extreme lowness which had seized me, so that I could not delight in any thing, and my health seemed declining. In the course of the family reading, these words were sweetly applied to my heart: 'Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee, I will uphold thee,' &c. From that time I have found that the Lord has been my strength: I will trust in him."

Here we close the selection, as the Diary after this period was not regularly kept up, owing to multiplied engagements. What little she did write, breathed the same spirit of lively devotion and resignation to the will of God. Such was her dependence upon her heavenly Father, that she often observed, she had cast all her care and concern upon Him, being assured that all would be ordered for the best; and therefore, she had only to know his will, and that would be hers. And so it was to the end of her days.

MRS. ELIZABETH CHASE.

The following account of Mrs. Chase, is given by her sister, Miss Neale, in a letter to a friend.

DEAR SIR,

As you have requested an account of the Lord's dealings with my dear departed sister, I sit down to the pleasing, but mournful recital. Mrs. C. not only died the death, but lived the life of the righteous. She was blessed with a happy disposition of mind, and penetrating judgement, which being brought under the guidance of the Spirit of God at an early period in life, produced those fruits which so conspicuously shone forth in her. She was naturally of a reserved temper; but when she spoke, it was always to the purpose. She was not only beloved by her Christian friends, but universally esteemed by her acquaintance.

Since her departure, we have found in her own hand-writing, some excellent meditations and self-examinations, with a diary commencing in the year 1776, and discontinued after the year 1790. A few extracts may not be unacceptable to you; but prior to that is another paper, in which she thus expresses herself: "Having had a pious education, it taught me to reverence the Sabbath; and though it could not give me a love to the day, yet, it led me to read books that were suitable to the day; which was one of the means the Lord made use of to set me a thinking about the concerns of my immortal soul. I used to inquire of myself, when it was that God would take an account of the actions of a child, and hoped that I was not old enough. But still I rather thought or feared I was. I read the Scriptures, not so much because I understood them, as

because I thought there might come a time when I should; and then it would be of use to me to be acquainted with them."

When about seventeen years of age, my sister had an abiding sense that all the world could give, was utterly insufficient to make her happy. Under this impression she thus writes: "Though I have at this time no outward affliction, (and by a comfortable independence am placed above the cares of the world,) yet I am constantly dissatisfied; my mind wants to rest upon something, and I can find nothing to rest upon. There seems to me to be a chief good, which my soul is reaching after, but cannot find. I sometimes attempt to pray. When I do, I never pray for temporal blessings, as I cannot, when in prayer, fix my thoughts a minute upon them: they are but of little value, in respect of something else I want. I pray for the Spirit of God as well as I am able, though I have very indistinct ideas of spiritual things."

At another time she thus writes: "I have been brought to see that the enjoyment of God was my chief happiness; and that there is such a thing as union between God and the soul, compared in the Scriptures to the marriage union. I thought all the troubles in the world would be nothing if I had a God to go to. I felt great pleasure in reading from the 13th to the 17th chapters of John, to see the love the Lord Jesus bore to his people, though I did not know he bore the same to me. I have often thought I did not see enough of the evil of sin; but, at the same time, I have desired that the Lord would give me such a sight of sin as would make me detest it. One morning, I had such a view of what the world would have been, if the Lord Jesus had not died, as brought tears from my eyes; for I saw, that, to answer the great ends of Providence, and for the sake of those for whom Christ died,

the Lord gives restraining grace to the most abandoned."

In the year 1786, she was united to the late Mr. Samuel Chase, jun. surgeon, of Luton, Bedfordshire, a man beloved and esteemed by all who knew him.

It may not be improper here to disclose her most secret thoughts, a short time before her marriage, as they stand recorded in her diary.

"Lord's-day, April 17, 1785. But for a wicked wandering heart, I should have had a very pleasant day: the word was precious and suitable. The hymn sung in the morning was applicable to present circumstances. O that I may at all times sing it from the heart! For, however amiable creatures may be, and how much soever it may be our duty to love them; yet, if we prefer them before Him, who only has a right to be our best beloved, we may expect to find they will be made sorrows to us. But I trust the Lord will keep me from all idolatrous affection. It is his Providence that has evidently brought me into this intended connexion, and I trust to his grace to bless me in it, and make me a blessing to others."

A few days after her marriage she thus writes:

"April 25. The Lord seems, by the dispensations of his Providence, to be saying to me, I will now try your disposition toward me, by giving you every blessing this earth can afford; but at the same time, I will withdraw the sensible influences of my Spirit, the heart-cheering rays of my countenance, to see if you will rest satisfied with any thing short of me. Is that, my dearest Lord, the kind intent of this hiding of thy face? Then permit me to declare, that though, with all the gratitude I am capable of, I would receive every mercy at thy hand, yet, I will not consent to be deprived of thy presence for ten thousand times more than this

world can afford. Return unto me, O my heavenly Father! For I can say with truth,

> "Not life, with all its joys,
> Can one bless'd hour afford;
> No, not one drop of real bliss,
> Without thy presence, Lord."

When near the birth of her first child, she writes as follows:

"January 29, 1786. Thus far the Lord hath brought me, blessed be his name! My spirits are quite calm, free from any distressing fears: I feel myself in the Lord's hands. All that I want is, his presence; if I have that, his will be done in every other respect."

When in prospect of the birth of her second child, again she writes:

"Lord's-day, June 3, 1787. I have a low fever lurking about me, and the Lord is pleased at the same time to hide from me the sensible influence of his presence, so that I feel myself at times much cast down; and the chief reason is, that he that should comfort my soul, is absent from me. I have lately thought more of dying than of living; but my distress does not arise from the thoughts of leaving any thing in the world, though perhaps no one has a better reason for desiring to live, that they may see good days, than I have. One of the tenderest husbands, a loving child, a pleasant habitation, comfortable circumstances, affectionate friends; in short, every thing that can render life desirable, as to the things of this world. But I know, if Christ and heaven are mine, I may say with the apostle, 'To depart and be with Christ is far better.' As to those I should leave behind, the Lord has all creatures at his command, and it would be easy for him to make up to them the loss of such a poor worthless worm as I am. But unbelief is too apt to prevail over my mind, so that I cannot 'read my title clear to mansions in the skies;' and though

the Lord does not permit any positively distressing idea to seize my mind, as that I shall be lost, yet, the apprehension of passing through the valley of the shadow of death, supposing it should be only a *shadow*, is distressing. But I lay myself in the Lord's hands, for him to do with me as he pleaseth, for I know he cannot do wrong."

A short time before the birth of her third child, she thus writes:

"May 1, 1789. If the Lord should make that a means of removing me, it would be to behold the King in his beauty; which thought was pleasant to me in prayer this morning. I can see so little of the glory of the Lord here, that I know, if I have his presence in the dark valley, I shall be willing to depart and be with Christ. I shall feel for my dear husband and children, but the Lord's will be done."

About five months after this, when in the height of worldly enjoyments, having a family meeting, death entered the abode of peace and happiness. What my dear sister's feelings were on this occasion, you shall have in her own words.

"Aug. 30. The Lord's ways are a great deep; I know that in wisdom he hath afflicted me. Yesterday he was pleased to bring upon me the greatest affliction I ever experienced, in taking to himself my dear partner in life. But still there is mercy mixed with the bitterest cup. He is gone to be for ever happy with the Lord, and it is but a little while ere I shall follow. But I hope to be patient to the coming of the Lord, and to say with Job, 'All the days of my appointed time will I wait, until my change come.' O may the Lord be pleased to bless me with his presence! He hath promised to be a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow.

"Sept. 6. O how kind the Lord is! He hath carried me through the most trying scenes with a

calmness surprising to those that saw me, and to myself. What hath God wrought! Never did I experience so much the truth of these words as now, 'For these light afflictions,' &c. It is indeed only while we 'look not at the things that are seen, but at the things which are unseen,' that we can call such afflictions light. Never did I see the realities of the invisible world so much as in the trying moments I have lately experienced. I felt no tremor at depositing the dear remains of my dear departed husband, because I believed that 'those who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him!' And in the mean-time he is infinitely happier in the presence of the ever-adorable Jesus than I, or all the world besides, could have made him. And it is but a little while, and then I shall be where he is, and we shall join in nobler worship than we ever have done here below. I know my own loss, and deplore it; but his gain is so infinitely greater, that I could not wish him back again to life. The Lord's presence can make up to me the loss of all earthly enjoyments; and it is but a little while that I shall have to struggle with the things of time. I have been thinking of the important charge the Lord hath committed to me in respect to the children, and these words came to my mind: 'Be faithful over a few things, and I will make thee ruler over many things.' As if the Lord had said, Be faithful over a few things, and it will not be long ere I will say unto thee, 'Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

"Lord's-day, Sept. 13. Yesterday and to-day, my spirits were very low indeed; this morning much worse than at the interment. The Lord by this shews me, that it is but for him to withdraw his sensible presence, and then I fall into all the weaknesses attendant on human nature. This should raise my gratitude for past mercies, and excite my

soul to an humble dependence on his loving kindness; to wait on him for future supplies of grace to support and strengthen me."

After this, Mrs. Chase's grand concern was, to train up her children in the fear of God; and she devoted her time to their education. About two years ago, she was requested by some of her friends to take a few young ladies to educate with her daughters; and she paid unremitting attention to them till within two months of her departure.

Her first seizure was on the 1st of May, 1797. It was sudden and alarming, but she was quite composed; though, from the nature of the disorder (the rupture of a blood-vessel on the lungs,) she was not able to speak so as to be heard, as the least exertion might have been fatal. But by a letter written soon after to a friend, we found she was favoured with Divine support, and her confidence was firm in God, that he would do all things well. Her desire was, to live for the sake of her dear fatherless children; and it pleased the Lord to spare her valuable life some months longer; so that, during the summer, she was able to attend to her children and pupils. Her friends saw her health declining, but she herself thought she should recover. About Christmas, she had another slight attack, from which time her strength visibly failed. On March 3d, 1798, she attempted to take a ride, and with difficulty was got into the chaise; but was so bad that she was obliged to be taken out, and continued very ill all the day. She then said, "I find I am not likely to get over it. "But her faith was unshaken. She viewed her approaching dissolution with composure, begging that her mind might not be interrupted by any worldly news with which she was not immediately concerned, as she wished to have her thoughts wholly occupied with heavenly things. She said, she never had loved the world much, but now she

loved it less: she was glad to find that her departure was at hand, and often repeated, that she longed to be with Jesus, to behold his glory.

She had the most exalted ideas of Christ, and often spoke of the dignity of his person, and of the fulness of the atonement made by his sufferings and death. As she expressed high thoughts of Christ, so, she entertained low thoughts of herself. She lamented that she had done no more for Christ, and had lived so many years to so little purpose. After her death, a paper was found written with her own hand, dated March 6th, 1798, and containing the following expression of her state of mind. "The Lord seems gently to be leading me down to the river Jordan. O may I see my great High Priest standing in the midst of the river while I pass over! To consider death only as it respects myself, it is desirable; for, while here, I can never love the Lord as I would, nor serve him as I would; but, in heaven, I shall love without ceasing, and serve without interruption. It has been my delight to search out the glories of Immanuel here below; but how faint the glimpses are! There I shall see him shine forth in all the glories of a God. Therefore it is abundantly better, to depart and be with Jesus."

Her son, being sent for from school, arrived on the 7th of March. She received him with the same composure and cheerfulness as if in perfect health. That day and the following two she was much better, and took the opportunity to settle her worldly concerns, entered into every circumstance respecting her funeral, and gave directions concerning the children, begging us to pursue the same plan of education till her daughters were grown up.

On the 10th inst. she was very weak, but her faith was strong. She desired that her own children might be sent out, and that she might see all her pupils together, to give them her last advice. When

they were come into her room, she addressed them in the most affectionate manner, as follows :

" My dear children, I have sent for you to talk to you, as I have not long to be with you. While I was able, it was my greatest delight to instruct you, particularly in the things of God, as far as I was able ; and I have always loved you with the tenderness of a mother. Now I am going to leave you, it has been my earnest wish to see you seeking an interest in Jesus ; for no one can enjoy true happiness without it. All earthly comforts are but trifles. The world is very insnaring, but its pleasures are not real. A comfortable situation on earth is desirable, but is not to be put in comparison with the things of God. Human learning is excellent and valuable, but the knowledge of Christ is far superior. I earnestly entreat you, my dear children, to seek an interest in Jesus. Search the Scriptures, for they testify of him. Do not be satisfied with reading them in course, but study them for yourselves, with prayer to God that you may understand them. We are all born sinners, and as such, should have been lost for ever, but for the sufferings and death of the Son of God. I shall meet you again at the great day. I hope I shall meet you all at the right hand of Christ, and that you will be of the happy number to whom he shall say, ' Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you.' O ! may none of you hear the sad word, ' Depart !' No one can describe the delights of heaven, or the torments of hell. I have got but a very little time to be with you." On seeing them in tears, she said : " Do not grieve that I am going to leave you. I shall go to Jesus, to be happy for ever ; much happier than I can be here. Do not grieve too much when I am gone ; but seek Jesus, and prepare to meet me in glory. It is by no work of your own you can do it. Remember, these are my dying

words, you will never repent of seeking Jesus too early, and you may die soon: for if a soul is lost, it is lost for ever; and if heaven is gained, it is gained for ever. Do not tell my children that I say I shall not be long here: only say that you have been with me, and I have been talking to you. Come now, my dear children, and kiss me for the last time. God bless you all, my dears; do not grieve." — She then took each of them affectionately by the hand, and kissed them.

In the afternoon, a person called, who had lived servant with her, whom she exhorted to flee to Christ as a guilty sinner; for that we were all guilty before God, and if we did not take Christ for our whole Saviour, he would be no Saviour; he did not come to do the work of salvation by halves. She with great earnestness pressed it upon her to trust in Christ alone, often repeating these words with energy: "Remember Christ is a whole Saviour, or no Saviour; you must go to him as the publican, and rely wholly on his atoning blood for salvation. But (she added) do not mistake me. I do not mean to exclude the necessity of good works: they are necessary as an evidence of our love to Christ: what I mean is, that we must not trust in them for salvation."

In the evening, she took an affectionate leave of her servants, begging them to consider the worth of their immortal souls, pointing out Christ as the only Saviour, and expressing her earnest desire of meeting them in glory. — To her own dear children, who were often with her, she frequently addressed some weighty sentence, always putting on a smile when they were present; but did not take her leave of them that day. To a friend who called to take a last farewell, she said, "I hope you will soon meet me in glory; but it must be alone in the righteousness of Christ." The last few days, she spoke with difficulty, as her breath got shorter; but what she

said, always discovered her confidence in Christ and love to him. On these lines being repeated to her,

> " How sweet to recline on the bosom Divine,
> And taste all the pleasures peculiar to thine !"

she said, " I never had those rapturous joys that some have expressed; but I have been favoured with a confidence in the fulness there is in the atonement of Christ. I can trust my soul to him, as a faithful God. I know that I love him, and I know that none can, unless he first loves them. I long to see more of his glory."

On the Lord's-day, being told that her daughter Eliza had repeated those words, " It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good," she expressed great delight that the Lord had subdued her will to his will; as the dear child had previously expressed herself almost in anger, that the Lord would not hear her prayers, and restore her dear mamma.

On Monday, she took leave of her three children. She told them, that no mother had more tenderly loved children than she had loved them. She hoped to have lived to see them grow up in the fear of God; but the Lord had chosen greater happiness for her. She earnestly entreated them to seek unto Jesus Christ for salvation; for which purpose she begged of them to search the Scriptures, to delight much in reading them, for they testified of Christ. She told them that, from a child, the Scriptures had been her delight. She said, the salvation of their souls had always lain near her heart. On seeing them weep, she begged them not to grieve too much, for she should soon be in glory; and if they loved the Lord Jesus Christ, and trusted in him for salvation, they should all meet again before his throne. She requested them to look upon those relations to whose affection and care she had intrusted them, not only as they now stood related to them, but to consider them as parents, and to obey them as such, to behave towards them as they had to her. Then

(turning to her son) she said, " Remember the advice of Solomon, ' My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.' " Then looking upon her daughters, she told them that she left them all in the hands of a good God, and wished them to consider, that many things which appear as great evils to us, the Lord overrules for good.

On Tuesday evening, she gave them her last blessing, saying to each one of them, in a most solemn and affectionate manner, " God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit, bless you." After the children were gone to bed, she begged my sister and me to give her up to God in prayer. Never did we three enjoy sweeter communion together. It was a solemn season, never to be forgotten, to resign one so near, so beloved ; but, through Christ strengthening us, we can do all things. Surely we had an anticipation of the glories of the upper world : it was as the gate of Heaven. We felt that the happy union which had subsisted between us, would not be dissolved, because we were united in our Head, Christ Jesus. She was only going home a little before us. On Wednesday, the day on which she died, being asked if her consolations continued, she answered, " Yes, just the same." Mr. P. prayed with her, a few hours before her departure. On his taking leave, she desired her love to Mrs. P., wished them both as happy as she then was ; for no greater happiness could she wish them here below. To some friends who called shortly after, she said, " It is comfortable dying with Christ." She often repeated, " I long to be with him." Her last words were, " I am going home." Between nine and ten o'clock in the evening, with a gentle sigh, without either groan or struggle, she expired, entering into the joy of her Lord.

MRS. PEARCE,

WIDOW OF THE LATE REV. SAMUEL PEARCE, OF BIRMINGHAM.

Mrs. Pearce was the daughter of Mr. Joshua Hopkins of Alcester. She was born in the beginning of the year 1771, and married to the Rev. Mr. Pearce in February 1791. After the death of her admirable husband, in the year 1799, she constantly assembled her little family, morning and evening, to commit them to the care of Heaven, fervently praying for their conversion, and that they might walk in the steps of their honoured father.

As her last illness was of such a nature as to render her incapable of conversation, no particular account can be given of the state of her mind at the close of life. The reader will obtain an insight into her character from a few extracts of letters furnished by the kindness of her correspondents. We shall give them in the order of time in which they appear to have been written, which may serve in some measure to shew the progress of her exercises under the severest of temporal bereavements.

To Mrs. H. eleven weeks after Mr. P.'s Death.

Dec. 25, 1799.

——— In vain, alas! in vain I seek him whose presence gave a zest to every enjoyment! I wander about the house as one bereft of her better half. I go into the study — I say to myself, There is the chair he occupied, there are the books he read; but where, oh where is the *owner?* I come into the parlour — there my tenderest feelings are awakened by four fatherless children. The loss of him with whom I have been accustomed to go up to the house of

God, diminishes, ah, I may say too frequently *deprives* me of my enjoyment while there. Ichabod, Ichabod, seems written upon all my former pleasures! But let me no longer sadden you by dwelling upon a subject too interesting to my tenderest feelings ever to be forgotten by me. Nor would I arraign that all-wise and benevolent Being, who has a right to do what he will. No, my dear friend, I wish to love, adore, and praise, though I cannot discover his designs, or suppress painful feelings at his dispensations towards me. Oh that I may indeed "know him" in all his ways, and feel my mind more immediately devoted to him and resigned to his will! I desire to be thankful I have not been altogether without those consolations which true religion affords.

To Mrs. F. on the Death of her youngest Child, Samuel.

July 11, 1800.

——— After an illness of a few days, it hath pleased the great Arbiter of life and death to bereave me of my dear little boy, aged one year and six months; and thus again to convince me of the uncertainty of all earthly joys, and bring to remembrance my past sorrows. He was in my fond eyes one of the fairest flowers human nature ever exhibited; but ah, he is cropt at an early period! Yet, the hope of his being transplanted into a more salutary clime, there to re-bloom in everlasting vigour: and the reflection, that if he had lived, he had unavoidably been exposed to innumerable temptations, from which, if my life were spared, I should yet be unable to screen him, make me still. Though I feel as a parent, and, I hope, as a Christian, yet I can resign him. Oh, could I feel but half the resignation respecting the loss of my beloved Pearce! But I cannot. Still bleeds the deep, deep wound; and a return to Birmingham is a return to the most poignant feelings. I *wish*, however, to resign him to the hand that gave, and that had an unquestionable

right to take away. Be still, then, every tumultuous passion, and know, that he who hath inflicted these repeated strokes, is GOD; that God whom I desire to reverence under every painful dispensation, being persuaded that what I know not now, I shall know hereafter.

To the Same.

Dec. 1800.

My dear children gone to bed, a clean hearth, a cheerful fire, but a dejected mind — what will have a greater tendency to dissipate that dejection than to converse awhile with my dear friend, Mrs. F.? Yet, she must prepare herself for Ezekiel's roll. You will not wonder at this when I tell you, that, within the last half hour, I have been comparing my present evenings with those two years ago, when my beloved Pearce and myself were accustomed to sit together, and talk over the events of the past day, and look forward to the probable ones of the next; and when he would give the gentle caution where necessary, and direct me when in difficulty. But now, alas! a sad reverse succeeds! A solitary fire-place, a necessity of acting alone; and whatever difficulties arise, there is no one to direct me. But God is just; and let me not repine, though I must needs *feel* the change.

"Why sinks my weak desponding mind?
Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh?
Can sovereign goodness be unkind?
Am I not safe if God be nigh?"

Oh yes, if He be nigh, I want no more! This storm, though violent, will be but short: a few more blasts, a few more sighs, and I trust to arrive where sighing, sinning, and parting from those we love, shall be done away. Oh glorious anticipation! 'Tis this, 'tis this supports thy friend while steering the tempestuous ocean of widowhood.

I was glad to hear your dear babe was nearly re-

covered. May you long enjoy it, and may it be an increasing comfort to you! But do not do as I did, love it too well to part with it with cheerfulness when God calls. Oh that dear loved name *Samuel* — how many pangs has it since cost me! There is no Samuel Pearce now! But why do I thus complain? Oh, my rebellious passions! Often do I exclaim,

> "Ye that love the Lord indeed,
> Tell me, is it thus with you?"

Since I saw you, my heart has been rent with such passions as are indescribable, and which I shudder to reflect upon. But let me speak it with unfeigned gratitude; I have felt, for this last week, a degree of resignation, to which, ever since I lost my beloved Pearce, I was before a stranger. From comparing my own insignificance with the greatness of the hand that has visited me, and who, though he smote me (as I fear) in wrath, yet, hath remembered mercy, my spirit has bowed to his sovereign will. I have also felt that it is of the Lord's mercies I am not consumed. I had said, by my thoughts and actions, "Let all go: there is nothing worth keeping!" Why then was I not deprived of every comfort, seeing I made so light of what was left? To what a state should I have been reduced, had the Lord taken me at my word! But oh, cheering thought! He is a God full of compassion, who does not afflict willingly; and I believe I shall see in the end, that all that hath befallen me is for my profit.

To Mrs. H.

March 17, 1801.

Oh, my friend! my wayward heart still cleaves to earth; and though so often disappointed in looking for comfort in the creature, when my better reason tells me it can only be found in the great Creator, yet, still I must be trying again. In the midst of my most sorrowful reflections, I am aware that my

mercies preponderate, and claim not only resignation, but gratitude. I cannot be enough thankful for the goodness which mixes with judgment; and at times, the language of my heart is, Bless the Lord, O my soul! and forget not *any* of his benefits! Oh, could I leave my *all* with him, without an anxious care, how much more happy should I be!

To Mrs. F. on the Illness of her Daughter Louisa.

April 28, 1801.

My dear Louisa is so ill, that I have many fears on her account. O my dear friend, a prospect the most distant of another bereavement, involves my mind in gloom. Pray for me, that my heart may be fortified for the worst. She has been to me an interesting child; and my fond heart has been pleasing itself that in a few years I should in her find a companion. Are you not astonished, that after so many disappointments, I should still be cleaving to the creature? Yet, so it is: no sooner am I deprived of one comfort, than I grow insensibly to another,—till, disappointed again of this, I am compelled to feel the vanity of all below. I want to have my will entirely absorbed in the will of my heavenly Father; and at times it is my most earnest prayer, that he would not remove his chastising hand till the end is accomplished for which it is laid upon me; only that he would give me strength to endure his will. But surely I must be an untoward child, to need such repeated and severe discipline. Pray for me.

To Mrs. H.

September 19, 1801.

——It is an unspeakable mercy that I am in the hands of so kind and good a God, who knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are but dust. As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth

them that fear him. How light and trifling do all our trials appear, when compared with the important end they are designed to answer. What are the sufferings of the present time, compared with the glory that is to be revealed in us? May we be made willing to do and suffer the whole of God's will, in order to our meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light! Oh that my heart were more in heaven, where I trust my treasure is! At times I can say, Do with me, Lord, as seemeth thee good; only sanctify thy dealings with me, and bring me forth as gold refined from all remaining dross.

To Mrs. F.

Oct. 12, 1801.

——— No doubt you have joined the general joy occasioned by the sound of *peace*. Never did I experience such sensations as on last Saturday, and Sabbath day. You may perhaps recollect that Saturday, Oct. 10, is an ever-memorable day to me! I do not know that ever I spent a day more devoted to sadness. My situation is retired—no friend came near me—every painful feeling was again recalled—I indulged it; my whole heart took its fill of grief! You may suppose I was ill prepared for attending the service of the sanctuary next day; and for a while, I felt a desire of staying at home, but did not think it right to indulge it. At length I summoned resolution, and went. While on the road, *peace, peace,* was sounded in my ears: every eye beamed gladness; but my poor harp was hung upon the willows. Oh, how I wished to hide myself in a corner, where no eye could see me. I was, however, considerably relieved in the morning, from a sermon by Mr. G., of———, on, "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, working for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." My burden was in some measure removed.

To Mrs. H.

Oct. 18, 1801.

——— I have been endeavouring to-day to forget what period of the year it is; but, alas! too faithful memory, ever ready to recall the hour which put an end to my earthly happiness, pursues me! When shall I feel my will absorbed in the will of God, and have none but his? I want to live above this fading, dying world, and wonder I should be so attached to it, when it has so frequently disappointed me. Oh, how I envy those who have learnt that useful lesson, deadness to the creature, and life in God!

To Mrs. F. (without date.)

——— A firm persuasion that God directs all our concerns, ought to silence every murmur, and check every degree of impatience in our minds respecting them; and yet, how difficult it is to restrain our spirits, and subdue them to the influence of religion! I have indeed found it so, and at times still feel it; though I desire to be thankful, I have been more tranquil the last six weeks, and enabled to yield myself more entirely to the Divine disposal. A reflection on the large portion of happiness I *have* enjoyed, and a review of the goodness of God to me under my trials, have contributed to quiet my mind, and excited a degree of gratitude and confidence in the hope of his continued aid. Though I can never cease to regret the loss I have sustained, yet, I wish not to indulge in these regrets. Time, and reverence for the Divine character, who cannot err, does that for us which no human power can effect. May we be enabled to sit at the feet of Jesus, and learn our duty and privilege to trust in him at all times, and make him our only refuge.

Another to the Same (without date).

————I do sincerely rejoice with you, that the sun of prosperity, in the best sense, so vividly gilds your path. It is *this* that gives a zest to all our enjoyments, cheers the deepest gloom, and makes light the heaviest burdens.—I know you will be happy to hear, that, for some time past, my mind has been more uniformly composed. Not that I experience what I have so ardently thirsted after, *cheerful resignation;* but I trust, I do feel more satisfied with the government of God, more convinced that what he does is best; that if I had had the management of my own concerns, they would not have been ordered half so well, and that there was a "needs be" for every pain I have felt, and every deprivation I have sustained. I feel *in some degree* with the pious Mrs. Rowe, when she said, "If thou wouldest permit me to choose for myself, I would resign the choice again to Thee. I dread nothing more than the guidance of my own blind desires. I tremble at the thought of such a fatal liberty. Avert, gracious God, that miserable freedom! Thou foreseest all events, and at one single view dost look through eternal consequences: therefore do thou determine my circumstances, not to gratify my own blind desires, but to advance thy glory."—Such, I say, in some degree, are my desires. But oh, pray for me, that I may be upheld of God,

> "Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
> Drives all these thoughts away."

O my friend, how rich, how inestimable is the gift of Jesus Christ! All that eye hath seen, or the most lively imagination conceived of, is nothing to the extent of the Divine goodness. Never shall we form any adequate conception of it, till we know as we are known. To be *near* and *like* God, must surely be the summit of expected felicity. Oh

delightful thought! It will never decay. May a lively and increasing hope in these exalted realities, enable us to bear every trial with patience and fortitude. He who is a rock, and whose work is perfect, will accomplish whatever concerns those who put their trust in him.—I could not withhold news which has caused such a gleam of joy as I have not experienced for a long time, from my dear friend, who has taken so large a share of my gloom. Farewell!

To Miss S. Written from Nottingham, whither she went on account of the Illness of her eldest Son, William.

Sept. 1803.

———My dear boy has a fever, the symptoms of which are alarming. The physician assures me, his lungs are not *at present* affected; but I much fear it will so terminate. Mr. and Mrs. N. are unbounded in their tenderness and attention. I know not what is before me. Futurity is wisely hidden from me. God is a sovereign, and has a right to do with me and mine as seemeth good to him. I have long ago in words acknowledged his right; nor will I now retract, should he remove the delight of my eyes from me. No, though he slay me, yet will I trust in him. I feel an unbounded confidence in him. He will, I am persuaded, do all things well. He has been very gracious to me. My dear William is a very desirable child. I feel all the mother yearning over him; yet I have not had the least disposition to think hard of God; but have viewed it as the rod in the hand of a father, who knows the end from the beginning, and who doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men. Pray for me, my dear friend, that it may be sanctified. My love to our friends. I hope they will not forget us when they bow before the great Physician; for as our dear boy says, "It is of no use to apply to

earthly physicians, without the help of the *Great One.*"

Early in the month of May, 1804, Mrs. Pearce was considered by her friends as unwell : for eight or nine days, however, no apprehensions of danger seem to have been entertained either on their part or her own. But, about the 20th, the fever increased to such a degree, as to bring on a delirium, which continued till the 25th, when she breathed her last.

MRS. ARABELLA DAVIES.

Mrs. Arabella Davies was the second daughter of Richard Jenkinson, Esq., of Hoxton, near London. She was born in the year 1753. It appears from many letters, written by her between the years 1771 and 1776, that her concern about spiritual things began very early. From many causes, it was subject to much fluctuation in her juvenile years. As religion, however, more fully engaged her heart, her mind seems to have been intensely employed on its most interesting topics. Being naturally of an inquisitive and rather sceptical turn of mind, her own reflections furnished her with the most popular objections on many subjects of revealed religion. These were pretty largely discussed in a series of letters to a friend, in which the doctrines commonly called the Five Points were candidly examined. The consequence of this correspondence was, that, on mature consideration, she adopted those sentiments, in general, which are called Calvinistical.

The following letter is dated July, 1771, when she was in her nineteenth year.

"Believing you to be a pious and a devout person, and knowing you think cheerfulness and Christianity are not incompatible with each other, but are an advocate for the union, has encouraged me to impart to you my present situation, which is rather particular.

"A religious education from my earliest infancy, occasioned a serious disposition when very young; till the folly and inexperience of centering felicity in dress and general attention, weaned my mind from the most peaceful serenity. This infatuation might still have possessed me, had I immediately

been separated from an observing and religious parent; but her repeated instruction, and constantly attending the gospel, alarmed me, and made me anxious to secure a more lasting pleasure. I was unhappy, and thought to have atoned for my late behaviour by a sincere repentance and reformation; but the not disclosing my real uneasiness to any friend, nor asking the advice I so much wished and required, and the wavering resolution of a girl of fifteen, occasioned my deviating again: for I seemed to make a tacit agreement with the Almighty, to repent hereafter. My mind thus enlightened, I frequently heard this text, or those that are similar, 'Light hath come into the world; but ye have loved darkness rather than light, because your deeds are evil.' This rendered me again uneasy, and great was the conflict between duty and inclination. The knowledge of acting wrong was the source of frequent distress, till the world again offered its amusements, and the thoughts of passing so solitary a life as religion required, urged me to part with the hope of glory, or rather to put off present thoughts about it. Thus, my mind being rather more calm and easy, I dwelt on future happy days and pleasure, to dissipate a still lingering gloominess; but I found that nothing could entirely dispel it, when I began to reflect, because I applied to 'a faithful monitor within.' I then flew to books, my still favourite amusement, as an immediate relief; and by them I was in some measure reconciled to my unhappy situation. My pleasure for reading increasing, I became a professed admirer of satires: these soon convinced me that sense and merit were superior to any other attractions, and that happiness oftener dwelt with retirement, than public life, and that pleasing reflection was absolutely necessary for the presence of felicity. I gradually felt a disgust to mixed companies, and soon found that that peace was but imaginary which did not result

from a good conscience. These thoughts, and the hearing of pathetic discourses, have often made me wish to be a Christian; but the desire has as frequently been dissipated, when I reflected on the sorrow and tears it would occasion, believing that heaven could never be gained but through great anguish and distress. As I am naturally lively, I dreaded sorrow; so, resolved to defer religion till I was more advanced in life. Thus fluctuating, and really never happy, have I passed these four years, resisting the friendly admonitions of conscience. The thoughts of eternity I could never indulge without disagreeable ideas, and sometimes without the greatest inquietude; therefore, I could never derive any real satisfaction from contemplation. When I read the pleasing works of Hervey, Young, &c., how sorry I have been that I felt not an equal adoration of my God! Now, as the Scriptures inform me, that my tears and sighs will not secure me the favour and forgiveness of my great Creator, but assure me that faith in the Redeemer's blood, with an observance of his commandments, are alone sufficient; yet, still I feel not entirely satisfied, as I am not sensible of an anxious sorrow for the rebellious state in which I have so long remained. The prayer I frequently offer to my offended God is this: 'That I may be more sensible of my late ingratitude, and that my soul may melt when I reflect on his infinite goodness for still entreating me to accept of mercy, after repeated refusals; that my reason may never be so enslaved as to form wrong conjectures of religion, or to injure the cause by a settled gloom or unnecessary severities; but that I may adore my God with zeal, pure and sincere; that the insinuations of Satan may not again prevail, by representing my Maker's ways as thorny and disagreeable, or his favour difficult to be attained; and that the present resolution, like the flourishing plant, may gain strength every day.' Though a person be a

Christian, is he to deny himself the pleasure which results from friendship or social virtues; and to refuse conversing on agreeable subjects, because they are not about religion? You are too good to deceive me, therefore will immediately impart to me your sentiments on my situation. Your directly complying with this entreaty will most exceedingly oblige, and convince me you are sincerely the friend of ————."

The following prayer seems to have been composed at about the same period: —

"Assist me, O blessed God, in my approaches unto thee, and let not my thoughts wander!

"O almighty and everlasting God, who art not ignorant of my thoughts, and art acquainted with every action I shall commit, deign to be my guide and my counsellor, in this important, this one thing needful! Impress upon my mind immovable and saving notions of religion, that the various opinions of others may not disturb my happiness. That soul, O Lord, which thou hast created, and committed to my charge, I now sincerely wish to resign to thy tuition; renew and make it worthy of thy acceptance. Never let me doubt thy all-sufficiency, nor leave me one moment to my own inclinations; or I shall again sink, and my great adversary will then complete the victory. He has once torn me from my God by his vile suggestions. O be thou now my Redeemer and Friend; and, whatever the conflict be, or whatever agony I suffer, grant that I may gain the point, and triumph! O Jehovah, let not this be a momentary desire! It will, I feel it will, if I am not strengthened by thy preserving grace.

"Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers."

"May I lament, and be daily more sensible of my various sins and iniquities! Make me plead with earnestness, that they may all be forgiven

through Jesus' blood. Let me not so endanger my salvation, as to be fond of a name to live, and yet be dead. May I love thee with sincerity and truth! May my affliction for negligence and inattention to thy ways, awaken gratitude rather than terror! Not my will, but thine, be done. O guide me by thine unerring goodness; then will all doubts and fears be sunk in the certainty of everlasting bliss. If thou refuse to direct me, I shall come laden to thy throne with my own righteousness, instead of the merits of Jesus, as the great atonement. O prevent thy unworthy petitioner from inevitably falling by such proceedings, through the influences of thy Holy Spirit; and regulate all my thoughts, impress upon my soul the consciousness of my great offences, and oblige me to hunger and thirst after righteousness. Convince me of the necessity of a Redeemer, and make me walk in an acceptable manner. May my desire for religion increase! How soon would my own vain thoughts and reasoning insensibly draw me away from the most important things, if thou wert to forsake me! Rather than this, Lord, plunge me in the most agonizing sorrow. How strangely have my thoughts been dissipated! How vain and foolish are they! O my Creator, thou who hast blessed me with reason, may the same wonderful goodness now render it an undeceiving light! May it be as an instrument to convey the most needful truths!"

From these letters and the fragments of her Diary, it may be gathered how her mind was exercised from the age of fourteen to eighteen. After this period, she appears to have followed after holiness without any visible intermission. Very few of her private remarks are left behind, respecting the following seven years of her life. In the year 1774, she entered into the marriage relation with the Rev. Mr. Davies, with whom she lived in the greatest happiness for twelve years and a half. Her prudent

and engaging deportment, in a domestic character, endeared her to all who had the pleasure of being intimately acquainted with her. One circumstance with respect to her children must not be omitted. Mr. Davies had four children by a former marriage; but her happy disposition led her to treat these and her own children as one family, in such a manner, that it would have been impossible for the keenest observer, from any thing in her conduct towards them, to distinguish which of them belonged to the first, and which to the last marriage. She not only called them all her own, but realized them as such to such a degree, that not one of them could feel the loss of its mother. And she obtained such ascendency over their affections, that each was emulous to love her most. In every character, she shone with a distinguished lustre, to the admiration of all that knew her. As a wife, her husband experienced her to be his true companion "in well-mingled loves and woes;" her relatives always found her sincere and affectionate; and the poor, condescending, sympathetic, and benevolent.

Her Diary extends from the year 1778, till within three days before her departure. She died in 1786, aged thirty-four. To this brief account, we shall now subjoin some extracts from the private record above referred to.

"Sept. 6, 1775. O my soul, how awfully polluted thou art! how astonishingly depraved! The Lord gives thee blessings, and thou art swallowed up and intoxicated in the enjoyment. One would imagine they would have a power to nourish, and make the tree of gratitude flourish more abundantly. O merciful God, for the sake of my Redeemer, vouchsafe, with thy gifts of providence, to give me a thankful heart, that will praise thee continually, and, with spiritual mercies, an humble and devoted spirit. Undertake for me; I am weak. Deliver me, for I am vile. Defend me, for Satan is against me; and

bless me with the light of thy countenance. Prepare me for, and support me in, every changing scene in thy providence, in joy and sorrow, in prosperity and in adversity.

"Sunday morning. — Lord God Almighty, who art the God of all grace, power, and wisdom; with humble boldness I would unbosom my whole soul, graciously encouraged through the dear Redeemer, the Friend of sinners. Sure it is not delusion, not the voice of flattery, that sometimes whispers, 'My Beloved is mine, and I am his.' O heavenly Father, the worthless worm that now addresses thee, has nothing to offer for thy love and presence, nothing to boast of, since polluted, helpless, and undone; but yet, O my God, I may bring from thy word to the throne, the blood of Jesus to pardon; I may boast in his righteousness to justify. Oh, may the eternal Spirit impress Divine truths more powerfully on my soul, and impart abiding consolation! Thou hast indeed, O merciful Jesus! delivered me from vast distress. In spiritual midnight, the Sun of righteousness and peace arose on my soul, with healing in his wings. But yet, Lord, I cry for succour; for now thou art opening a new scene. Indeed, Lord, I shall leave thee, if thou dost not sanctify the comfort thou sendest me. I feel a departure from thee, but I see my danger; and I know thou canst keep a sacred guard over my heart. O may the Spirit divinely influence my soul, keep me humble, watchful, and devoted! May I ever be acquainted with my weakness; and then I shall implore the assistance of the blessed and adorable Spirit, in the opening scene before me. O let me be led by thy wisdom in all things, that I may honour and glorify my Jesus by a holy walk and conversation! To all new relatives, make me a blessing and instrument for their spiritual good; and let me prove the warmth of affection and my real tenderness, by being the faithful monitor, and

earnestly wrestling with thee, that thou wilt be their sun and their shield.

"Gracious God, guard me, guide me, sanctify and comfort me and mine; that we may be devoted to God, humble in ourselves, and give evidence to all around that 'the ways of religion are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths peace.' Thou hast given a free invitation to sinners to receive a Saviour, thy only beloved Son, in whom thou art well pleased.

"O my Father and almighty Friend, the chief of sinners has accepted the offer; and may the bread broken this day, as a lively emblem of the Saviour's body, be daily fed on; and the wine poured forth, as an emblem of his blood, give me daily peace! Through thy grace, I am thine; through thy grace, I will be thine; and then, Grace, Grace, will be my song in the world of everlasting joy.

"May 18, 1776. O thou Father of lights, and God of consolation, to thee I look and sigh. May a daily view of my vileness, and a greater display of thy holiness, deeply humble me! May the Spirit's influence so make me loathe myself, that Christ may be altogether precious! Lord, take my heart, mould it, form it, and do with it what pleaseth thee; only bless me, and lift up the light of thy countenance. Let not this world satisfy. Lord, thou searchest my heart; I am willing to leave a world of sin for the abodes of holiness. O for a hope that will carry me through the shades of death! Lord, be with me, for Satan will be there. May I have on the whole armour of God, and fight valiantly! Save me from a fretful and impatient spirit, and let not my thoughts be thus scattered, but fix them on thy blessed word: make it a quickening word: make me more spiritual in my converse: make me to remember eternity.

"July 30, 1778. O whither, whither should I flee in every day of trial, but unto thee, O Lord? Thou, Searcher of hearts, knowest the depth and reason

of my present misery. Did I never love thee, as my reconciled God, through Jesus? Did I never taste communion with thee, through atoning blood? Else, why so many restless cries for thy presence and thy blessing? And, when enjoyed, was it all delusion? O gracious God! I most solemnly and earnestly implore the Spirit's searching. Here lies my burden, that my experience doth not tally with numbers of thy dear people, who have drank deep of the bitter cup of conviction; — though I trust I can appeal to thy omniscient eye, O holy God, that I have now, for years, avoided sin by thy power strengthening me; and have been kept from loving, delighting in, or pursuing it; and now feel it is my daily burden and grief. And yet I mourn. Ah, Lord! thou viewest the sorrows that oppress my spirit, lest I should be awfully deceived. But my temptations, which are so singular respecting sin, sit with weight upon my spirit, even when I seem to view that blessed sacrifice, and with delight plead the Saviour's righteousness and love. If the evil of sin is not discovered by the Spirit of God, all my joy will but end in sorrow, and then I shall mourn again. I am oppressed, O Lord! undertake for me. It is an awful truth, or Satan's temptation, that I am blinded, and have never felt nor seen sin as thy people see it; but that the joy and exultation I experience at times, are but to hold me in the awful delusion the stronger? How are my thoughts disturbed, and my soul cast down! This, thou knowest, O Lord, has been my fear, at times, for years. But one, eminently pious, whom thou hast led into awful convictions of sin, in conversation lately, seemed to bid me be cautious that I was not deceived. O God, I look to thee, I flee to thee; for where can I go? I am exceedingly distressed, lest I am deceived. O search me and try me, examine and prove me: only support me by thy Almighty arm; and whatever weight of sin is necessary to be felt, I earnestly implore for it, in

the name and for the sake of Jesus.—I plead his merits and love.

" Aug. 6, Wednesday. Heard a most excellent sermon upon the offering of Cain and Abel: it was searching and edifying. Among many other observations were the following: That it was not the action we did, so much as the spirit we did it from: it must be of faith. That it was more difficult to live a martyr than to die one; that is, really to die unto sin, and live unto righteousness. That God would never give a spark of grace that should exalt self, instead of Christ. Will the Lord impart grace, to militate against the blood of Christ? The way by faith is really a sanctifying way. My heart was drawn out, that I might always live this life of faith. My body very much indisposed the whole time of hearing; and so bad, that I was compelled early to withdraw in the evening. Gracious God! when death appears, may I welcome its approach; and, instead of the perplexing engagement of trying my state, may I know in whom I have believed!

" Sunday, Sept. 6. Endeavoured to appear cheerful, that religion might not be dishonoured; but my grief and sorrow were as much as my weak and disordered body could support. Death appeared very near. It is true, in many things I seemed indeed a new creature, and could testify that my greatest delight was in communion with the Lord, but, alas! I thought, if, after all, there has been only a mere profession! I would note in what particulars my conscience charges me with defects, that, should it please the Lord in tender pity to restore me, I may, through his grace, avoid these occasions of sorrow:

" 1st. That I have sought the Lord, and delighted in his ordinances, I am fearful, rather to gratify the innate enjoyment I felt in approaching unto God, than to honour the Lord.

" 2d. That though I have, when most affected

with the blessed views of the Gospel, most sincerely breathed after holiness and conformity to his will; yet, after duty, I have not so carefully watched unto prayer, and waited for this renewal of heart, that my conversation might be thus heavenly. I tremble, lest I have only loved the Lord for self and present enjoyment.

" 3d. That I have thought much more of the necessities of the poor and distressed, in temporals than in spirituals; of their bodies, more than of their souls.

" 4th. An inattention to the souls of my servants lies very heavy: I can pray earnestly for them, when I cannot speak to them. It is so hard to be faithful to others; there is such a backwardness in them to hear, and in me to speak, that the reflection pains me greatly.

" 5th: That though I trust I can say, I do not habitually live in known sin, yet, a besetting corruption too often appearing in my life, or rather noticed by my eye, sometimes confuses and greatly distresses me, lest it really is not subdued. Lord, undertake for me; and if my life is spared, may grace ever prevail against this sin!

" 6th. Before I was afflicted, I went astray; and since I have been chastened, my thoughts, my words, and my actions, have, I trust, been more correspondent to a Christian profession: yet, as I have been kept in the furnace ever since my return, I fear lest afflictions, and not supreme love to God, keep me in thy way. And yet, I hope I can appeal unto thee, thou Searcher of hearts, that I had rather bear a cross than thy absence.

" 7th. That I have not really and clearly been convinced of sin.

" These seven several thoughts now perplex, distress, and overcome my spirits. I am sometimes so hurried, that despair and eternal woe appear as if they would shortly enter this wicked barren heart.

Then I flee to Jesus, as the Friend of sinners, the Saviour, the Advocate of guilty men; and plead his declaration, 'that whatsoever ye ask the Father in my name, it shall be granted to you.' This and similar promises encourage me; but, as death seems daily approaching, I still fear, that, if I believe in Christ for pardon, I cannot have good evidence that there is a real change; because life expires before the fruit appears.

"Jan. 1, 1780. There appears at times but little probability that I shall see another year. And yet, the Lord can raise up, as well as bring low; for, this day twelvemonth I was extremely ill, and my disorder increasing, and yet, life hath been spared. I would now commit myself to thee, O Lord, and leave every event to thy disposal. Sanctify every affliction, and suffer it not to produce stupor or peevishness. How does unbelief rouse sin into action! or, as Dr. Young says,

"Guilt chills our zeal, as age benumbs our powers."

"Jan 20. I dare not ask for either blessings or crosses; I can bear neither without supporting grace. The awful apprehension that I have never seen sin in its sinfulness and desert, greatly hinders my walk and comfort; so that between terrors prevailing, a despairing stupidity, and a fear of a deceitful hope, my days and nights, at seasons, are wearisome and distressing. A nervous complaint greatly assists my fears, and, I believe, encourages the enemy; so that, were it not for some hope that the Lord has appeared, and will appear, I should be completely wretched, and sink into desperation. Thou knowest, O Lord, my present burdens; and my soul requests that reposing faith which will cast them all on thee.

"February 11. I ever wish to remember this remark of Mr. Shepherd: 'It is a presumptuous peace that is not interrupted or broken by evil

works.' He adds, 'that the Holy Spirit will sigh, not sing, in that bosom whence corrupt dispositions and passions break out; and though men in such frames may seem to maintain the consolation of the Spirit, and not suspect this hypocrisy, under pretence of trusting the Lord's mercy, yet, they cannot avoid condemnation with the world.' And Dr. Ames speaks of it as a thing by which the peace of a wicked man may be distinguished from the peace of a godly man, that the peace of a wicked man continues, whether he performs the duties of piety and righteousness or not; provided those crimes are avoided, that appear horrid to nature itself.

"May 4. I would learn to bring my cares and burdens, and cast them on the Lord. How sweet and encouraging is that passage of holy writ, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me!' O may a deep sense of past mercies and deliverances, and a present experience of God's love and care, teach me ever to trust him in a dark and stormy day! Keep me in joyful communion with thyself, O God! though it be by the way of the cross. I must still lean on that Almighty arm which has brought me through the fire and water.

"Jan. 30, 1781. Still contending with a sinful heart, that does not love the Lord as it ought, or would. I would still bring my empty pitcher to the ever-flowing fountain of grace and mercy: send me not empty away! It is spiritual mercies I am most solicitous for; and while others are crying for an increase in wine and oil, Lord, lift thou up upon me the light of thy countenance! Our temporal favours are indeed so great, that our faith is not so much exercised in this respect, as a grateful heart is demanded. O fit us for changing scenes; and as our day is, so may our strength be!

"Sept. 3, 1783. Heard an excellent discourse from Heb. iv. 1. wherein several very practical

remarks were insisted on, well worthy my noting down.

" ' A Christian who knows little of prayer may talk about the comforts of religion, but cannot experience them; for those who receive much from God, must be much with God. The spiritual rest spoken of in the text, is entirely inconsistent with the rest in the flesh. When speaking on labouring to obtain this rest, he remarked, ' What is wrestling, when compared to the enjoyment of communion with God? What is conflicting, when compared to the fellowship of the Spirit, peace of conscience, and the hope of immortal life? What are the pains to the blessing?' There were two ideas he wished us ever to remember in the life of religion: 1st, That as we go forward little by little, our knowledge increases, our love ripens, our graces flourish, and our conflicts and trials are sanctified. The Christian goes from faith to faith, from obedience to obedience, from grace to grace. 2dly, That there will be an earnest desire for this rest. ' I cannot (said the preacher) deem that person a real Christian, who knows nothing of labouring after this rest. The desire of grace is said to be grace; but the desire of grace, if genuine, will end in earnest endeavours.'

" May 23, 1786. Lord! grant that I may profit more by the chequered scene I am called to pass through! The sun emerges from the cloud, and then a wintry sky succeeds. Well, it is the way Infinite Wisdom appoints; and I would acknowledge, I have to sing of mercy, as well as judgement; and though the flesh pleads for ease and tranquillity, yet, a Father's love knows that faith, love, and patience must be tried, and that the retired path of affliction, where the slow-paced traveller drops many a tear or sigh, is most profitable. It is through ' much tribulation we shall enter the kingdom.' Though my daily lot is affliction, yet, let me not

repine, but say, 'The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places.' But I must say with the Psalmist, 'I should often have fainted, unless I had believed thy word.' Those words I have found sweet lately: 'He doth not willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men.' How sweet and kind the assurance from our heavenly Father, that it is the chastening of love and wisdom! Therefore, my soul, kiss the rod, and bow at his footstool.

"June 5. 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.' O how difficult the lesson, or at least so I find it, to submit with that becoming patience which so divine a hope ought to inspire! My judgement often acquiesces in the mercy and justice of the Divine appointment, when the flesh shrinks, and too often mourns, and almost faints, while walking through the briers and the thorns. I am often humbled and laid in the dust, and, I trust, made truly thankful, when I reflect that I might have danced on, and sported with laughter, ease, health, prosperity, and sought the downward road. But, ah! how much happier to be corrected for sin, than to be lost for ever! to be brought to Christ, though it be by suffering, than to have been passed by in judgement! O the mercy! — And how are the trials of my body graciously mitigated by the tenderness of dear friends! May I not say, in Scripture language, 'Your heavenly Father knoweth ye need them.'"

MRS. MARY GENOTIN.

Mrs. Mary Genotin was born at Walsal, in Staffordshire, in the year 1758. She was the fourth daughter of Mr. Jonathan and Mrs. Elizabeth Short. Her mother was a woman of singular piety and devotedness to God, and her excellent example and iustructions were rendered eminently useful to her children; particularly to Mary, who, being the youngest, and a most amiable and affectionate child, was almost constantly with her mother. When only seven years of age, she discovered an attachment to Divine things, and a peculiar love to the Bible; for, before she was able to write, she would print different passages of Scripture on the garden wall, or wherever she had liberty, in order that these texts of Scripture might make a deeper impression on her mind. It may indeed be said of her, that from a child she knew the Holy Scriptures, which were able to make her wise unto salvation. She discovered a great aversion to sin, particularly the sin of lying. She adhered to truth at all times, whatever might prove the consequence; and would seldom attempt even to conceal her faults, but would confess them with penitential sorrow. When very young, she was desirous of knowing how to pray, and earnestly inquired how she might learn. Her mother, perceiving the serious bias of her mind, was anxious to cultivate it; and to promote it, she permitted her dear child to be with her in her secret retirements. The impressions produced on her mind during these solemn occasions, were never erased. In the subsequent period of her life, she often mentioned with gratitude the peculiar advantages she derived from this privilege.

The death of her valuable mother was a very severe trial to her, and occasioned her to leave the country, to reside with her friends in London. Her mind still retained serious impressions; and as her desires after knowledge and holiness continued to increase, the great truths of the Gospel were gradually unfolded to her mind. Her natural disposition was remarkably amiable, and her conduct truly exemplary. At the early age of sixteen, she was admitted to a participation of the holy sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

In the year 1786, she was married to Mr. Daniel Genotin, with whom she lived in happy union till death dissolved the tie. Having been taught to consider this event as one of the most important in a person's life, she was led earnestly to pray for direction, while this important affair was in agitation; committing the whole to God, and acknowledging him in all her ways, who, according to his gracious promise, directed her steps. Her conduct in this relation was eminently exemplary, and a pattern to all Christian wives. "Her children arise and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." She had ten children, six of whom died in their infancy. Those who were spared to her, she frequently and most solemnly dedicated to God. Like pious Hannah, she took them in her arms to a throne of grace; and having received them from God, she yielded them up to him, acknowledging his prior right to them and to all she possessed, and surrendering all to him. Her solicitude for their eternal welfare was singularly exemplified. It was her usual custom, for several years, every Sabbath evening, to catechise and call each of her children to account for the sermons they had heard during the day, and to examine if they had made any improvement in Divine knowledge and Christian experience. These Sabbath evening exercises proved of great utility to all her children; and her constant

endeavour to train them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, was attended with singular tokens of the Divine approbation. Her affectionate disposition, sweetness of temper, and freedom of carriage towards them, very much endeared her to their hearts. Her pious example gave weight to her precepts, and did not a little tend to make the ways of religion appear amiable and attractive. She often, and with great fervency of spirit, engaged in family prayer. She uniformly conducted family worship on Sabbath evenings, and frequently on other days. In this respect, as well as in every other, she was truly a spiritual help-meet to her husband, and a blessing to her family. On no account would she suffer the occurrence of any circumstance to prevent the performance of family devotion, either morning or evening. She was particularly anxious that herself and her domestics should lay aside all worldly concerns as early as possible on Saturday evening, and prepare for Sabbath duties. She has been known to say, that she generally knew what kind of Sabbath she was likely to have, from the frame of her mind on Saturday evening. She was indeed one who gave herself unto prayer, reading, and meditation. But prayer was the exercise in which she most delighted. She was very particular as to the season of retirement, and studiously avoided every circumstance that would interrupt

> " ——— these consecrated hours
> In audience with the Deity."

A strict attention to this practice she much endeavoured to impress upon the minds of her children, and made a point of frequently inquiring whether they had, or had not, retired into their chambers to pray; reminding them of our Lord's words, " And thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and shut thy door, and pray unto thy Father, who seeth

in secret." If a pious friend came to her, she was never satisfied to part without prayer; and in visiting the sick, which was her practice for many years, she seldom, if ever, left the sick or dying person without reading the Scriptures and engaging in prayer. To visit the sick and relieve the distressed, were works in which she much delighted; and she would frequently say, "It is more blessed to give, than to receive." God graciously condescended to honour her in the work, by rendering her peculiarly useful. Souls were given her for her hire; some were her joy here; others, whom she knew not on earth, will be her crown of rejoicing above. She found in her own happy experience, the truth of that Divine promise, "Them that honour me, I will honour." It was her happiness to see her children walking in the truth; which she considered as an answer to her many prayers, and those of her dear husband, who had so often pleaded with God in their behalf. Their being inclined to engage in Sunday schools, and other societies for the promotion of religion or relief of the poor, afforded her more pleasure than she was able to express. She used to say, she would rather be able to assert upon her dying bed, "I leave a seed to serve the Lord," than to exult in the possession of thousands.

She was very conversant in the Holy Scriptures; almost every part was familiar to her. If she heard but a phrase of Scripture, she could generally tell the place where it was to be found; for, in the former part of her life, she had committed large portions to memory, from which she afterwards derived the most substantial advantage, and she earnestly recommended to all young persons a similar practice.

She set a high value on her time, and generally rose very early in the morning. The hours thus redeemed were devoted to devotional exercises. She held sweet communion with God before the bustle

of the family commenced, and would not have relinquished her morning hours with God for ten thousand worlds. Like Moses, her face shone when she came down from the mount, and showed that she had been holding sweet converse with her God; for the effects were visible in her whole conduct and disposition. She seemed to possess an almost constant composure and tranquillity of mind, being seldom disturbed by any occurrence. She was not afraid of evil tidings, her heart being fixed, trusting in the Lord. Her humility was pre-eminent, and added lustre to her other graces. She possessed great command of temper on all occasions. God frequently called into exercise her patience, her meekness, her submission and resignation, and these graces shone conspicuously in her to the glory of her God; showing that the intimate communion she enjoyed with Him, had ameliorated her temper, and elevated her soul above trifling cares and vexations; while the acquaintance with her own heart, which she assiduously cultivated, taught her to prefer others to herself, to be severe against her own failings, but to be mild, charitable, and forbearing towards those of others. Her mind was much impressed with the recollection that God was always present with her; and she was enabled to act and to endure as seeing him who is invisible. She was remarkably cheerful, but always endeavoured to check in herself or her children, a disposition to levity and undue mirth.

Her mind appeared wholly divested of unnecessary anxiety about future events. She would say, in reference to futurity, "This, or the other affair, is far better ordered than we could order it: let us learn to leave all with God. He cannot err in his decision." She was an attentive observer of the hand of Providence, even in the most minute concern, anxious to follow whithersoever it should direct. In a word, she adorned religion in every state and in

every circumstance of her life. Having thus traced her steps through the wilderness, let us now attend her to the closing scene, and mark her happy end. Her path was the path of the just, shining more and more unto the perfect day.

During her last affliction she was favoured with a tranquil and sometimes joyful frame of soul. When the first alarming symptoms appeared, she expressed her wish that her family and friends would not detain her by their prayers, but give her up entirely to God; adding, "I have no wish of my own, either to live or to die; but if I might choose, I would rather be absent from the body, and present with the Lord."

> "'Where Jesus dwells, my soul would be:
> It faints my much-loved Lord to see.
> Earth, twine no more about my heart,
> For 'tis far better to depart.'"

She frequently expressed her sense of the value of the Saviour, and of his atoning blood and righteousness, as the only foundation of her hope before God; but acknowledged that Christ never appeared so precious to her as upon her dying bed. "Oh!" said she, "now he is infinitely precious, the altogether lovely to my soul! I would not part with my interest in him for all the world! I cannot tell you how precious Christ is to me now."

In the former part of her illness, the great adversary of souls was permitted to assault her; but, by faith, she was enabled to vanquish him, and in general she was highly favoured in this respect. The God of peace bruised Satan under her feet. To those who afforded her the assistance her situation required, she was very grateful. Her language was, "Thank you, thank you; a full reward be given you by the Lord God of Israel." She frequently exhorted her daughters to follow the Lord fully; to live in love and peace; to labour to be useful in the world; to be particularly active in the Sunday

school, and to be much in secret prayer. "O!" said she, "could these walls speak, they would testify the pleasure I have enjoyed in communion with God, particularly in morning exercises. I have found God's 'morning smiles bless all the day.' If you wish your souls to prosper, begin the exercises of devotion as early as possible, even before you engage in domestic concerns: it will fit your mind for unexpected circumstances of trial and difficulty, and will enable you to possess your soul in patience." In her last interview with her pastor, she expressed herself very happy, and with much earnestness repeated that passage: "Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory:" adding, "If he is willing that I should be with him, why should I not, since to die will be gain? To depart, and to be with Christ, is far better than to be here:

"'For 'tis a heaven worth dying for,
To see and know a smiling God.'"

She selected a portion of Scripture, (1 Cor. xiii. 11,) containing four sentences, one of which she gave to each daughter, which she desired they would treasure up in their memories, and consider as given to them by their dying mother. To one, "Be perfect." To another, "Be of good comfort." To another, "Be of one mind." To another, "Live in peace." And she summed up all with, "And the God of love and peace shall be with you."

On the day previous to her dissolution, she appeared extremely weak; for death had laid his cold hand upon her. One of her daughters perceiving the symptom, said, "I hope, my dear mother, these are not death-sweats." She replied, "I do not know; perhaps they are: if so, it shall be well.

"'Clasp'd in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life amidst the charms
Of so divine a death.'"

Some of her last words were: "I am coming — I am coming — I am coming, and it shall be well; — 'Heaven is secure, if God be mine.' Do you ask, what is my will? My will is the Lord's will: I have no will of my own. I shall be satisfied when I awake up after his likeness. Work while it is called to-day. I lament I did not do more for God while I was in health. Spend your youth for God, my dear daughters, and scatter the seed of the kingdom wherever you have opportunity." To her husband she said, "Oh! my dear, live near to the Lord, and your soul will prosper." When some one expressed surprise at her willingness to resign her family, and the composure she discovered when taking her final leave of them, she said: "I have a sweet family above, and I must go and see them: I can resign husband and children, because I hope they will soon follow me."

She slept nearly the whole of the last day of her life, which deprived her friends of many pious expressions which might have dropped from her lips; for when she awoke, her mind seemed peculiarly happy, and a heavenly serenity appeared in her countenance. At length, she opened her eyes once more before they finally closed, looking round upon each individual of her mourning family: she could not articulate, but appeared perfectly sensible, waiting for her dismissal with a hope firmly fixed on Jesus, and glory seemed already begun in her soul. After a few short sighs, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, February 10, 1814, and is now, where she often longed to be, "with the Lord," in her heavenly Father's kingdom.

MISS MARY STEVENSON.

Mary Stevenson, daughter of the Rev. Robert Stevenson, was born at Castle-Hedingham, in the county of Essex, on the 14th of February 1784. When quite a child, she was remarkably thoughtful, talking with great earnestness to her younger sister, Sarah, upon the importance of religion. This solidity of disposition was united with an innocent playfulness and cheerfulness of temper, which peculiarly endeared her to her young associates. Her memory, which was very retentive, she was continually storing with select hymns. How soon she began to note down the operations of her own mind, as to religious concerns, is not known; but the first minutes which have been found since her decease, are dated January 1, 1797, when she was not quite thirteen. She thus presents her pious ejaculations to the God of all grace on the opening year: "O Lord, help me to live more than ever unto thee, since thou hast kept me, and preserved me in so many dangers! O may I live to thy glory!" "Help me, Lord, now to remember my Creator in the days of my youth! O may I not delay, as many others do, till it is for ever too late!"

The following short notes will shew how strong and lively was her sense of religion at this very early period.

"January 26, 1799, Sabbath morning. How sweet and pleasant are the returns of Sabbath-mornings, not only as they give rest from many of the trifling concerns of this life, but as they afford an opportunity of waiting upon God in his earthly courts, of joining with his people in prayer and in praise; and not only his people in one congregation, but with many thousands of his dear children, who are at the same moment surrounding his throne!

Delightful thought! And if this be so delightful, what will the transports of heaven be, when they shall come from all nations, kingdoms, peoples, and tongues! O inconceivable joy! inexpressible glory!"

"Feb. 14, (her birth-day.) Thanks, a thousand thanks, to the great Author of all good, for his merciful kindness to me, a poor frail, helpless, worthless, and polluted worm of the earth! He has preserved me to the end of another year of my life. With what shame and confusion of face have I reason to look back upon it! What sins have I committed! How have I misspent my time! During public service, how inattentive have I been, how careless and thoughtless! How little have I done for Him! O what sins are in my best duties! But, Lord, if thou art pleased to spare me another year, help me to live more entirely to Him who died for sinners, and is risen again! Help me; for, without thy strength enabling me, I can do nothing!

"February 19. Hear, O heavens! and attend, O earth! Listen, ye angels of his that do his pleasure, and witness the sincerity of my heart, while I desire now solemnly to dedicate myself to Him! to devote myself, my time, my talents, my youth, my all, to his honour and glory! Blessed sacrifice! To whom should I go but unto thee? for thou hast the words of eternal life! Lord, accept the surrender; accept me for thine! Give me my work to do, and help me, as a hireling, to accomplish my day. May I not be of them that draw back unto perdition, but of them that believe to the saving of the soul! Do thou keep me, that my footsteps slip not!

"Feb. 2, 1800. This morning, I went to the house of God with my body; but, oh ,my wandering heart was too far from him! I heard an excellent sermon from 2 Cor. vii. 10. O that I may experience that godly sorrow which worketh repentance unto salvation, not to be repented of!

"Nov. 9. I have felt my mind very low to-day; but this evening I enjoyed such a sweetness and

delightful composure of mind, as is, I trust, an answer to prayer. May it be a token for good!"

To the above striking evidences of genuine piety, may be added the following letter, descriptive of the state of her mind, when she was received into church-communion, in the twentieth year of her age.

November 6, 1803.

"In reply to your request, my dear father, I now sit down to endeavour to recollect some of the gracious dealings of Divine goodness towards me; —some of those methods by which, I trust, my heart has been, in a small degree at least, weaned from the poor, low, empty enjoyments of a vain world, and enabled to aspire after those richer, nobler, and more exalted pleasures which the Gospel sets before us!

"If God has graciously opened my blind eyes in any measure, and unstopped my deaf ears, it has been in a manner so gradual and gentle, that, perhaps, I cannot so exactly relate the particular times and circumstances of it; yet, it will be an unspeakable mercy if, like the poor man in the Gospel, I am enabled to say, that 'whereas I was once blind, I now see.'

"I trust, it has pleased God to bless to me the great advantages I have had in my religious education. But when I consider the very little progress I have made in the Divine life, and the opportunities of improvement I have enjoyed above many others, I am filled with shame and confusion; and am ready to say, 'Why me, Lord? Why me? Why hast thou bestowed so many favours on one so undeserving, so ungrateful, and so unprofitable as I have been?'

"For some time past, my mind has, I trust, been impressed with a sense of the exceeding odiousness of sin, as being so displeasing to the ever-blessed God, who cannot look upon sin but with detestation. But, oh! how often have I to lament that my sinful heart is so prone to the commission of it! I find so

many corruptions within, so much coldness and indifference, that I sometimes fear that the good work has never been begun in my soul; and that I have not had that deep sorrow on the account of sin, which worketh repentance unto salvation, not to be repented of.

"I was much pleased, and I hope profited, with a sermon which you preached some time ago, from these words, 'O do not this abominable thing that I hate.' I hope I can see sin to be an abominable thing indeed. I know that the weight of only one sin would plunge me down to hell! What must then be the accumulated weight of those innumerable transgressions of which I have been guilty! The very idea of it fills me with horror. But, behold! the unsearchable riches of almighty love, which formed the wondrous plan of redemption from misery so great, so inevitable! I desire to adore the condescension of the dear Redeemer, who, though he was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we, through his poverty, might be made rich. What stupendous love and matchless grace, that he, who is the brightness of his Father's glory and the express image of his person, should take upon him our nature, 'become bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh,' and suffer the cruel, the accursed death of the cross for us! I hope I can see him to be a Saviour every way suitable; just such an one as so vile a creature as I am stands in need of; and I would desire to embrace him in all his offices, as my prophet to lead me in his blessed ways; as my priest to atone for me, and plead my cause before the Father; and as my king, to rule over me. Blessed Jesus, do thou ever reign in my heart. Take thou the absolute and entire dominion over it! 'Drive the old dragon from his seat, with all his hellish crew!' May my obedience ever spring from a filial love, and not a slavish fear; and then I shall experience his yoke to be easy, and his burden light indeed!

"I have felt a desire, for some time past, to come

to the Lord's table, if I were really one who had tasted that the Lord is gracious; as it is a command of the blessed Redeemer, who has said, 'Do this in remembrance of me;' and I am persuaded that there is no service in which I can engage, so pleasing and delightful, so profitable or so honourable. It having often been found to be a strengthening ordinance, is another motive; for I am sure I have great need of being strengthened. How kind and tender are his words, that 'the bruised reed he will not break, nor quench the smoking flax!' And he has promised, that they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings like eagles; they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint. But yet, I would desire to entertain a godly jealousy over myself, lest I should ever bring a reproach upon the name of Christ, and cause his blessed ways to be evil spoken of; lest, while I have a name amongst his people here, I should have no name in the book of life. God forbid that this should ever be my case! May I share an interest in your prayers, my dear father, that it may not be, and that He who is alone able to keep me from falling, would preserve me safely to his heavenly kingdom, there to sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and all the saints, in the kingdom of God!

"Your most affectionate daughter,

"MARY STEVENSON."

Her epistolary correspondence, which was very extensive, affords a strong additional confirmation of the undissembled piety of her heart. From the large collection of her letters, one of the most early, and one of her last, are now selected. The first is to her sister, dated in the spring of 1799, when she was about fifteen.

"MY DEAR SISTER,

"How delightful are the approaches of spring, after

such a long and cold winter as we have had! That soul-reviving re-animator of nature seems to enter with peculiar sweetness. Already have the trees begun to bud, the beautiful blossom of the filbert-tree is peeping out, and those of the crocus and snow-drop have made their appearance; the birds are beginning to sing, and the charming note of the black-bird has been heard in our garden: so that I think I may fairly bid adieu to winter. Yet even winter, stern winter, has pleasures peculiar to itself; for what time is more fitted for social enjoyments than a long winter's evening? And an all-wise Providence, lest the vegetable part of creation should be injured by the severity of the weather, has provided that beautiful white carpet of snow for its covering. What spectacle in nature is grander than when, in a clear winter's evening, we behold the boundless ether filled with an innumerable multitude of stars, probably suns, with planets revolving around them! Oh, what nothings we appear in creation! we, the inhabitants of this little insignificant ball of earth! Surely we may cry out with the Psalmist, 'Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that thou visitest him!' What power, what wisdom, what goodness, shine through the whole plan of creation! Oh, who can look at the starry heavens without loving, praising, and adoring the great Builder and Founder of them!"

In one of her last letters, addressed to her parents, Jan. 2, 1808, she says:

"In taking a review of the past year, I find abundant matter for humiliation, gratitude, and praise. It is true that, to me, a great part of it has been chequered by painful affliction; but even this, I doubt not, I have great reason to be thankful for. Yes, I trust it has been a rich blessing in disguise. Affliction teaches, more than a thousand lessons could do, the vanity of seeking happiness in any thing below the skies. It is true, I thought I was

sensible of this before; but the world with her ten thousand temptations endeavoured to persuade me that she likewise had happiness in her possession, and fain would have allured me to have at least divided my heart, though it were ever so small a share. But the moment affliction enters, all the creatures silently, though powerfully, exclaim, 'It is not in us.' Then Religion, with her all-soothing voice, directs us to Him who is an ever-present help in time of need, and shews us how foolish, and how vain, to wander only for a moment from that dear centre of bliss. And I trust, I now see it to be as much for my pleasure as my interest, to walk closely with God; for I am persuaded that the smallest departure from Him, is a departure from real happiness. How kind and how gracious was it in God to use so gentle, yet, in his hands, so powerful a means of calling back my wandering heart; a heart which had long since been avowed His, though not so devotedly his as it ought to have been!"

It having pleased the great Arbiter of all events to visit her with a pulmonary complaint in the spring of 1806, her mind was frequently led to the contemplation of what might possibly be the issue. The flattering nature of the malady,—a slight cough, a little hoarseness, and these very symptoms occasionally giving way to medicine, deceived both her parents and herself as to the real danger of her case. But in the summer of 1807, these symptoms, renewed by some little cold she had caught, began to assume a very formidable aspect. All the aid of medicine was resorted to, which either the London or country practice could supply. The change of air, and journeys to distant friends, were tried; but all in vain. This lovely flower, which yielded such pure delight to every beholder, gradually faded; for the worm was at its root!

The afflictions with which she was exercised, were very long; but the benefit which she derived from

them, and the supports which she found under them, she owned to be very great. So entirely was she resigned to the will of her heavenly Father, that she told her sister, that, during her illness, she had not had one murmuring thought, but was enabled to rejoice in tribulation. The extreme tenderness of her conscience led her to fear, that in the time of health she had been too much attached to the world; and she was very apprehensive lest, should she recover, her heart would be entangled by the snares to which young people are exposed.

Her attention to the Sunday-school had been indefatigable for several years, and continued to the last. With her mother and sister, she had greatly exerted herself in the instruction of the children, in forming them into classes, and in endeavouring to impress upon their minds the infinite importance of religion. When extremely ill, she would urge her sister to attend; and though at other times unwilling to be deprived of her society, yet, on the Sabbath-morning she would say, "You had better go; I am afraid you will neglect the school." To be made the honoured instrument of usefulness to others, was the highest ambition of her mind.

On the 8th of June 1808, she asked her mother, Whether her recovery was probable? Her mother answered, "I hope you will, my dear;" but added, that, to a person under her circumstances it was uncertain. The invalid replied, "I am very happy, and quite resigned; but this is not of myself. I have never before spent a year so comfortably as the last, though it has been a year of great affliction. I have not a wish for any thing but the Lord's will; and all my confidence is upon the only foundation, the Lord Jesus Christ. I go to him as a poor lost sinner, and he has promised to cast out none that come to him." She asked her sister to read Isaiah, lv.; and, upon the conclusion, added, "There's consolation! Every word is worth its weight in gold!"

Lord's-day, July 3, when under great suffering from weakness and an incessant cough, she said to her mother, who was lamenting her situation, "Do not distress yourself! you know that it is all right!" The next day, on her sister observing her in tears, she said, "They are tears of joy." Her mother, then coming into the room, was also desirous of knowing what distressed her: "Nothing," she replied, "of an unpleasant nature, occasions this emotion. I find such a sweet evidence that I am the Lord's, and am surprised that he should manifest himself in such a gracious manner to one so unworthy. Oh, what a support the blessed Gospel is!"

Some days after, she said to her sister, "I do feel so happy that my mind is resigned to the will of God, that I have hardly any preference."—"I suppose," said her sister, "if you have any, it is for life?" She answered, "Sometimes I wish for death; but sometimes I should like to continue in life. Not that I think I should be more happy." Her sister rejoined, "Is it that you may be more useful?" —"Yes," she returned, "it is. I think it natural for a young person, if it be the will of God, to wish to live, in order to live to his glory. It is a selfish wish, to desire death merely to be happy, while there is any thing for me to do in life. If the Lord will condescend to make use of such a weak instrument, I am perfectly satisfied in being in the hands of God; and, if I return to health, I hope that I shall still feel perfectly resigned to his will."

One evening, sitting in the hall with her mother and sister, she broke out into the most sweet and triumphant language. The whole of her expressions cannot be recollected. The following are some of them: "The Lord will not leave me; no, he has said he will not, mamma! How sweet are the promises! I am happy, O very happy, very happy indeed! Had I foreseen this affliction, I should never have thought that I should have been so supported.

It is, to be sure, an awful thing to go into eternity; an unknown eternity; but, oh, Jesus is there! He is gone before; I shall not be alone." Her mother then repeated that verse,

> "There, on a green and flowery mount,
> Our weary souls shall sit;
> And, with transporting joys, recount
> The labours of our feet!"

To which she subjoined, in another stanza;

> "See the kind angels at the gates,
> Inviting us to come;
> There Jesus, the Forerunner, waits,
> To welcome travellers home."

"I have always admired this verse when I was a child. My hope is upon the Rock of Ages. It will be but a little time before we shall all meet again." Her mother mentioned the pleasure it had given her father and herself, that they had so repeatedly sat down at the Lord's table with her and her sister: "But," said dear Mary, "how cold and lifeless have I been at those seasons!" She then spoke of the joys of Heaven, and of the blessed society there.

A short time before her departure, in going up stairs one evening to bed, she said, "A few more weary steps; but Heaven will make amends for all."

One morning, when she was rising, she said, "I wish I was better;" but she immediately checked herself, appearing entirely resigned to the will of her heavenly Father. She would sometimes seem apprehensive that her religion was all a delusion; but would soon rebuke herself, saying, "My hope is alone upon Christ, the Rock of Ages; and I know he will not deceive me!"

When she was in bed another morning, and her sister handing her breakfast to her, she said: "Oh, I love the soul that must and will do good; the kind creature that runs to the sick bed, I might rather say bedstead, of a poor neighbour, wipes away the moisture of a fever, smooths the clothes, beats up

the pillow, fills the pitcher, sets it within reach, and administers *only a cup of cold water*. Peace be with that good soul! She also must come in due time into the condition of her neighbour, and then, may 'the Lord strengthen her upon the bed of languishing,' and, by some kind hand like her own, make all her bed in her sickness."

On the morning of Sept. 6, she came down stairs, as usual, to breakfast, which was always in the hall during the warm season. There she also dined with the family, and ate moderately of the breast of a partridge. She even talked of riding out that afternoon behind her father, which had been her constant custom, whenever the weather was favourable; but, finding herself not equal to the fatigue of the exercise, she declined it; and, according to her usual custom, she retired into an adjoining parlour; when, having been assisted to her seat, she said, "Don't leave the room, sister; bring my little table and cushion:" upon which she reclined her head. The difficulty of breathing, with which she had been frequently afflicted, returning and increasing, — at last, about a quarter before four in the afternoon, without convulsion, without struggle, without pain, without the least discomposure of features, or alteration of countenance, she softly breathed out her gentle spirit into the hands of her beloved Lord; still sitting as before, and with her father's arms around her.

Although her affliction was long, yet no murmur, no repining, no complaint ever escaped her. She was favoured, almost uninterruptedly, with the light of her heavenly Father's countenance. Scarcely a single cloud intervened; which made her say, as she frequently did, "My affliction is a light affliction."

MRS. MARY COOPER.

Miss Mary Hanson, eldest daughter of John Hanson, Esq. was born in London, September 16, 1786. She was favoured with a religious education, and was not suffered to enter into those vain amusements which are so injurious to multitudes of young persons. At twelve years of age she left school, and completed her education under private tuition. The encouragement held out to her application and improvement by an intelligent and affectionate brother, proved the means of exciting in her ardent mind, that thirst for knowledge which ever after proved a source of constant delight. Her early years were passed in comparative solitude, her parents judging that the example of youth, in general, affords but few instances worthy of imitation. At the time, however, she thought this a very unnecessary strictness, and envied those whose less cautious parents suffered them to form acquaintances without inquiry or concern.

At this period, and previously to her leaving school, she often felt deep convictions of her own sinfulness, and the absolute necessity of personal religion. She has been known frequently, when at school, to assemble several of the girls together in a large closet, and there speak to them, and pray with so much earnestness, that they have been all melted to tears. These impressions, however, were but as the "morning cloud and early dew," and were succeeded by a very different disposition of mind. In the summer of 1802, she for the first time left her parents' house, on a visit to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight; where the natural gaiety of her mind, which had been hitherto under restraint, meeting with objects congenial to its taste, appeared in all its ardour. Card

parties and gay visits were now her delight; and she afterwards confessed, that she endeavoured to disbelieve the Bible and the existence of a God. The reflections of her retired moments were now so intolerable to her, that, to drown them, she read, with her accustomed avidity, volume after volume of novels and romances. Fascinated with the world and its manners, she returned home with a mind little disposed to enter into those serious and self-denying views of religion, which the Spirit of God had wrought in the minds of three in her own family, during her absence: she, however, attended with them at the Lock Chapel, where the judicious and intelligent preaching of the Rev. Mr. Fry first arrested her attention, and then excited in her mind an earnest concern for the salvation of her soul. She soon became a member of the Lock, by receiving the Sacrament, administered according to the form of the Church of England, which she always preferred. She also united herself with a society called a Conversation Meeting, under the superintendence of her minister, for the purpose of spiritual advantage and instruction; and exerted herself to the utmost of her power, to instruct a large class of girls in the Sunday school of that society. But her removal to Hammersmith, in the spring of 1803, put a period to this work of love in which she so much delighted; and it was not until the year 1806, that an opportunity again occurred of resuming her successful endeavours to impart knowledge and light to the benighted minds of the ignorant poor. This she did, not only on the Sabbath, but constantly twice in the week, when she devoted her evening hours to instruct them in writing, arithmetic, &c.

In the year 1806, she began to note down her religious experience, rather by way of meditation and reflection, than of diary. From the age of seventeen, she had renounced the world, being fully persuaded that none of its pleasures or pursuits could impart

happiness to her immortal spirit. For a considerable time, she was a plant that flourished in the shade, and her real worth was little known; but, had God in his providence called her to a more public situation in life, such were her natural abilities, and so highly had she cultivated them, that she would have ranked high among those excellent and intelligent women who are an honour to our country. A series of extracts from the Meditations will more justly portray her character than any thing that could be said by any other person. The first entry of this kind is dated in her twentieth year.

"July 20, 1806. Happiness is the universal object of pursuit; but how various are the ways which men propose to themselves for its attainment! When the desired object is possessed, alas! it also has inscribed upon it 'vanity and vexation of spirit.' The hope still remains, that the next attempt will prove more successful; but, alas! it is not in the power of finite creatures to impart it. God, in his wisdom, has made us dependent on himself for happiness; he has given us a free will, to choose this world for our portion, or Himself, from whom flow pleasures for evermore. Sin has so bewildered, so darkened the faculties of our souls, that every thing beyond what is finite, is enveloped in a mist. Revelation, the best gift of God to man, unfolds the glories of an invisible world. The solitude I have so long enjoyed, and yet, alas! so little improved, has often led me to retire into my own mind, and converse with my heart. I have discovered a jewel, little prized, because little known. This treasure, bestowed on all God's creatures, when improved, may become a source of consolation and felicity that will make them superior to the contempt of men, and the agitations of disquietude. I feel convinced, that to improve my intellectual powers, is to have in store a constant spring of delights: it may prevent me from running into those snares which are held

out as baits to the vacant, listless mind. But let me not forget that inward monitor, that soul bestowed upon me; that it is immortal, and will return to God who gave it, and that it is made capable of happiness or misery beyond this visible state. The thread of life, so very slender, so soon broken, is in the hand of God. O thou Searcher of hearts, cold and senseless as I am to spiritual things, let not a consideration at once so awful and impressive, pass over my mind without its due weight."

"August 10, 1806. The cultivation of patience and meekness, both personally and relatively, is of the utmost social importance. If meekness in the sight of God is of great price, how must the possession and exercise of that spirit promote the peace of the possessor, and diffuse the charms of kindness around! In a moral point of view, the government of the passions, when heathenish darkness prevailed, was esteemed the highest pitch of moral perfection, and worthy the endeavour of every man. Socrates proved how the exercise of his reason could subdue dispositions of the worst kind; mental energy could repress passions, which, if unsubdued, would, like a torrent, bear down every thing before them. If a man, destitute of the meridian light of revelation, ignorant of the purity of the Deity, surrounded by superstition and pagan brutality, could thus triumph over himself, how should a Christian blush, who indulges every rising disposition, and suffers passions to be unchecked, which disturb the harmony of social intercourse, and exclude the sweet breath of peace!

"I desire to live and act as in the sight of God; of him who gave an example of what his followers should be. Professors of religion, while they study to preserve outward decency and circumspection of deportment, too often stop there. This is a stumbling block to many. Is this all Christianity has effected? Was it for this only the great Sacrifice

was made? Blush, Christian! and be not called by that holy name, while you indulge dispositions and propensities which are in direct opposition to the lovely spirit of the Gospel. It breathes love and benevolence. The old nature of passion, revenge, malice, and envy, is to pass away, and the new nature of meekness, gentleness, and easiness to be entreated, to take its place. It requires both holiness of heart and life. Hence, the serenity of the Christian is secured, and is made capable of tasting that peace which surpasseth all understanding.

"Sunday, February 21, 1808. Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, that maketh the Lord his portion; who, with eyes filled with tears of gratitude, can say, 'The Lord is my shepherd.' Blessings, beyond mortal calculation, are included in this personal appropriation.

"Thus to regard that God, of whose approach thunders and lightnings were the symbols, when about to dispense his laws to his creatures; to call him by that endearing epithet, what a mysterious privilege! My soul, do thou diligently seek to be included in the number of that blessed flock. He who said, 'Let there be light, and there was light;' who, by an act of his will, created man; and, but for infinite love, might have destroyed him when he broke the only command imposed on him; He who taketh up the isles as a very little thing, who counteth the nations as a drop of a bucket; even this God proposes himself for thy portion, O my soul!

"Lost in the contemplation of thy attributes, teach me, O Lord, to comprehend how it is, that so intimate a relation as a father and child can subsist between Thee, who art infinitely great, and a rebellious, lost child of Adam! It is enough, that holy word, inscribed by the pen of mercy, exhibits it to my understanding. I would wonder and adore.

"Why did I not behold the light in regions where stocks and stones are the objects of adoration? Why do I not owe my origin to parents who have substituted Mohammed for Christ? To distinguishing mercy alone we owe the privilege of reading that blessed word, which, a few centuries ago, was denied to all but a domineering priesthood. O my God! how imperfect is the attempt to acknowledge the gratitude I would feel in having parents who fear Thee; who have taught me thy word, and brought me up with a reverence for thy ordinances! My heart, so prone to be rebellious, so alive to vanity, so negligent of self-inquiry, what would it have been, or rather, what would it not have been, had they introduced me to the follies and the dissipation to which thousands, less distinguished than myself, have become a ready prey; a prey to that enemy who ever watches the unwatchful; who lurks to destroy; who strews the paths of youth with snares and baits, that he may carry them captive?

"If, after the enumeration of such privileges, I should be found a mere speculative believer, a practical Atheist, how great the condemnation!

"If religion be true, it ought to be the grand object of my life, the supreme concern of my heart."

"January 1, 1809. 'We take no note of time but from its loss.'

"I have just closed another year of my mortal account: it is an epoch which demands reflection, as, ere the close of the present one, the angel of death may swear that time with me shall be no longer, as the veil which now separates me from eternity may be drawn aside, and the realities of a future state burst on my astonished soul. It becomes me, therefore, as a being on whom God has bestowed an immortal spirit, to make ready, and to live in daily expectation of an event, which, from its

uncertainty, is of the utmost importance, and, from its consequences, of tremendous moment. Strange the infatuation, that there can be triflers on the brink of such a precipice! The beasts of the field, the birds of the air, all fulfil the appointed end of their existence: shall I, endued with a rational soul, an immortal principle, live to myself, confine my hopes, views, and expectations, to this transitory state, this commencement of being, where thorns and briers annoy my path, and where I may to-morrow be bereft of every comfort? Forbid it, O God! Make me more diligent, more earnest in my desires after thee, more watchful over my own heart, and more willing to prepare myself, by a holy life, for the enjoyment of thy presence for ever. Let not my earnestness in the pursuit of knowledge be a snare to me, either by occupying too much of my thoughts, to the exclusion of devotion, or by making me proud and ostentatious: rather let it be an increasing cause of humility, never to estimate nor regard people according to their acquirements, but according to their character and good sense; for, had they possessed opportunities and advantages equally favourable to the improvement of their minds, they might have exercised their talents to better purpose. By the cultivation of my mind, the exercise of my reason, I hope, in future life, to fill up my station more rationally, and with a greater share of propriety, than those who either have not had, or have voluntarily neglected, the same means of improvement. To be reasonable in my judgement, liberal in my opinion, benevolent in my intentions, will, I hope, be the lasting practical effects of my present desires of information; ever to remark the great chain of Providence, every link of which is necessary to the completion of his designs. The inequalities of good and evil in this life, the sufferings of virtue, the triumphs of vice; all this

will be cleared up at the day of retribution. It is God who commands the raging of the seas, who, for wise designs, permits the existence of evil."

"April 30, 1809. How delightful is the contemplation of the works of God! My enraptured eye runs over the productions of the earth with a curiosity and interest that never leave me. The passing clouds, the opening flowers, the sweet river, whose constant changes give a variety to the scenes, how successively do these steal on my imagination; and oft-times how inexpressible is my gratitude for receiving from the hands of God so many outward blessings, and a mind capable of drawing the truest delight from them! But, oh! yon beauteous cloud has vanished, and the flowers which I delight to view, will fade and die; nature, and all her loveliness, is but transitory in her duration. Time with me has a destined period; but time is a loan, of the misimprovement of which my God will require a strict account. Does not reason imperiously demand that the Author of my being should receive the homage of my heart? Thus far it goes, but no further. Revelation takes me up where reason leaves me: it has drawn aside the veil, and made manifest a mode of access whereby the Deity receives into the arms of his love, the creature who had revolted from his government, but who returns with penitential tears, and asks for mercy through the atoning sacrifice.

"O! my soul, do thou press forward with more alacrity in the heavenly road. Much is to be done: a corrupt heart must be renewed; the motives of thy conduct must be traced to the love of God; every attainment in knowledge must be consecrated to God, must be subservient to the end of thy being; and humility must mark every part of this deportment. How much is to be done! But what is the alternative? — *Endless blessedness,* or *endless misery.*

"By prayer, and dependence on God, I hope to

overcome that slothfulness of spirit which has so much prevailed over me. I trace much to the loss of time in bed: it has occasioned me to hurry over my devotions, and produced a lassitude of mind which has operated sensibly on all my undertakings. I do propose now to rise at or before six, and to offer my feeble orisons to God in a more becoming, heart-felt manner. My other studies to be orderly pursued. History, natural and moral philosophy, particularly Locke's Conduct of the Understanding. My heart ought to overflow with gratitude to that Being who has so profusely bestowed his mercies upon me. Had I lived in a town or city, how would the morning of my days have confined my understanding, cramped my views and my delights in the works of nature! Retirement, from thy calm influence I have been taught to seek, in an improvement of my understanding, pleasures which live within my constant reach: the superiority of these, to the trifling, unsatisfactory vanities of the world, have made me hug them to my heart, and court their continued influence."

"Nov. 16, 1809. The life of God in the soul can be only maintained by constant watchfulness: it is vain to compromise with the world; by so doing, spirituality is banished. A well-grounded peace with God can be only possessed by the heart that has entirely, without any reserve, given up all to God.

"The inestimable blessing of Divine illumination, the gift of the Holy Spirit, is promised only to those that seek it. Perseverance is needful; and when the infinite value of this gift is considered, surely the soul should possess itself with patience and diligent seeking, till the Divine breathing be communicated. I have always found the blessings of grace dispensed to me in proportion to my diligence in seeking them. Much profit I have found by stated seasons of devotion, and devotional read-

ing. This is, indeed, great encouragement for me most diligently and importunately to seek that sense of God's pardoning mercy, which shall diffuse the peace which passeth understanding. Many have sweetly experienced this, and have given proof that they have obtained it, by an entire renewal of the soul: this is the lost image of God restored.

"My confidence in God is greatly strengthened. The world has lost all its charms for me; and 'the pearl of great price, is what I most desire to possess. To keep my heart with all diligence, to watch the first risings of sin, and to fear the quenching of the Holy Spirit, be this now my care and business. Religion demands my time, my talents, and my affections; and I bless God, I have no desire to make any reserve. I desire to be wholly the Lord's, and to prove it by holiness in all manner of conversation. I must indeed daily pray and strive against pride and warmth of temper: the first manifests itself when my favourite opinions are opposed. Here, indeed, a strict watch is necessary. I must avoid controversy in religion; and remember, that acrimony and taking offence are great proofs that piety has not its due influence on the heart."

"December 11, 1809. The last week, I enjoyed many moments of sweet, inexpressible consolation: at times, I enjoyed an ejaculatory communion with God. Although I have not had that distinct assurance of his pardoning love, for which I most earnestly pray, yet, I cannot but receive these occasional visitations of his favour as tokens for good, that, in his own time, I shall experience that blissful union with him, and that ardent love to him, which I desire. O my God, have I not given myself up to Thee? Is not my entire dependence on thy beloved Son, whom thou didst give a ransom for all? I desire to act constant faith on him; to give him the best, the warmest desires of my heart; to have him reign unrivalled there! Shall I seek his

face in vain? No, I cannot doubt his promise, who, to the present time, has been so faithful. It is through his grace I am what I am, and that I can truly say I desire God as my portion. My happiness and hopes are centered alone in him; and I long and pray to have every faculty of my soul absorbed in Divine love. This will renovate my nature, and make me grieve even at the thought of sinning against so much goodness. Though I outwardly check the evils of my nature, yet, if they rise within, what cause of humility and of constant application to the blood of Jesus!"

"December 23, 1809. I have had a most pleasing anticipation of the services of to-morrow, once again to be invited to the spiritual banquet prepared by my Saviour; once again to have those precious words addressed to me; 'Take, eat: this is my body.' If faith be but in exercise, shall I not be strengthened to run the race to obtain the prize? Will not my heart be more warmed, my graces more nourished, my corruptions more weakened, my hopes of assurance more heightened? If I do not receive these blessings, I must impute it to the weakness of my faith. But let me examine myself, whether my heart be fitly prepared for the reception of these Divine mysteries. What is my advancement in knowledge? Has the recollection of the sins of my early years, of the mis-improvement of that light inspired into my mind at an early period, of my heart-wanderings from God after I had made an outward profession in 1803, of my careless performance of private prayer and devotional reading, of my lukewarmness and mis-improvement of the ordinances of God, humbled me before God? and have I sought forgiveness through Christ for these manifold transgressions? Have I bewailed these offences as committed against God's purity, and as the basest ingratitude? If I have, can I find more humility, more watchfulness, more in-

tense desires after entire conformity to God? Lord, I have not the evidences I desire to have; yet, blessed be thy name, I can trace earnest desires and endeavours after them; and I daily wait at thy feet for these blessings, for the fulfilment of thy promises. 'Without faith it is impossible to please God.' Have I used the little imparted to me? By contemplating the unseen world, and by a lively persuasion that my only trust and hope of present and future happiness is from the Redeemer's love, I have rejoiced with joy unspeakable; sweet peace has shed its balmy influence on my heart, and I have exclaimed, 'My beloved is mine, and I am his.' How have I loved retirement on these occasions, and mused on the precious love of God to my soul! Surely, O Lord, it was thy Spirit working on my heart. How lovely was Christ! how hateful the appearances of evil to my soul, which at those seasons panted after thee! Were not these exercises of faith? Lord, increase my faith. Help me to be watchful against the risings of sin, and to be importunate with thee for larger degrees of humility. O that heavenly grace!

"Jesus, my teacher, can I ever indulge high-mindedness, self-love, and vain conceit? I shall have strangely forgotten thee as my pattern, who wast meek and lowly of heart, if these detestable evils again reign in my heart. 'By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.'

"Do I love the image of Christ wherever I behold it reflected in any of his members? Can I esteem grace though in poverty? Do I behave with Christian humility to all who love the Saviour, and strive to promote their interests as far as I have ability? In this I do rejoice, and humbly hope I may add an affirmative to each of these queries. Lord, increase my love of them and thee.

"Is my obedience to Christ constrained? Or

does it proceed from love and entire willingness to be his in body, soul, and spirit? Blessed Saviour, can I contemplate thy life, death, and sufferings, and be insensible to the amazing sacrifice, the astonishing love which could induce thee to leave the realms of uncreated blessedness, that thy creature man might be reconciled to an offended God? Didst thou offer thyself a voluntary sacrifice for my sins, and shall I hesitate whether I shall give up all to thee? Impossible! — Poor, indeed, is the return; yet, as thou art supremely lovely in my esteem, I wish to make no reserve, but to dedicate all my powers to thee, and have all my desires centre in thee. Nothing but thy love can satisfy my soul. O be present with me when I bow before thy altar, and partake of the broken bread, emblem of that precious body which was broken on the cross; and drink of that wine, commemorative of thy most precious blood, which flowed for the salvation of thy guilty creatures. I am very weak and helpless, but thou art strong and mighty. I want heavenly wisdom, that I may understand the heights and depths of redeeming love. I want to love the Lord with all my heart, with all my soul, with all my strength; and to love my neighbour as myself. Thou alone canst make me a partaker of these amazing blessings. O may I not ask amiss, but receive of thee grace, constantly to seek thy favour, and live upon thy revealed word."

"January 24, 1810. It is with peculiar gratitude I record, that the last months of the past year have been, in a spiritual sense, the best of my life. God has been faithful to his word: shall I ever forsake him, and grieve his spirit by lukewarmness? Unless I persevere in fervent prayer, in devotional retirement, and constant watchfulness, the ensnaring world, and my more ensnaring heart, will gain the victory, and heaven and eternity will be but rarely contemplated. O my God, save me from this!

Never can I know true peace independent of thee. O enable me to prefer thee to all the world besides, and to exercise a never-failing trust in thy providence! O my heavenly Father, let me henceforth depend supremely on thy parental care, and seek no other guide than thy holy word. May a more entire happiness in thee be the supreme object of my hopes! Whatever may be the result of the year I am now entering upon, with regard to temporal concerns, may my soul but enjoy the presence of God, and all will be well. I wish more powerfully to feel the necessity of constantly seeking the influence of the Holy Spirit, to renovate my nature, to baptize me afresh: these are evidences of a state of acceptance with God. Christ was manifested to destroy sin; and if he has been and is manifested to my soul, sin will be destroyed, viz. its reigning and allowed powers. I must be meek and lowly, humble and teachable: these are lessons none can effectually teach me, but the Spirit; and he can, and will, if I act faith on the promises, and be not satisfied till they are fulfilled."

"January 27, 1810. Eternity alone can develop the full extent of the Redeemer's love. When we there behold him in the splendour of his Godhead, surrounded by angels and archangels, and the spirits of the just made perfect; when we contrast his glory with his humiliation, and ourselves have attained the crown of eternal felicity; then, with an emphasis heaven alone can inspire, shall we exclaim, Worthy is the Lamb!

"Jesus, mindful of the weakness of human nature, though on the point of his extreme sufferings, left a sensible commemoration of his love, by which an appeal is made to sense and faith in those symbols of his death. O my soul, think a little of this sacrifice. Now the application of it will redeem thee from the power of death, hell, and the grave. And what return canst thou make? Nothing ade-

quate to his gift. But what does he require? 'My heart.' O may it be my delight to consecrate every thing to him; and while by faith I see him stretched on the cross, may I powerfully feel the dreadful nature and tendency of sin! If I love him, I shall consider every sin as again inflicting the wounds of Calvary. He died, that the lost image of God might be restored in man; that, by the sanctification of the Spirit, man might be fitted for the realms of purity.

"'As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God!' I am transported with thy love! Nothing but thee will content my soul. To partake of the precious memorials of thy love, is all my heart desires. O be present with the influence of thy Spirit; and let me approach thy altar with my faith firmly fixed on Him who bled, that I might never die!

"I desire to be filled with love, and to lie prostrate in the dust at the consideration of my own unworthiness.

"I want my repentance deepened, my faith confirmed, my love inflamed. Thou only art sufficient for these things."

"April 28, 1810. The inward witness of Christianity is, to the believer who experiences it, an unanswerable proof of its divinity. While this pervades the soul, (and the fault is in myself if it do not always,) how lovely are Divine requisitions! Self-denial has its joys, and the cross has a sweetness which divests it of its name. I feel my nature so renewed, so transformed from what it was, that, while I constantly feel, 'Oh, to grace how great a debtor!' I am constrained humbly to hope, and humbly believe, that God is my Father, and views me with love. Amazing privilege! when I contemplate his glories in nature, in this beauteous globe; when my heart vibrates with gratitude for the love with which his Spirit has inspired me; oh, when I

can call him mine, and know that all his glorious attributes conspire to ensure my confidence in him; that all, while I walk in obedience to Him, proclaim peace to my soul!

"I find the blessed effect of renewing my covenant with God every morning. I can set to my seal that God is true. He is unchangeable; and should a distance ever grow between us, the fault will be in me. Bitter work for repentance indeed! Why should I injure my own peace by ever allowing indifference towards so glorious an object to obtrude on my soul. Forbid it, gracious God! Let the love I now feel towards thee, every day increase! May I never be satisfied without progress in the knowledge of thee!

"Last evening I bade farewell, for a few weeks, to my good old women; and I found considerable delight in offering up prayer to God for them, to keep and support them till we meet again. I visited those on my poor list. I hope, God has begun a good work in two of them. But what a veil of ignorance is there to remove from the hearts of those who have passed forty or sixty years in ignorance of God! His Spirit alone can effect it. I have read and talked to them; prayed with and for them. O that God may give an increase! I am at times almost overwhelmed with the state of those who are dead in sin; the awful precipice on which they so heedlessly stand. Fain would I give up myself to do all my little ability can, to warn and allure them to flee from the wrath to come."

"September 16, 1810. This is the twenty-fourth return of my natal day; and, O! that I could express half what I feel, of the goodness of that Being who gave and has preserved my existence amid such countless mercies! All the return I can make, is, to give myself up wholly to Him; which I desire this day to do, more than I have ever done before. His law do I love; His commandments are

my delight; and I desire to have no will but His. Accept the poor return, O Lord! and make my heart thy constant abode. I can truly and thankfully acknowledge, that the last year has been the best and happiest of my life. With but little interruption, I have enjoyed a sense of God's favour; and have found an increasing portion of faith and love, a greater deadness to the world, and a desire to live only to the glory of that Saviour who has called me from darkness to light. And, while I feel the thirst which I now do after all the mind that was in Christ, I am certain the Holy Spirit will shed abroad the love in my heart, by which I shall be made to delight in his ways. Lord, give me watchfulness, and faith to look within the veil, that the blessed inheritance reserved for those that love thee, may be discernible to my spiritual sight! And may I never consider I have attained what is to be attained, till the very thoughts of my heart are renewed.

"During the last year, I have united myself, I trust, with an indissoluble union, to those whom some call the Wesleyan Methodists. As it regards myself, I bless God they were ever brought to this village. That they preach the pure Gospel, my examination on the subject leads me to decide. Happiness is the result of the religion they enforce; I have found it so; and with this people I desire to live and die. My improvement during the past year has not, indeed, been in proportion to my opportunities. I have much cause for shame. My affections have too often been worldly, and my vigilance slack in the pursuit of heaven. O may the coming year find me more zealously alive, more importunately anxious in Divine things! and if it should please the Lord to remove me to a sphere wherein different relative duties may be called in exercise, O that his Spirit may illuminate and guide, so that my light may shine, and glory to God in the highest, be the effect of my walk and conversation!

God will direct my paths; and he will not suffer me to err, while I look to him, and depend upon him for direction. My mind has, on this subject of promise, been unusually drawn out. I have felt confident of parental guidance, and of my safety beneath heavenly direction. This day, O Lord, I record the goodness of thy name, the faithfulness of thy word. O receive me to the arms of thy protection, guide me by thy Spirit. And, as I this day solemnly dedicate myself to Thee, take Jesus for my Redeemer, and the Holy Spirit for my Sanctifier: so I desire to make no reserve, but devote body, soul, and spirit, all that I have, and all that I am, to that gracious Being who made me, and has the first and only claim. Amen."

The latter end of the year 1810 was an important era in Miss Hanson's life: at this time commenced her acquaintance with Mr. John Cooper, of London, which afterwards terminated in marriage. Every step she took in this business was marked with prudent caution, extreme self-diffidence, and the humblest dependence on the direction of God. Indeed, the whole affair was conducted in a way highly creditable to her good sense and piety, and which affords an admirable model of Christian simplicity and highly spiritualized affection. She thus introduces the subject in her diary.

"October 23, 1810. Still, through the grace of God, I am enabled to hold on my way rejoicing. I find religion inconceivably beyond my former apprehensions, a source and spring of true happiness and peace; to which I was a stranger till enabled to give my heart up to God, and make his service the prevailing disposition and delight of my heart. I am sensible, that every good desire and action is alone from the assistance of the Spirit of God. I find that I have no strength independent of Him;

but, glory be to his name, He is at all times accessible, and always waiting to be gracious. To press forward is my earnest desire: to know nothing but 'Jesus Christ and him crucified,'—to devote every power and faculty of my soul to his service, is the ardent wish of my heart. What a burning zeal have I sometimes found, to be more actively employed in the service of my Lord! I have often besought of God to make me an instrument of more extensive usefulness; as inactivity in a Christian seems to me so inexcusable."

"May 1, 1811. The more I know of my own heart, the more deeply I feel the want of humility. When this heavenly grace has taken deep root in my soul, the fruits of the Spirit will grow in larger abundance upon it. It is for want of this, that, when my opinions are controverted, and my judgement called in question, I feel an inward impatience, though spared the outward expression of it; and as I have to do with a God who searches the heart, so, I would be as vigilant over the inward motions of corruption, as of my exterior deportment. I want inward holiness—

'A heart in every thought renewed,
A copy, Lord, of thine.'

"My religion must be visible by its effects; not by parade and show, but by humility of soul, meekness of spirit, purity of intention. Therefore, religion must be with me the work of every moment.

"This, indeed, will tend rather to capacitate me for the proper fulfilment of all my lawful avocations, not, as some falsely say, unfit the mind for the duties of life. God demands a reasonable service; and, while he calls to diligence in business, he will bestow grace to produce fervency of spirit. O God, raise me from the ruins of the fall! I only live when I live to thy glory. I only am happy when I can call Thee mine, and exult in the prospect of enjoying

Thee for ever. I have ever found Thee faithful: I never sought Thee with my whole heart, without being answered as by fire. O, let that fire descend and consume all my sins, that those enemies of my Lord may have no place in me. I cannot question that love which moved Thee to leave the abodes of glory, and to veil thyself in suffering humanity for me: nor that Omnipotence which said, 'Let there be light, and there was light.' Who then shall limit the Holy One of Israel! With Thee all things are possible; even the full restoration of the lost image of God in my soul."

"May 4. I have lately been led to reflect much on the advantage of knowledge in religion: by this I mean not only an acquaintance with its doctrines, but a well-digested view of its gradual development, from the first promise given to Adam, till Jesus Christ, made plainer and plainer, as it flowed down the river of time; with a comparison of this religion with all the rest that have ever appeared, and swayed the hearts and judgements of men. In addition to this, when we regard its adaptation to supply our wants, to impart food to that immortal principle within us, ever craving for what the earth cannot give, Religion liberally opens her treasures, and gives the expectant soul the hope and promise, that even here she may be 'filled with all the fulness of God.'

"I must differ from an opinion I have frequently heard expressed, and once adopted, that the poor (that is, the ignorant) enjoy religion most. That many of them do enjoy it in a blessed degree, my own observations confirm; and, that the peculiar circumstances of many, call more for the simple exercise of faith, for the supply of their daily wants, I also believe; and many happy proofs are recorded in their experience, of God's fulfilling his promisses in this respect. But the believer, with an improved understanding and a correct judgement,

who, at the same time, receives the kingdom of God as a little child, with all that simplicity so essentially connected with genuine conversion, — while he maintains this child-like spirit, and has a growing enlargement of mind, consequent upon his frequent communion with God, and his nature and his works, — this is, in my apprehension, the happiest Christian; and in proportion as he regards religion as the one thing necessary to his happiness, and is jealous over every other enjoyment in which it is not the principal ingredient, so will be his stability. And thus his advances will be marked with its genuine characters.

"Religion is addressed to the judgement, as well to the heart. It should be interwoven with all our moral perceptions; and, while it lays claim to the affections, it should have the hearty concurrence of the understanding. This I wish to enforce upon myself, and to look well how far these observations incorporate with my real state and present experience. To a want of this, I cannot but impute the many failures in the religious life, which so frequently occur, of persons who for a while were warm and zealous, and bidding fair for usefulness, suddenly relaxing in their energy, and becoming ciphers, if they outwardly continue professors in the Church of Christ.

"Those who look for eminence in any science, use the means for becoming eminent; and all their exertions tend towards the promotion of their object: so it is in the Christian life. To be what God calls us to be, we must use diligence, and let it be the paramount desire of our whole lives."

"August 7, 1811. I hope I have not lived to the present time without deriving some very important lessons from observation and experience, particularly in domestic life. This is the sphere of a woman's action. It is here that full scope is given for the right use of her understanding, and for the exempli-

fication of true religion. A very important trust is committed to her; and I am inclined to think, that on her, primarily, the happiness, as well as good order of a family, devolves. Her trials will chiefly arise from those of her own household; it is, therefore, of very great importance, that a good and decisive system should be first arranged. Let it be fully impressed on the domestics, that such things and such rules, you expect will be observed. The fewer deviations, the more their comfort, as well as that of their superiors, will be preserved. But it is from the breach of good order, the non-performance of things necessary and expected to be done, that the trials and exercise of temper and patience chiefly arise; hence the vast importance of self-command. A remark of Epictetus, a heathen moralist, just now occurs to me: 'Begin to govern your passions in the smallest things. Is your oil spilt,' &c. 'submit with patience, and say to yourself, At this rate do I purchase tranquillity and constancy of mind. Nothing good is acquired without labour. When you call your servant, imagine he may be out of the way, or employed in something you will not have him to do; but do not make him so great as to have it in his power to give you disturbance.' Were these the suggestions of a heathen; and shall a Christian, blessed with such a perfect system of morals, called upon to be meek and lowly like his Master, promised strength from above, equal to every exigence; shall he put himself in the power of every little accident, and by it give his household reason to question the sincerity of his religion? Oh, forbid it, thou ever-present Deity, who at all times takest cognizance of the actions of thy creatures!

"Our tempers are chiefly exercised by an opposition to self-will; and the more self-importance there is in the character, the more frequent and the greater in degree will be the trial.

"It appears to me well to settle it in the mind,

that daily trials may or will arise; trials known to God, and which may greatly tend to promote a spirit of watchfulness and self-acquaintance; and from a proper use of them, the Christian temper may become more established. For this end, how needful, every morning, to pray for special grace to keep me from manifesting any temper contrary to the Gospel, either by hard or unkind speeches, or by suffering trifles wholly to engross that mind which ought supremely to be fixed on heavenly things! The indulgence of evil tempers 'darkens evidences and clouds comforts.' Most earnestly do I entreat of God a complete mastery over myself, that, as far as I am concerned, my house may be a Bethel; that servants, and all connected with me, may be constrained to admire the blessedness and efficacy of true religion. What importance will then attach to my admonitions! How much greater will their respect be for a mistress who has reason at her command, and enforces all by a spirit of love!"

"Aug. 8, 1811. When I take a survey of my past life, from the period reason began to operate, I can trace the guidance of an Almighty hand, and can adore that wisdom and love which have made even seeming hinderances a real help to the knowledge of himself. All my domestic trials, the moral school in which I have been disciplined, will, I hope, prove of continual benefit to me in future life. By being accustomed to have my stubborn will and inclinations crossed, my motives questioned, and my favourite schemes thwarted, a considerable measure of that self-will and self-importance so natural to me, has received a powerful check; and as I shall shortly, with the permission of Heaven, breathe in an atmosphere the most congenial to the sensibilities of my nature, I trust I shall duly prize and affectionately return them.

"I feel the advantage of what I have suffered. I can bear opposition; and the natural independence

of my mind, as far as it has been extravagant, has been thus much subdued.

"It is probable, if I had been allowed time for the attainment of knowledge in reading, &c. my inclination would have been less ardent for it, nor should I have accustomed myself so fully to employ every moment. I have learnt to enjoy solitude. A love of books first inspired this; and afterwards, a recollection of the little stores I had laid up in my mind, tended exceedingly to make me enjoy my own company. An important acquisition this. I have never known what *ennui* means, from my own experience. I have been taught too, to consider religion as nothing worth unless its benign influences be shed on domestic life, by rectifying the tempers, and 'making the crooked paths of nature even.' We must 'by actions shew our sins forgiven.' The restoration of the lost image of God can mean nothing less than the implantation of the meek and lowly mind of Jesus."

Miss Hanson's marriage with Mr. Cooper took place on August 27, 1811, under the most favourable auspices. That the same principle actuated her heart and her conduct after marriage, as before it, is well known to all who had the privilege of her acquaintance. Owing to the general indisposition under which she laboured after her marriage, she suffered frequent depression of spirits; and this caused her to speak less favourably of her religious state than she might have done. That she suffered much from this cause, both in body and mind, her friends saw with deep concern; but they indulged the hope that the hour was continually approaching, in which her wonted vigour of body and energy of mind would be restored. In proportion to her strength, she was as diligent, or more so, in all the means of grace, in the work of faith, patience of hope, and labours of love, after her marriage as before it. The poor and the distressed, for whom,

with incessant diligence, she laboured till she died, could most forcibly tell the tale of her benevolent exertions.

We add one more extract from the Diary, expressive of her feelings at this period.

"November 9, 1811. How necessary is it that God should remind us of the dissolving nature of our earthly tabernacle! When pain and languor seize the body, then I practically feel the insufficiency of all the temporal good I enjoy to make me happy. I regard every memento of this sort as mercifully designed to wean my affections from the creature, and to make me feel that rest can only be found in heaven,—in God.

"Since my marriage, I have certainly had a very large increase of temporal peace and happiness; but, that I may not be exalted above measure, my heavenly Father has mingled in this cup of sweets a few unsavoury ingredients. My health has been far less uninterrupted than before.

'Choice befits not our condition,
Acquiescence is the best.'

"If the Lord but visit me with the light of his countenance, and make the season of indisposition a time for Divine communications, how cheerfully will I embrace all He appoints! I am sure he does all in love; and as I cannot let go the confidence I have that He is my Father, so, I believe that He will pitifully weigh whatever chastisements He sees fit to exercise me with."

As her time of trial drew near, Mrs. Cooper discovered great cheerfulness, and several times expressed her confidence that God would be with her and support her. On the 16th of June, 1812, she became a mother, and there appeared at first no ground for apprehension as to her recovery. But in the evening after, dangerous symptoms manifested themselves, and she herself felt persuaded that her end was

approaching; but it excited in her mind no alarm. On the 22d, by which time little hope remained, Mr. Cooper, after praying with her, said: "What a mercy it is, my love, that we have a God to look to in all circumstances." "Yes," she replied, "and I have not far to go: He is very near to me." At another time, she said: "I am very happy; I have no fear." This she afterwards repeated, and then cited that beautiful stanza from Dr. Watts,

> "This life's a dream, an empty show;
> But the bright world to which I go,
> Hath joys substantial and sincere:
> When shall I wake and find me there?"

To her husband, on his re-entering the room, she said: "Glory be to God in the highest! I have experienced a glorious elevation of mind. It is all over." In this strain of triumphant hope and gratitude, she continued to express herself during the whole morning, dwelling on the promises of God, and attesting his faithfulness. Nearly the last words she uttered, were the following lines from Dr. Watts.

> "My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
> Till the last trumpet's joyful sound:
> Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
> And in my Saviour's image rise."

At length, about two o'clock in the afternoon of this day (June 22d), she expired, in the twenty-sixth year of her age.

MRS. FRANCES WILSON.

Mrs. Wilson, the lady of William Rae Wilson, Esq. of Kelvinbank, Lanark, was daughter of J. Phillips, Esq., and was born in the year 1785. As a child, her manners were pleasing and gentle; and the sweetness of her disposition conciliated universal esteem. At the age of nineteen, her religious principles seem to have been fixed, and piety became henceforth the predominant sentiment of her soul. She now made a public profession of religion by joining the churches of Mr. Wardlaw in Glasgow, and Mr. Innes of Edinburgh, when she had occasion to be in these cities. This profession she evinced to be genuine by the sanctity of heart and life which she eminently displayed; and the elevation of mind and refinement of the affections thus produced in her, evinced a sublime regeneration, which the Gospel can alone accomplish. Impressed with the infinite importance of Divine truth, she ascertained its evidence by a careful and judicious examination, and was thereby convinced of its paramount claims and sacred authority.

It was not long after such profession of Christianity, that it pleased God to try her faith and patience by severe and long-continued affliction. During this season, she so eminently exemplified the influence of Christian principles upon her temper and the whole tenor of her actions, that it is hoped some short account of her faith and patience may be useful to others. Such was her deep humility, that nothing would have been more revolting to her mind, than the idea that any thing should be submitted to the inspection of the world, after her death, in the way of panegyric upon her character. Of this sketch the object is far different. It is not to

praise the *dead*, but to improve the *living*. It is to exhibit, in her history, the blessed effects of genuine Christianity, to show what an amiable temper it formed, what benevolence it inspired, and especially what support it imparted at that awful period when every other source of support must vanish for ever.

It has often been justly observed, that there is no way in which we can form a better estimate of the leading features of a person's character and of his prevailing tone of sentiment, than by his private letters. It is when the feelings are thus poured with unsuspecting confidence into the bosom of friendship, that the true state of the mind most distinctly appears. We shall avail ourselves of this method of unfolding some of the most prominent features in the character of the amiable subject of this memoir.

The first extracts we give from her correspondence, were written a few months after joining the church with which she was connected.—They are contained in a letter to a Christian friend, and give a very pleasing view of her frame of mind, soon after she made this public profession of Christianity.

"We are again, my dear sister in the Lord, by Divine providence, separated in body; but I trust we are joined in heart, and hope to meet again. When we are apart, it is comfortable that we are privileged to converse with each other upon paper. Happy invention! May we do it in faithfulness to each other, and in simplicity! And oh, that the correspondence now begun, may tend to the glory of God, and our mutual edification! May we be helpmates to each other, while we journey in this wilderness, constantly keeping in view our arriving on that blessed shore, where the redeemed of the Lord shall unite in one song of praise to Him who sitteth on the throne for ever and ever, and who are represented in Scripture as a chosen generation. Let us remember, that, as believers, we ought to shew forth

the praises of him who hath called us out of darkness into his marvellous light: and to what a glorious work are we thus called! Oh, to be ever found walking in that path in which we should go; to be leading a life of devotedness to the service of the Most High; and praying for the influence of the Spirit, who alone can guide us into all truth! Let us press on to know the Lord, rejoicing in his willingness to give to all who ask in the name of Jesus, even of that Saviour who was made a little lower than the angels, that we, *through* HIM, might have everlasting life.

"When the recollection of the long-suffering and goodness of God towards such a guilty, polluted worm as I am, and the fulness that is in Jesus, are by the Holy Ghost presented to my view, Divine things, as it were, crowd into my mind. I am ready to cry out and say, Is there any suffering to which I can be called in life, to which I would not willingly and cheerfully submit? O! the love of God which passeth all knowledge! and that we may ever be able to say, Not my will, not my will, Lord, but thine be done. Numerous are the blessings bestowed upon me, and there is no room for murmuring on my part; but I wish I had a heart full of gratitude to God, who is the giver of every good. May we ever be satisfied that He doeth all things well, and commit ourselves to Him, who is alone able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy.

"I trust that the trial —— experiences at present, will be much sanctified to her, and that she is enabled to submit to the will of the Lord with a becoming resignation and Christian fortitude. Whilst we tabernacle here below, we must have tribulation. This is the believer's *night;* but let us rejoice in the prospect of an *eternal day;* and then we shall see it was good for us that we were afflicted. How trivial are my afflictions, when I look around

me, and behold those of others, and compare them also with the sufferings of the primitive Christians! I will trust in the Lord, who is almighty to save: he is my strength, and the rock of my salvation. He will not leave me, but, if he has begun the good work in my heart, will carry it on unto perfection."

To the same friend, when in a state of distress, she at a subsequent period writes in terms strongly expressive of the tender interest she felt in her situation.

"How happy should I be, were it the Lord's will that I were near you, to perform any office of kindness in my power, that sincere affection would dictate; but, at present, it seems to be his pleasure that we should be separate. I hope, however, we are still joined in heart, and believe he doeth all things in unerring wisdom.

"I rejoice in the comfort and consolation you experience from those beloved friends you mention, who are at present with you. Love is the first fruit of the Spirit; and oh that we may be abounding more and more in affection one towards another, loving one another with a pure heart fervently, not in word only, but in deed and truth; and thus evince to all around us, that we are the followers and disciples of the Lord Jesus, and have received the truth in the love of it. Let not your heart be troubled, my beloved sister in the Lord, but believe in God. Trust in him for support in every time of need. Remember what an apostle says, 'My God shall supply *all* your wants;' and in this we must include spiritual, temporal, and eternal. What a gracious promise is this! I feel a conviction that the Lord afflicts us in love; and though it may not be joyous, but grievous, nevertheless it shall yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness to all who are rightly exercised thereby. Courage, my soul! for

he says, I am with you; be not dismayed, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee, but support thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

The deep sense entertained of her own unworthiness, together with her gratitude to God for any measure of deliverance from affliction, she in another letter expresses thus:

"Bless the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me be stirred up to bless and magnify his holy name! I would desire to praise the Lord for all his dealings towards me. Truly God is good, and it is no vain thing to wait upon the Lord, whether in sickness or in health. He is the unchangeable Jehovah, with whom there is no variableness or shadow of turning, but the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. He hath seen meet to afflict me; though he hath not dealt with me after my iniquities, nor rewarded me according to my transgressions. But blessed, ever blessed be his holy word, which informs me, He doeth all things well. He scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. There is a need-be for this affliction; and may I have the sanctified use of it, that I may grow in love to the Lord, and serve him better than formerly! May I be increasingly alive and spiritually minded, daily more and more crucified to the world, and the world to me; counting all things but loss, yea, but as dung, that I may win Christ and be found in him, not having mine own righteousness which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith. * * * * * * * * *

"Let us see that we cast no stumbling-block in the way of believers, or of the world; and supplicate the assistance of the Holy Spirit, to walk so as to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour. It is, indeed, a certain truth, that our religious knowledge will be of no further use to ourselves, than as it

elevates our affections to heavenly things, meliorates our tempers, and rectifies our conduct."

Her deep impression of the evil of sin, in connexion with the view she entertained of the ground of hope revealed in the Gospel, is well represented in the following extract.

"You think, my dear friend, more highly of me than I deserve — Deserve, did I say? What does this bring to my mind? What do I deserve at the hand of an infinitely holy God, but *eternal* death? for Scripture declares, that whosoever offendeth in *one* point, is guilty of all. But it is of grace, free unmerited grace, I am what I am. — Justly have you said, Were our sins but for one hour to be marked against us, we must inevitably perish; for in all things we offend, and come short. But glory to God in the highest, for that peace proclaimed on earth, and good-will towards men! How transporting the thought to poor, guilty, self-ruined creatures, that while we were yet sinners, in due time Christ died for us! What a matchless display of infinite love! And now being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom also we have access, by faith, into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God. Yes! the work of redemption is complete. Our blessed Lord says, 'It is finished!' and Jehovah declares himself satisfied by saying, 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him.' O the boundless love of God! Truly may we add, it passeth knowledge. May we then present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God, which is our reasonable service; and may the love of Christ constrain us not to live to ourselves, but to the praise and glory of him who has brought us out of darkness into his marvellous light. Blessed Father, accept us in the Beloved as we are, and make us just what thou wouldest have us to be.

"Christ is the sure foundation stone,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King:
Sav'd by his sov'reign grace alone,
This grace I'll only sing."

Again, when at a distance from home, in writing to a Christian friend, she expresses herself thus:

"Wherever I am, may I ever be found doing the will of our blessed Lord and Master, walking in the path of duty, making progress in Divine knowledge, and growing in conformity to his image. But, alas! how little do the things of an eternal world occupy my thoughts! I fear, those of time engross me too much. How prone am I to depart from the Fountain of living waters!

"In the present state, we often meet with interruptions; but there is a time when, I trust, we shall be inseparably united in serving our gracious God, without interruption, for ever and ever. On that ever blessed period may our eyes and expectation be unalterably fixed. That happy state we may look back upon as our own, *freely given unto us*, in consideration of his dear Son's precious propitiation. O blessed Redeemer of wretched, ruined creatures, how unspeakable are the obligations that I am under to thee! But oh! how insensible am I of these obligations! I sincerely trust that the Lord, who withholdeth no good thing from them that love him, is daily teaching me the weakness and insufficiency of myself, the depravity of my own nature, and more and more of the deceitfulness and desperate wickedness of my own heart. But rejoice with me, and give thanks to God on my behalf, that while he thus shews me my own nothingness, he is graciously pleased not to withhold from me that he hath laid help upon one that is mighty, that he hath found a ransom, and that *whosoever* cometh unto him through Christ, he will in *no wise* cast out. Herein only is love, not that we loved him, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for us.

"How rich and how free is the grace of my God!
How glorious the pardon he bought with his blood!
From Jesus' atonement my confidence springs,
And my heart leaps for joy while of mercy it sings:
The conquest which Jesus on Calvary won,
When there he declar'd the great work to be done,
Is that which gives comfort and peace to my soul,
When viewing transgressions so great and so foul."

"From what my own feelings dictate towards you all, I can readily believe you have a wish to see me, and know what progress I make in the Divine life. O that the Lord would direct us, write all his blessed laws in our hearts, and teach us his statutes, that we, abounding in good works, may be devoted wholly to his service, and cry unto him, 'My Father, thou art the guide of my youth! Behold we come unto thee, for thou art the Lord our God! Truly in vain is salvation hoped from the hills and from the multitude of mountains: truly in the Lord our God is the salvation of Israel! May I glorify him in body and spirit, which are his; submit to his will; not live unto myself, but unto the praise of him who is God over all, blessed for ever; and resign myself into his hands, saying, Lord, here I am, do with me what seemeth good in thy sight.

"Three of our church friends have finished their course, and, I trust, have fallen asleep in Jesus. How interesting the prospect of leaving a world of sorrow, sin, and pain, to those who have believed in the name of the Lord Jesus! May then 'all seek and find every good in Jesus joined.' Well, indeed, may the believer exult in the near view of death, when received as a passage into the joy of the Lord. —Think, O think of being *for ever* with the Lord!" To a Christian friend in whom she was much interested, she thus writes from Edinburgh, in reference to her anxiety to be kept from the allurements of the world.

"This is a gay season here, in consequence of the races. But I desire to look up to the Lord,

who, I rejoice to know, is all-sufficient to fortify me against every temptation to which I am exposed; and may he grant that each of us may be enabled in our several duties to act as becometh the followers of the Lord Jesus, and grow more and more in conformity to his blessed image! May our speech be with grace, seasoned with salt; and may we be ready to give to every one that asketh a reason of the hope that is in us, while we evince by our walk and conversation that we are not our own, but bought with a price. O Lord, do thou pour out abundantly upon us thy blessed Spirit! May we hate sin and every evil way, and prefer being door-keepers in the house of our God, to dwelling in the tents of wickedness.

"You ask with the tenderest affection, my beloved sister in the Lord, how I am in point of health. I am still under the afflicting hand of my heavenly Father, but not scourged to that extent which I so justly deserve. You see how long a rebuke I have required. But though he slay me, yet will I trust in him. Bless the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me be stirred up to magnify his holy name! What shall I do in order to proclaim thy praise? My God, to thee alone do I commit myself! Eye hath not seen, nor the heart conceived, what thou hast prepared for those who love thee."

Further; the anxiety of Mrs. Wilson to know the will of God, and to follow it unbiassed by the opinions of men, is thus expressed in a letter in reference to some point on which she found some Christians had entertained different sentiments.

"I could wish to hear the matter stated on both sides, and afterwards examine the word of God for myself. I do not wish to be biassed by any human persuasion, but to take the word of God for the only rule of my conduct: and surely we cannot expect abiding comfort, unless we be fully persuaded in our own minds. O that the ever blessed and

Holy Spirit would take of the things of Christ, and shew them unto us, that we may know what the will of the Lord is in all things!"

The very correct view which Miss Phillips entertained of the danger of every sentiment tending to palliate the evil of sin, is well stated in the following extract.

"The transcript you sent from the letter of ——, could not, I think, be any way edifying to ——, for whom I am unable to express what I feel. It is not, in my humble opinion, calculated to be useful either to the soul or the body of any fellow-sufferer. Take, for instance, the following remark:—'The errors of —— were, I trust, more of the head than the heart.' This is unquestionably highly pernicious. We no where, in the inspired volume, find *any* apology made for sin, or the most distant hint given, that the *heart* is inactive in any act of wickedness. How different an account does the Spirit of God give of us in the prophecies of Isaiah, as well as in other places:—'Ah! sinful nation; a people laden with iniquity: the whole head is sick, the whole *heart* is faint; from the sole of the foot unto the head, there is no soundness in it, but wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores.' And many other passages might be mentioned to prove, that while in an unregenerate state, we run on in sin with the *full bent* of our hearts, and roll it as a sweet morsel under our tongue. And since we are assured that *one* transgression merits eternal death, what awful ignorance does it manifest of the character of God, to build any hopes of finding acceptance with the infinitely holy Jehovah, on reformation, even if it were effected, and obedience were now springing from the right source! Have we not cause to hang down our heads, to blush, and be ashamed of our many short-comings? But blessed, ever blessed be God! that though we have, by sin, excluded ourselves from the Divine favour, rendered ourselves obnoxious in his sight, and we are thus

self-ruined, hell-deserving creatures; he hath in his matchless wisdom, unparalleled love, great power, and amazing condescension, devised a method of reconciliation! Joyful tidings! Let us bless the Lord, that we ever heard the joyful sound, 'He so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life;' and 'whosoever cometh unto him by *Christ Jesus* shall in nowise be cast out.' May the Holy Spirit, the only *effectual* Teacher, take daily of the things of Christ, and shew them unto our souls, which are of infinitely more value than ten thousand worlds.

"Christianity is not selfish. All who have received the truth in the love of it, are solicitous for the welfare of others, and wish them to participate in the joys of salvation. Yes! it is the believer's heart's desire, that the name of Jesus may sound from pole to pole, and reach from shore to shore; that God may be glorified, and man saved. And that you may ever be found active in the service of the Most High, growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and in conformity to his image, is the fervent supplication of," &c.

On the vanity of worldly possessions in comparison with the immortal soul, Miss Phillips writes thus to a friend:

"May we be convinced of the uncertainty of all earthly possessions, which are, at best, unsatisfying; such things never being an adequate portion to the immortal spirit in man, and seeing, at all events, our connexion with them must shortly for ever terminate. While riches take to themselves wings and fly away, may we be led to seek and find *Christ the true riches;* and then we shall humbly acquiesce in every loss, and be ready to say, The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh away, and blessed be the name of the Lord. A saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, produces a peace of mind, a serenity of heart,

that worlds cannot give, and cannot take away, and is calculated to support us even under the utmost pressure of affliction, of whatever nature that affliction may be. But alas! my great ignorance prevents me saying what I could wish on this subject, and what is calculated to yield true joy and gladness of heart. Lord, enlighten the eyes of my darkened understanding more and more; open thou wide my lips, and I will speak to thy praise."

The concern which this pious lady manifested for the salvation of a particular individual, is feelingly conveyed in the following letter:

"The wish you express to hear from me, gives rise to too delightful sensations in my breast for me longer to defer attempting to comply. For nearly three weeks I had no idea that ever I should again address you.

"It is a serious thing to die! To enter into an Eternity, either of endless bliss, or endless woe! One of these, each individual must very soon look into. Revelation informs us, the latter is our due, having brought it upon ourselves by violating the Divine law. Death, yes, eternal death, is the wages of sin; and *all* have sinned: consequently, all by nature are under the awful sentence of condemnation. How unspeakably precious then ought the gift of God to be to us, which is eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ! there being no other name under heaven whereby we can possibly be saved, but the name of Jesus; and whosoever believeth on him shall not perish, but have life everlasting.

"These truths have hitherto supported my mind, when every thing else in this world could not possibly be of any avail, though surrounded with whatever things were calculated to give me comfort; and my solicitude for your welfare, prompts me to recommend them strongly to your most serious consideration. Say not to me, as you have often done, 'Let every one get to heaven their own way.' Believe

me, my friend. that heaven stands like a little mark in a wide field, where there are *a thousand* ways to miss it, but *one to hit it*. But, ah! although God hath said, there is but one sacrifice by which we are perfected, one blood by which we may be purified, and one name only by which we can be saved; yet, how hardly are the best drawn to trust perfectly to the grace revealed, and to look *from* themselves, and *up* to Christ, as the Author and Finisher of their blessedness! Seeing, therefore, our heavenly Father hath made the whole progress of salvation to be in Christ, election to be in him, adoption to be in him, justification to be in him, sanctification to be in him, and also glorification; grant, that whatsoever others do, my friend may never choose the light of reason, but that of the Sun of righteousness, to guide his feet into the paths of life!"

In another communication to the same person, she thus expresses herself:

"To what else can I ascribe this change for the better in my health, than to divine power, which, indeed, is as manifest in every moment of our preservation, as in our creation. But, alas! my friend, how little do we, sinful mortals, contemplate that character, the perfections of that adorable Being, who is Lord over all, blessed for ever; who holds the reins of this vast universe in his hands, weighing the stupendous mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance; saying to the sea, 'Hitherto thou shalt go, and no further;' and from whom alone cometh down every good and perfect gift, and on whom alone we are totally dependent! What an evidence of our own depravity! Were he to deal with us according to our sins, how could we stand? We may attempt to excuse ourselves by saying, we are not so bad as many of our neighbours, and our sins are not so flagrant, &c. But all such attempts are entirely in vain. The verdict is passed, and we are left to bare conjecture what it is. The Scriptures inform us that

'the soul that sinneth must die;' and again, 'Whosoever offendeth in *one* point, is guilty of all.' Thus we see, that departure from the revealed will of God in one single instance (and where, I would ask, is the person who has not done this?) merits damnation. Awful damnation! It hovers every day and night over the heads of those who have not fled to the peace-speaking blood of Jesus Christ, who came to save the souls of men from everlasting woe, and gave himself a ransom for many. Yes, my friend, it is indeed a faithful saying, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; and salvation is not to be found in any other.

"Let us then see that *we* lay hold on this foundation, and on this hope set before us in the Gospel of the blessed Redeemer, who holds out this most gracious invitation: 'Come unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and ye shall be saved;' 'Whosoever believeth on me, shall not see death'—that is, eternal death—'but shall have life everlasting.' So that we may rest assured, 'religion never was designed to make our pleasure less; but, on the contrary, we remain strangers to *true and substantial happiness,* until we embrace the faith of Jesus Christ. The genuine effect of all this is, to subdue our evil passions, to elevate our affections to things above, to meliorate our tempers, to rectify the whole deportment, and to glorify our heavenly Father in our bodies and spirits, which are his."

To a young lady who had recently embraced the faith of Jesus Christ, Miss Phillips thus writes in answer to a letter she had received:

"I am truly pleased to think you have received so much edification from the worthy pastor, and that he has been so instrumental in conveying Divine impressions; also, to observe the sentiments you express on moral and devotional duties. The gratification which these important considerations convey to my mind, is beyond what I can express. But to God all the praise is due. May you, my dear——,

ever be under a serious and proper frame of mind, and love and worship your Creator with all your heart and strength! Fervently pray for a personal interest in the redeeming work of Jesus Christ, and for the powerful inspiration of his Holy Spirit; and may it teach you to walk in the paths of righteousness. By a preservation of this frame, you will find a peace of mind through life, that the world cannot afford; moreover, an inexpressible comfort and consolation at the hour of death, and an eternity of happiness beyond the grave.

"Your love to the great Creator of all, ought to be *paramount* to the consideration of every other object, in the view of the infinite obligations you are under to Him for life, breath, and every mercy; but, above all, for sending his dear and well-beloved Son into this world to redeem it, and his gracious declaration, that those who believe on him, should not perish, but enjoy that life which is everlasting.

"May I hope, then, you will improve more and more in this train of contemplating the Divine character. Shew yourself to be a true child of God, by your life and conversation; and remember, you are bought with a precious price. Make yourself also intimately acquainted with that blessed volume which proclaims the glad tidings of salvation; and by a steady and patient continuing in well-doing, seek for glory, honour, and immortality; and always delight in the law of God after the inner man. Mark, also, one consideration, and which must never be lost sight of, namely, that all this is *not of yourself;* for you can do nothing in your own strength without the influence of the Spirit, which is of God alone. Observe, that it is '*by grace alone* ye are saved, through faith.' It is 'the gift of God.' Further, in prosecution of this path, it is highly necessary that you should be much engaged in prayer; and in that way, all your desires and requests fail not to make known unto God; and it will be of great service, that you associate, con-

verse, and take the assistance of genuine believers in Christ, who can instruct and edify you. I have only further to say, that I shall be glad to hear of the further progress you make under the influence of Divine teaching; and I hope the eyes of your understanding will be more and more enlightened, that you may know what is the hope of his calling, and the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints, besides the greatness of his power to those who believe in him. May you, in fine, my friend, have his covenant of life and of peace established in your heart, and be a partaker of that redemption which is treasured up in the Lord Jesus."

To a friend who wished to remove unfavourable sentiments which she had entertained of an individual in matters respecting religion, she writes thus:

"It is with heartfelt satisfaction I learn from you, that I have been mistaken as to ——. I have, undoubtedly, had much pleasure in consulting with her, and have received benefit from former conversation. But our difference of sentiment on *essentials* and the one thing that is needful, if it has not eradicated, seems to lessen that intimacy. But let me hope for better days. The hearts of all are in the hands of the Lord, and it is his Spirit which alone convinceth the world of sin and of righteousness. I pray Almighty God, that, if consistent with his will, he would convince ——, and all who may yet be ignorant of the true God, of the exceeding evil of sin, and of the indispensable necessity of reading the Scriptures for themselves,—in them are contained the words of eternal life,—and of the awful danger of neglecting or despising that great salvation which is in Christ Jesus; since the Scriptures declare that there is no other name given among men by which we can be saved. What amazing love does Jehovah manifest to the guilty, sinful, self-ruined sons of men, in making known to us not only his ability, but his willingness to save! All, however aggravated

their sins may have been, are invited to come to him through Christ Jesus, who condescended to take upon himself our nature, and came into this world to seek and to rescue those who were lost, the Lamb of God, whose blood cleanseth from all sin. O, my dear friend, that we may not be found refusing to listen to the proclamation of mercy and his gracious invitations: 'Come unto me, all the ends of the earth, and be ye saved.' 'Incline your ear and come unto me; hear, and your souls shall live.' Turn unto the Lord, and he will have mercy; and to our God, and he will abundantly pardon.' * * * *

"O beloved friend, that each of us may be enabled seriously to lay to heart these truths, remembering the shortness of time, the importance of eternity, and the precious nature of an immortal soul, which is of infinitely more importance than thousands of worlds.

"I rejoice in the comfort and consolation you experience from the friends you mention, who are already around you. 'Love is the first-fruits of the Spirit;' and that we may be abounding more and more in love one toward another, loving one another with a pure heart fervently, not in word only, but in deed and in truth, thus evincing to all around that we indeed have received the truth in the love of it, is my ardent prayer. Love is the criterion of our discipleship; and 'by this shall all men know,' says the blessed Jesus, 'that ye are mine.'

"I did hear of the death of ———. Alas! he has been cut down in the meridian of life, and now lives to die no more. What shall I say at such an interesting crisis as this? Weep not? Dry up your tears? Ah! my dear friend, my own feelings will not permit me. I am aware, nature must and will feel such a thunderbolt-shock! Ought not daily experience to teach all of us, how precarious and transient all terrestrial possessions are? Soon, yes, soon shall *we* also be called to go the way of all the earth, and enter on an eternity of inexpressible happiness, or of

endless woe. There it will be found of no avail, whether our situation in this life has been prosperous or adverse, exalted or otherwise; for what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own immortal soul? O my friend, that we may be able to look beyond transitory things, and fix our supreme affections on the glories which are within the veil, of the most lasting duration and satisfying nature; and in the present life, cleave to the blood and righteousness of Christ, as the foundation of a sinner's hope for acceptance with God! 'The Rock of Salvation is *solidity* itself.'"

The present transcripts contain a very distinct representation of the views which this pious young lady entertained of some of the leading doctrines of Divine truth, and of the concern she felt for the eternal salvation of others. But what is the design of introducing them in the present narrative? It is to show what those principles were, which, in their practical operation, produced all those amiable dispositions, that serenity of mind and Christian deportment, which were so eminently exemplified in her character, both in the single and in the married state, in health and in sickness, and which particularly inspired that holy composure in the prospect of dissolution, which so eminently adorned the concluding period of her sojourning on this earth. This leads us to remark, that it was chiefly in the school of affliction, that the distinguished virtues which adorned this child of God, were reared and formed. A disease, painful and lingering, and which at length proved mortal, infested a considerable part of the valuable life which she spent on earth; but, by the comforts which the Gospel of Christ is calculated to afford, the pangs of disease were alleviated, and its protracted pressure was softened by Christian resignation. In this severe struggle, she exercised a remarkably striking patience; and mildness endeared those features which disease had invaded. Cheered

by the animating prospect which faith discloses, and resting her salvation on the merit and sacrifice of her adorable Redeemer, she found herself equal to the last conflict, and fearlessly beheld the yawnings of the grave! In the sickening moments of distress, she informed the Rev. Mr. Innes, of Edinburgh, who had uniformly paid a marked attention to her, that she felt herself so ill, she thought she could not have survived a quarter of an hour; but she added: "I have found that when every thing else had failed, the glorious Gospel of Christ was able to support my soul." "I was much struck," observed this gentleman, in a letter to one of his friends, "in my interview with her at this solemn period, at the tone of dignified composure, approaching to triumph, with which she testified this fact in her own experience; and she seemed to rest upon it as a truth to her, at least, established by the most incontestable evidence, that in that Gospel she could find a refuge in the darkest hour of trial and alarm that could possibly assail her here below."

Some time after this, Miss Phillips's health was so far restored, that, in April 1811, she was married to William Rae Wilson, Esq. of Kelvinbank. In the early part of her married life, her health appeared to improve; but a preternatural affection of the heart, the incurable disease which had affected her, soon returned with increasing virulence, notwithstanding the first medical assistance had been afforded, and she had been removed to England, and other parts, for a change of climate. In November 1811, she became materially worse. During the following year (1812) she experienced, alternately, severe attacks of the disorder under which she laboured, and intervals of comparative ease. Her Christian friends who had an opportunity of conversing with her during this period, were much struck with her remarkable composure of mind and patient resignation under protracted acute distress. Repeatedly, in the course of

these conversations, she expressed to them that inestimably precious consolation which the Gospel of Christ had imparted to her soul. But as the winter approached, her complaints assumed a more alarming aspect; it was found that all medical assistance was utterly unavailing, and her case was pronounced altogether hopeless. When the fatal opinion which had been pronounced was made known to her, (in her happy state of mind, indeed, there was no inducement to conceal it,) she received it with a marked composure. Her language was uniformly that of a deep sense of her own unworthiness, gratitude to God for all his past goodness, submission to his will, and an anxious wish that she might not be tempted to be impatient, but be enabled to bear, with becoming resignation, all the affliction with which she might be visited. For a considerable time, indeed, previous to this, she had contemplated her dissolution, not only without the slightest alarm, but, on the contrary, with a certain holy joy, in the prospect, as she said, of her soul being admitted to a place in the New Jerusalem. On this occasion, she offered up a most fervent prayer, and uttered solemn and devout ejaculations in the presence of those around her, which proved that the prospect of death gave her no alarm. To her Christian friends she imparted much instruction, affectionately admonishing them to walk steadily in the fear of the Lord, to cleave to the righteousness of Christ as the only foundation of their hope, and to take his holy word as the rule of their conduct; and she, in the strongest manner, pressed upon all who were permitted to visit her, the importance, not only of reading, but of *studying* the word of God, in the subsequent part of their lives, as it would afford the only solid ground of comfort in the hour of trial.

To this purpose she further delivered most affectionate addresses to her domestics and attendants. Tenderly alive, also, to the interests of those friends

who were absent, she sent most affectionate advices, when hardly in a situation to articulate a word.

At one time, after symptoms of mortification appeared in one of her limbs, when an attendant was undressing her, she pointed to the wound, looking up with holy awe and reverence, and in a most impressive manner exclaimed, "Ah! look at sin!" thus showing how much she was accustomed to trace all her sufferings to that source from which, according to the testimony of Scripture, they are represented to flow.

Although her sufferings were most acute and heart-rending to those around, yet, not a murmur was heard, and her countenance strikingly exhibited more than resignation to the Divine will. It was expressive of a heavenly tranquillity, satisfaction, and delight in God. While the disease was making rapid progress, and her dissolution approaching, she expressed a wish to hear that beautiful hymn read which begins with these words:

> "Save me, O God! because the floods
> Break in upon my soul," &c.

She then sung that well-known hymn of Cowper, "God moves in a mysterious way," &c.; and another, beginning with the following words: "The hour of my departure's come!" Others of similar import she repeated, and was heard repeatedly to exclaim, "Courage, my soul!"

On the 11th of November, the night previous to her departure from this valley of tears, one of her Christian friends having come to pass the night with her, she received her with much affection, and said, she was glad she had come to spend the last night with her which she had to remain in this world. She strongly expressed her gratitude to God for all the support she had experienced under her protracted affliction, her conviction that it was intended for some wise purpose, and her desire that his

will might be done. When it was remarked to her, that her patience under distress might be the means of leading some poor soul to the knowledge of the Saviour, taking her friend by the hand, with a look of tenderness which cannot be forgotten, she said, with all the emotion of which her enfeebled frame was then susceptible, "If I thought so, how willingly would I suffer all this trouble over again!" She seemed as if she would have added more. Under the very severe distress which she then endured, it is not easy to conceive of more ardent expressions of love to souls, than what is contained in this short sentence.

She then expressed a wish that her husband should read to her the 17th chapter of the Gospel by John, and a psalm: he read the 23d, at which she appeared to be greatly delighted. Prayer was then offered up in her behalf; in which, by her looks and the motions of her hands, she appeared to join with the greatest fervour. This was particularly observable when there was an allusion made to her near prospect of entering on "the inheritance of the saints in light," and spending an eternity in that place, "where there is fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore." The expression of her countenance, and the way and manner in which she marked her assent to these last words by lifting up her hands, were particularly and strikingly impressive.

A little wine and water being offered to her, she said; "Ah! do you wish to detain me? I am happy and willing to go to the Saviour, and that will be a great deal better." Looking at her husband, she asked him if he thought her friend wished to detain her; when he replied, she was only offering her a cordial for her comfort, and that we should be willing to use those blessings which Providence had put in our power. She immediately said, "I shall take it, then; but I fear she is wishing to detain me,

and I am happy and willing to go; and the only feeling of regret I have at leaving this world, is on your own account, my dear husband. But I hope the Lord will support you, and guide you by his counsel, and we shall meet on that happy shore."

She then attempted to sing that beautiful hymn, "The hour of my departure's come;" and though incapable, from her weakness, to go on regularly, she occasionally sung a line, as she found herself able. While thus engaged, she suddenly stopped short, and, to appearance, her spirit had departed, when, all at once, with a clear and most distinct voice, she said, "I am waiting for the coming of Christ! Jesus has done much for me. I look forward with joy to the time when I shall meet him in the New Jerusalem. Yes! the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed me, and lead me to living fountains of waters." Then looking at those around, she said, "In that New Jerusalem I hope to meet you all."

Another portion of Scripture was then read to her, which she heard attentively. The day was now beginning to dawn, and she desired the window-shutters to be thrown open, which was done, as she was anxious to see the light, since the Lord had spared her to another day. She observed, (and language would in vain endeavour fully to portray the solemn and deeply-impressive scene,) that while we beheld the light of the natural sun, we ought to recollect that they only are happy, on whose souls the "Sun of righteousness shines." At this time, from being so weak, she could say little more.

In this happy frame, though under an accumulation of bodily sufferings, she continued all the next day, till, at seven o'clock in the evening of Thursday the 12th of November, 1812, her spirit left this world, to join that innumerable multitude

before the throne above, who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. She was in the twenty-seventh year of her age. Her mortal remains were conveyed from Edinburgh to Glasgow, and deposited in her husband's tomb. A train of clergymen and friends attended, to pay the last tribute of their affectionate regard to departed worth and excellence.

MRS. E. CLOUTT.

Mrs. Cloutt was descended, on the maternal side, from a family in the principality of Wales, the heads of which had for upwards of a century sustained the office of Christian ministers. They were distinguished for talents, benevolence, and piety. The Rev. Thomas Evans was one of the ministers ejected in 1662, and died about the period of Revolution of 1688. His eldest son, Caleb, succeeded him, filling his father's situation with reputation for a long series of years. He died in 1739, at an advanced age, leaving two sons of the names of Hugh and Caleb. Hugh, a man of talents and learning, was the much esteemed pastor of a flourishing congregation of Particular Baptists at Broadmead, Bristol, for nearly half a century, dying there in the year 1781. His son, the Rev. Dr. Caleb Evans, who had been his assistant, and a very popular preacher, filled up his place, both in the Church, and in the Baptist Academy of which he was President. He died in 1791, deeply regretted by a large circle of connexions. The other brother of Hugh Evans was the Rev. Caleb Evans, who had never any permanent settlement as minister, but was constantly employed in the education of youth to the time of his death, in Bristol, 1790, having reached a very advanced period in life. His second daughter, Hannah, was the mother of Mrs. Cloutt. She married Mr. Arthur Tozer, son of Mr. Tozer, of Maudbury, Devon, by whom she had several children; but Mrs. C. alone survived her. Mrs. Tozer was, from her earliest years, remarkable for her natural good sense and unaffected piety. It was thought, that she seriously injured her health by sitting up late to read.

Her constitution was always delicate; and, after marriage, the anxiety necessarily attending a rapidly increasing offspring, probably accelerated her dissolution. A consumption seized her, and brought her to an early grave. She died in the faith and hope of the Gospel. This emphatic sentence, uttered by her in her last illness, was, by her express desire, inscribed on her tomb, "I know I shall arise." Her daughter, the subject of this memoir, though only five years old at her decease, severely felt her loss. She much resembled her mother in her early thirst for knowledge, her eager and incessant researches after truth, the warmth of her benevolence, and the ardour of her piety. She spoke of her in terms of high admiration, and with feelings not to be described, anticipated the exquisite pleasure to be enjoyed on their reunion in a better world.

The following memoir will consist chiefly of extracts from Miss Tozer's own papers, interspersed with a very few reflections from the individual who has collected these fragments that they may not be lost. In her correspondence and Diary may be traced her progressive improvement in human and Divine knowledge, and the formation of her character, till it arrived at that degree of maturity which her heavenly Father deemed requisite for her removal to the abode and society of the spirits of the just made perfect, in the celestial mansions prepared for them at his own right hand. If more extracts from her letters are inserted in this sketch, than are essential to the display of the power and influence of religion on her mind, it is with the hope that the age at which they were written, the variety of useful hints and instructions they contain, and the reflections they are calculated to excite, will make them interesting and beneficial to our young female readers.

The following letter was written when she was only in her fifteenth year; it will shew how much her mind

was exercised on religious subjects, even at this early period:

"Sunday, Oct. 1792.

"MY DEAREST ELIZA!

"I am now seated by myself, as the family are gone to meeting; and though I do not approve of writing on this day, yet I think it may be more profitable to me at present than reading. I do assure you, your last letter gave me more pleasure than you may be aware of. Our friendship has hitherto been a common, not a particular one: we have exchanged letters, but in neither of them have we made one another acquainted with any thing that I call worth knowing; that is, with the state of each other's minds. But in your last you have opened the door, which I was afraid to do.——I am sometimes almost driven to despair about eternal things. You cannot tell what I suffer. I do not understand the doctrine of redemption. We are told that by one man sin came into the world, and that we have a natural propensity to sin, and indeed our own consciences tell us so; that there is not a just man on the earth that doeth good and sinneth not: then the thought that occurs, is, that as we are born in sin, it is as natural for us to sin as it is for us to eat; that it seems severe that we should go into eternal punishment; and that the death of—— Oh! my dear, I tremble while I write, to think that dust and ashes like myself should dare to contend with my Maker. I cannot write a quarter of my thoughts: I want you to talk to. I heard, a few Sundays ago, a sermon encouraging to prayer; and we are told, 'If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God.' But, alas! my prayers are an abomination to the Lord; for, directly I have done, I fall into sin."

"It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." Miss Tozer had already been visited with personal suffering, her health being extremely

delicate. She was now, in her seventeenth year, called to sustain the loss of some of her nearest relatives, at an age when she was capable of feeling most sensibly the pangs of separation from them. August the 4th, 1794, she thus writes to the same friend:

"MY DEAREST ELIZA!

"I hardly know what to say for myself, in excuse for my seeming neglect; but, my dear girl, believe me, I love you better than ever for not condemning me before you heard my defence; and though circumstances appear against me, I hope I can convince you, that neither ingratitude, nor want of affection, was the cause of my silence. My last letter, I believe, was dated from Charmouth. About three weeks after I wrote to you, we returned to Bristol. I have lost four relations; a mother,* grandmother, uncle, and mamma's father. * * * * * * * * * * * I assure you, my dearest Eliza, my time is pretty well taken up; for I am but a giddy girl to have the care of four children, the eldest not nine years old, and the youngest just two.

"Your account of Miss S.'s death quite surprised me; so sudden and short a warning, how awful! I have had a recent instance in the death of my grandmamma. She was seized with a pleurisy on Friday, and died the Wednesday following. I went to see her the day she died, and it put me in mind of good old Jacob dying with his children around him. She was sitting up in bed with all her children about her, (except an uncle, living in Dorsetshire, who could not receive the intelligence till it was too late,) praying for, and talking to them. She had devoted herself to God ever since the thirteenth year of her age, and 'exulted,' to use her own words, 'that she had almost finished her pilgrimage.' She told my aunt, who sat up with her, that she believed it could not be much longer; and so it proved, for

* Her mother-in-law.

about an hour after, she expired without a sigh or a groan. Mamma died that day week, and was supposed to be dying when grandmamma was taken ill; so that for three or four days, papa walked from one dying bed to another, from his wife to his mother, and his mother to his wife. Oh! my dear, it was a trying time, and what none can tell but those who have felt it. Grandmamma was seventy-five, and but the Monday before she was seized, walked to our house, which is a good distance, and up a very steep hill, to see mamma. She was as upright as I am, and could read and work as well, and always while my aunt worked in the evenings, she would read to her.

"But, my dear, I am entertaining you with my own concerns."——

1797. Ætat. 19. In the spring of this year she was visited with a severe illness, which it was feared would prove fatal. During her affliction her mind was serene and happy. On her recovery she thus writes to her friend: "I believe, my dearest friend, I have not written to you since my recovery from an alarming fit of illness, in which I was brought to the borders of eternity. A violent inflammation of the lungs, which my apothecary supposed would terminate in a consumption: however, a gracious God was pleased to check it, and, to the surprise of all my friends, I now enjoy as good a state of health as I have done at any period before; but you know my constitution is never robust. O that the unworthy life he has spared may be devoted entirely to him!"

The extracts which follow, are collected from her Diary of this period.

"October 16. Faith is ascertained, by Jesus Christ himself, to be a patient, resolute, invincible trust in him for relief, upon the grace which we know dwells in him, notwithstanding the greatest discouragements to trust any longer. Witness the Canaanitish woman, the centurion, &c. That sin

must be of the vilest nature, is ascertained by the greatness of the sacrifice for it. The God of heaven and earth, by whom all things were created that are in heaven and earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or principalities, or powers, all things were created *by* him, and *for* him, and he is *before* all things, and *by him* all things consist. This Being, who, when he was born into the world as a little child, was proclaimed by the angels to be a Saviour, Christ the Lord,—this Being submitted to be called a blasphemer, to be treated with the greatest ignominy by mortals whom he had himself created—suffered the absence of God—Amazing thought! that God should suffer the absence of *Himself!* That this Saviour should invite me freely to trust in him, and that I should disbelieve him! O blindness in the extreme! Strange insensibility! Such as can be expected only from a base, degenerate creature! Great God! do thou break the stony heart! Give me a heart of flesh. Remove this unbelief from my soul; and, notwithstanding this stupidity of soul, receive me, and make me what thou wouldst have me to be, for thy great name's sake."—

"25. After some very serious thoughts on the nature of religion, they seem to be resolved simply into this: If religion is true, and its consequences real, it absolutely requires that every thing should be given up to it. Is it worthy of my belief? If so, it must be worth every thing. It must be the chief, the only pursuit that I value. It must be as much more important as its nature and duration are superior to every thing else. O thou God of my life! wilt thou deign to listen to the prayers of a little worm whom thou hast created? Only bring me to know thee, and lead me to place my sole happiness in thee. O forbid that I should give thee only half my heart! O wilt thou seize it all—make every power of my soul to be employed on thee! O rouse my stupid, dead, inactive soul; make it truly alive!

O grant me faith in the great Redeemer, and give me to see that I am justly and inevitably lost without him."

"29. I trust I have, as far as I know my own soul, sought my God in sincerity and earnestness of heart, with tears and supplications, to discover my *real* state to me this evening: if I am his child, to discover it to me; and if I am not, to suffer me not to let this evening pass without setting me earnestly and zealously to seek to become so;—not to suffer my passions to deceive me, nor to pass too favourable a judgement on myself, but to show me to myself as I really am. Blessed Jesus! thou didst heal the blind when thou wast on this earth. I would desire to cast myself at thy feet this night, earnestly praying thee to open my blind eyes, to discover my sin to me, to shew me that I deserve everlasting punishment, and to reveal thyself to me as my gracious Saviour. Hear my poor petitions; let me not depart without a blessing. Remove the secret infidelity of my soul; and, oh, grant that I may indeed know thee, for thy great name's sake. O grant that I may not use this name as a form only, but that I may indeed feel it as for thy name only, and that, were I to use my own name, I should justly deserve thy curse, not thy blessing.

"'Every soul that is renewed and sanctified, doth place his chief happiness in God.' Dost thou truly account it thy chief happiness to enjoy the Lord in glory? Canst thou say, the Lord is thy portion? Though the world and flesh will be creeping in, yet, in thy ordinary, settled, prevailing judgement and affections, preferrest thou God before all things in the world? O Lord God, thou knowest my heart, all its secret springs and windings; let me not deceive myself in this important question, but O do thou guide my hand to write only the truth! Lord, I trust thou knowest that I desire thee above all and every thing in this world; and that, though my

flesh may shrink, yet, I would desire thee to deprive me of every earthly comfort, if, in possessing them, I cannot know thee. Grant me but thy presence, and take all that the world can bestow. Its pleasures must be inferior to thee, as the Creator is superior to the creature.

" ' Thou makest him the very end of thy desires and endeavours.' O Lord! there my heart shrinks back from the test. Do I make thee the end of my desires and endeavours? Oh, thou knowest how easily my heart is betrayed from thee, how often I doubt even of all religion, the truth of thy word, almost of thy existence. But, O my God! I trust I desire from my inmost soul to make thee my chief happiness, the end and aim of all my wishes, hopes, and fears."

" 31st. O Lord, my Creator, I trust that I shall for ever, to all eternity, praise thee for the comforts I have experienced these two last days. Indeed, in waiting on thee there is great reward: the wealth of kingdoms, the whole world is less than nothing to it. O Lord, as thou hast, graciously to encourage me, granted me to experience the pleasure of thy ways, enable me to persevere to the end. Thou alone knowest my treachery, ingratitude, and unbelief, and that, if thou keepest not my heart, it will, notwithstanding the mercies it has received from thee, desert thee the source of all good, and take up its rest with straws and dust."

" November 2. A remarkable encouragement this morning to resist temptation to indulgence and indolence. My thoughts were very dissipated, and my attention seemed incapable of fixing to any thing substantial. I was very cold,* and a good fire in the music-room, and no one being there, tempted

* Notwithstanding the delicate state of her health, it appears from the memorandums in her Diary, that she generally rose at five o'clock, or a little after, in the winter, as well as in the summer season.

me to go down. I said, what can prevent? I can take Baxter, and read as attentively there as here. Yet, my mind could not thoroughly approve of it, and I determined to read one chapter of 'The Saints' Rest,' and then, if I continued in the same resolution, I would go. But, after finishing it, (the importance of leading a heavenly life on earth,) I was less allured by the fire, and felt a secret satisfaction that I had not yielded. O may I never again be tempted to slight these inestimable duties, because I cannot at first feel the pleasure of them! O my God, of what madness am I guilty! Keep my treacherous heart, I beseech thee; let it not be deceived with the false shadows that fly before it. O let it not be so weak and blind as to leave thy pleasures for deceitful phantoms!"

"Nov. 28. In contemplating the works of God, how is it that my ardour is not raised to contemplate the great Author? My powers long to soar among the planetary worlds, to know more of the mysteries of nature; to take a peep out of this little planet among the vast regions of space; to know what other inhabitants there are in the universe, whether their intellectual faculties resemble ours; and a thousand other circumstances, which the great Creator has not thought fit to discover to us. I take delight in these, and yet do not let them raise in me a desire to know their Creator.

"Rose this morning at five o'clock; could not be retired, as Miss E. was with me, but read Fletcher on 'the Corrupt State of Mankind.' My heart was making many excuses for not retiring afterwards, by saying, that I had spent an hour and a half in reading about religion, though it knew that my heart was not affected. Drew after breakfast; and when I came up stairs, took Ferguson's Astronomy; was strongly inclined to read that first, which would have driven the other off, because I know that, if I have the resolution to leave off, yet, it occupies

my mind more than the duties in which I am engaged. I was parleying with the temptation, but light seemed to break in upon my mind, and I was struck with my inconsistency—with the thought, that the Being who had created these wonders, should give me a picture of Himself suited to my capacity, should assure me that I should shortly be admitted to a more perfect knowledge of him, should be an inhabitant of some part of his creation very different from this, where I should experience the infinite pleasure and privilege of knowing him, of being assured of his most tender regards, and being made to resemble Himself. Great God! is this true, or is it a dream?

"1798. Sunday, Feb. 24. Read the first chapter of John, on the divinity, &c. of Christ; my mind lost in astonishment at the amazing mystery of redemption; had some very delightful thoughts on it, and did, I trust, with real earnestness and many tears, implore God to unite my soul to him, and keep me near him to reveal himself unto me. My mind was lost in considering what I was attempting to do; addressing the great God of heaven and earth, the Creator of all things! 'All things were made by Him.' The sun was just sinking behind a cloud, nearly the time of its setting, when I read this verse. I said, Is this true, or is it a lie? If it be true, I must believe that Jesus Christ made that glorious sun, those clouds, all nature that I see around me, and also those immense systems of worlds which we just peep into. Astonishing thought! Here, unbelief strongly pervades my mind. If it be a lie, then the whole of the Scriptures are false, and I am involved in the blackness of darkness. O that God would chase the clouds that envelop my soul! that he would shine through them, and speak comfort to me!

"April 19. The state of my mind has been so various and so intricate, that I have rejected writing,

as it seems a task beyond my powers to express it. I can only say, that I am in a state of continual amazement. Is there any truth in religion? &c. &c. Miserable state indeed! Received a letter from my uncle, Isaac Tozer, in answer to one I wrote to him: I had much consolation and satisfaction from it. I seemed at ease in a measure about my state; felt delight and gratitude towards God, a desire to have my soul entirely conformed and devoted to him; in a word, happy. But this pleasant state of mind is vanished before I am aware, and I again find myself involved in doubt and darkness, particularly respecting the truth of Christianity, &c. The direction of Dr. Watts, which afforded me peace, and in a degree quieted my mind the other day, now presents itself to me, and in some measure has the same effect; that too much time must not be spent on infinities and unknowables, and on those things for the investigation whereof we are not furnished with proper faculties in the present state. What is required of me now? Only to see the hateful, vile nature of sin, and to love and possess, in as great a measure as defilement is capable of, holiness or purity. With whatever intricacies it may be attended, or rather, however incapable the human mind is of understanding every part of it, does not this evince that it springs not from man? The end of it is so superior to him, and is nothing less than perfection; it must therefore be from God. Can I indulge these doubts immediately after reading the Scriptures? I think not. Then it seems as though I could say firmly it is the word of God alone—In reading the Life of Miss Anthony, I am strengthened in the resolution of doing what I had before determined, of devoting a particular day for fasting and prayer, that God would be pleased to grant me Divine illumination."

During the greater part of the remainder of the present year, her mind appears to have been frequently in great darkness and distress, arising

chiefly from temptations to disbelieve the authenticity and truth of the Scriptures; but, by studying their evidences, united with constant prayer for instruction, we shall, at length, behold her doubts removed, and her conviction of their veracity and excellence fully established. In this season of trial and fear, often approaching to despondency, she continued in secret to seek the Lord. In her Diary, we find her adopting at this period Mr. Williams's (of Kidderminster) form of dedicating himself to God, to which she signs her name: it is dated June 29, 1798. In the same manner she adopted a number of resolutions, some selected from the memoirs of others, and some of her own formation; but afterwards, she desisted from this practice, finding it a burden on her mind, owing to the frequent breaking of them, or the idea she entertained that she should not keep them. We proceed to give some further extracts.

"1798. July 25.—Never was a heart more backward to duty than mine this morning; yet, I persevered, and add this instance to the many others I have had, of the pleasure, as well as profit, of retirement. Learnt the first chapter of John.

"Aug. 8.—What can have occasioned the great alteration in my mind for these two or three days? I think I never felt more steadfast reliance on God, not even when I was ill. It seemed as though I could really say, Thou art my God and Saviour. Surely it was happiness far greater and more solid than I ever experienced. I was in amazement at myself. Could it be a delusion? I felt a kind of appropriating faith that could say, that God was my Saviour. My belief in the Scriptures seemed quite unmixed with those doubts that harass my soul. My great fear of enthusiasm makes me afraid lest it should be a delusion. Yet this I cannot deny, that I never so sensibly felt happiness in my life; and that it flowed from my feeling a reliance on the

truth of God, and some hope that I felt what his children do. If false, surely it is more wonderful.

"19.—This last week I have had peculiar reason to be thankful, not only for being preserved in travelling, but also for a peculiarly happy state of mind. I must think I felt firm reliance and hope in God, and happiness in the hope of his favour; and I was the more satisfied that this was not a delusion, because I think I never more earnestly desired to be conformed to him. My soul overflowed with gratitude and love to him. Attended the Moravian chapel in the morning. Religion seemed to be cherished there with sincerity and simplicity.

"Oct. 20.—Some very important and interesting conversation between Mr. B—, son of the Hon. Mrs. B—, and Miss C. T—n, respecting Christianity. Had some very solemn thoughts from his conversation. He seems another strong proof of the veracity of Christianity, and of the striving of the Spirit of God in the mind of man. A man who has plunged into every excess of fashionable dissipation, and who is still in the midst of gay life, acknowledges that he has thought of religion from a child; that, though he now enjoys the pleasures of life, yet, at no time, were he asked, could he say that he is *happy;* that he has wished to be a Deist, and has searched the evidences of Christianity, but finds they are incontestable. With what earnestness did he say to me, 'It is of no importance whether you are happy or miserable here; the thing is, shall you be happy hereafter?' The important things he said to me, had they come from a religious man, would not have enforced themselves so much on my mind. But here is a man who does not profess to be religious, who says it is his understanding, and not his heart, which is affected; who talks to me one moment as a light fashionable man, with all the trivial compliments which might be expected from such a one, and the next, urges the

importance of religion, and the folly of every thing else, from a conviction he cannot resist, though he has not strength to practise what he knows to be right."

It may not be improper or useless to introduce in this place an extract from a letter to her friend, Miss D—, dated July 25, 1799, containing some very just reflections on the traits most desirable to be found in the female character.

" I cannot approve of your addressing me as one so superior to yourself; it really alloys the pleasure I should otherwise receive from your letters. I have seriously examined myself, to find out what qualities I possess, that could possibly give you a pretext for it, and I find, that you are not describing me, but some being whom your imagination has painted with every thing excellent.

" Have you read Miss More's Strictures? I have heard it highly spoken of, as calculated to correct the absurdities frequently committed in educating girls with an extravagant taste for the fine arts, at the expense of their domestic character. Indeed, I sometimes feel almost inclined to excuse the men in their censures of learned ladies, when we see mothers of families that are slatterns, bad managers, &c. I have thought more of this subject lately, from an instance which has come within my own knowledge, of a lady who has several children, who spends her time in writing and in attempting to improve mankind, while her house is in disorder, and her own children neglected. I think such characters do us a far greater injury, than the poor domestic drudge whose mind never soars beyond the making of a pudding or a pie. Of the two extremes, I hardly know which I should prefer; but we may easily determine which would be most calculated to promote the interest and happiness of her family, which, in proportion as a woman effects, she must be, I think, a more or less honourable character."

We now return to her Diary.

"1799. July 28. The greatest efforts are necessary to keep my mind vigorous enough to perform the business allotted to me in this world; and yet, what have I to depress me? The great Being who created me, has given me a revelation of his will. I am examining the evidences of its truth, and hitherto they are perfectly satisfactory. I have then only to make it the great rule of action, and I shall be certain that I am right. Surely this seems a plain path. I desire to do this above every other wish, and I am now searching. What then can distress me in religion? God is merciful: he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are but dust. He has assured us, that he will teach those that ask him; let me endeavour always to keep this in view, and not represent him to my imagination as a partial Being, capable of the imperfections of man. Oh! that my mind were unbiassed by prejudice, that I might learn simply by using the means he has appointed, with the assistance of his enlightening Spirit which he has promised! I have learnt much by this journey. I have seen Christians who ornament religion by their amiable mildness and cheerfulness. I have lost, in some degree, that dark, gloomy, narrow view of it which I had contracted. O for a knowledge of the truth, and an inclination to obey it!"

"1801. March 20.—Since the preceding, I have gained much knowledge of the historical part of the Bible*. I am now going to begin reading it for

* Few persons, perhaps, searched the Scriptures with more diligence and constancy than Mrs. Cloutt. In addition to the proofs of this, which are to be found in her Diary, and in her quarto and small Bibles, which abound with them, she abridged the whole of the Old and New Testaments, with the History of the Jews, between the period of the conclusion of the former, and the commencement of the latter. This, in the manner she performed it, was a work of great labour and utility. It occupies 306 closely written quarto pages. When she completed it, does not appear;

instruction; have given up drawing, reading, &c. and intend to continue it, till I have read it through once more, so as to gain instruction from it. Oh, may I complete it! May my life be spared, first, to know the will of God, and then to do it! Much more comfortable than this time twelvemonth."

"1802. Feb. 9th. Beautiful, holy religion! purify, refine the mind, and raise it to its Maker! A very pleasant, placid morning. I feel I long to have intercourse with some good people who have trodden the path before me, and who can hear of my faults with pity and sympathy, from having themselves experienced somewhat the same. Christ does: 'he knows our feeble frame,' &c. I was much struck, and for a moment lost as it were in delight, at the tender kindness of God. He knoweth *we have need* of these things, little temporal comforts; remembereth we are dust, &c."

"10th. Intend seriously to practise Mason's Self-knowledge. At first, the difficulty seemed insurmountable; I knew not where to begin. It consists in acquaintance with seventeen things: when I once know them, it will be easy to recall them to my mind once a month, and go over them. How important is order in all our business!"

"March 1. Recovered to life as it were again this morning: read the third and fourth Psalm. In York, all bustle. Read a paper of Mr. Addison's yesterday on the pleasures of heaven, necessity of variety for the human mind, &c. O may I be kept

but it was probably in the year 1801, as in Aug. 1800, she makes this memorandum: "Finished the Abridgement of the Jewish and Christian History." This was followed by an Abridgement of Newton on the Prophecies, and a Common-place of Scriptures on the most important articles of religion and Christianity, on a plan similar to that recommended to students in divinity by Dr. Campbell, in his Lectures on Ecclesiastical History. Mrs. C. has also left behind her, four other quarto volumes of extracts and abridgements from various authors.

near to God! 'Thy favour is life, and thy loving kindness is better than life: lift thou upon me the light of thy countenance.'

"April 7. Mount Pleasant. Going to-day to Scarborough. What abundant reason for gratitude. This place has, on the whole, surely been a Mount Pleasant. The acquaintance of Mr. Murray and Miss Percival the chief pleasures; also the Miss Hills. What satisfying pleasure in the society and esteem of good minds! O may I enjoy the society of heaven!"

We shall here close the extracts from the Diary of Mrs. C., the remainder being written for the most part in pencil and short hand; and what relates to the progressive state of her mind, will be sufficiently apparent from the following extracts from her letters. We shall begin with some to her kind and excellent friend, Mr. Murray, to whom she always expressed herself under the deepest obligations for the literary and religious advice he gave her, during a correspondence which commenced about this period, and terminated only with her life.

"Mount Pleasant. April 7, 1802. On my return to York, I could not forbear shedding some luxurious tears in reflecting, that if the pleasure from the society of virtuous minds here, where it is at best imperfect, and subject to many clogs, embarrassments of conversation, &c. is so great, what must it be in heaven, where these obstacles will be removed, and our spirits will have free intercourse, divested of every shadow of impurity or imperfection! The expression, 'The spirits of just men made perfect,' dwelt much on my mind. Mr. and Mrs. M——y's kind affability set me quite at ease. I never once felt embarrassed at having taken such a liberty*, nor did it occur to me till I sat down to reflect on what I

* This refers to the circumstance of her introducing herself (till then a stranger) to Mr. and Mrs. M——y.

had done. But were I to express what I feel, it might perhaps have the air of flattery, which from me, I am aware, would be as ridiculous as it is in itself sinful.

"Had I not feared a still greater intrusion, I should have esteemed it a very great privilege to have benefited more by Mr. M——y's conversation. Indeed, I left it with the greatest regret; especially on considering it was an advantage that might never more be enjoyed. In nothing am I more deeply sensible of my own deficiency, than in the manner of instructing young people in religion, from about fourteen years old, to the age of eighteen or nineteen. A dry, preceptive manner disgusts them; nor, indeed, would I wish to enforce any opinions of my own; but simply, as Mrs. Trimmer recommends, to put them in a way to form their own opinions, and settle their judgements from the sacred Scriptures. Though the first principles of religion in my own mind, I can trace back to the instructions of a valued mother, whom I lost at five years old; and after this, I made a point of reading the Scriptures, as most young people do, because they think it a kind of duty that ought to be performed; yet, I must acknowledge, that the pleasure I receive from this invaluable book is exceedingly increased, since I have been able to relish the beauties of style. For the first rudiments of this taste, and, perhaps, for directing me to the Bible as an object of taste, by the frequent allusions to it, I am indebted to Mr. Murray's excellent grammar. Afterwards, in reading Dr. Blair's Lectures, especially that on Hebrew Poetry, I began to take pleasure in it as a composition. This led me to perceive beauties to which before I was an entire stranger; and the delight I have since had, has been increased in reading Melmoth on the Sublime and Beautiful of Scripture; Bishop Lowth's translation of Isaiah; Archdeacon Paley, &c. As I can trace to this source

the pleasure, and I think instruction, I myself receive, (since it has led me to consider the sentiments, and enter into the spirit of the writers,) I have endeavoured insensibly to direct the taste of young people to this object, by exemplifying the figures of speech from the Scriptures; turning to the beautiful examples of allegory, metaphor, &c. given in the appendix to the grammar; giving them an account of the author, time of writing, style and subject of most of the books; making them acquainted with the historical part; the pure morality which extends to the motives, &c. But this is, I feel, in many cases a very insufficient mode; it requires time and perseverance, which few young people at this age possess. And even if the taste be sufficiently cultivated, they may admire the composition, and go no further. I say to myself, it is absurd to suppose this cultivation necessary, or that we must have taste in order to become a Christian. The generality of people cannot be induced by these motives, and its influence must be quite independent of them."

"Mount Pleasant, May 3. I am sensibly affected with Mr. M——'s great kindness and benevolence, and would wish to express in proper terms of respect and gratitude, my sincere acknowledgements: indeed, I feel the obligation, and know thoroughly how to appreciate its value. His letter will ever be preserved by me as a very valuable treasure, and I hope no part of it will be unattended to.

"Would Mr. Murray excuse my making myself so much the object of this letter, I should feel a satisfaction in laying before him the state of my own mind with respect to religion. No plea can I possibly use to justify this, but that of the relief we experience from intercourse with good and superior minds, and the confidence with which his condescension has inspired me.

"About six years ago, my mind became ex-

ceedingly perplexed and distressed respecting the doctrines of religion, the justice of God, &c., and afterwards the truth of revelation. I heard these subjects very freely canvassed, and on both sides by persons whom I very highly esteem, and of superior understandings. The religion of the one party, who are Calvinists, I could not receive; and the sentiments of the other led only to doubt and dismay. This perplexed and unhappy state continued nearly three years, and I had no friend who was in every respect qualified to relieve me. I cannot say that I ever really disbelieved the Scriptures: the impression of very early instruction, the examples of some very near and valued friends who had died, and the habitual veneration I felt (though perhaps without knowing why) for the Bible, could not be erased; and, indeed, my mind was not capable of entering into the arguments on either side, and had not strength enough to be decided. One sentence, in particular, among many others, interested me exceedingly. I have lately searched for it, but in vain:* the sentiment is, that after finding so much diversity and inconsistency in the different systems of religion, the individual betook himself wholly to the Scriptures. I felt a sympathy with this person, and longed to know who he was. At length I came to a determination, carefully and as far as my powers admitted, to inquire into the proofs of the authenticity of this Divine book; and if they were satisfactory, to endeavour to understand it, and make it, as far as I could, the rule of my life. My mind suggested that I ought, at least in a matter that was professedly of such vast importance, to have substantial and incontrovertible reasons for rejecting it. I read Paley's Evidences of Christianity, and some other works on the style and nature

* It is probably in the Life of Locke, in Murray's "Power of Religion on the Mind."

of the Scriptures: then the historical part; the connexion between the Jewish and Christian dispensations; Newton on the Prophecies; and a Short Account of the History of Christianity, from its Commencement to the present Time, by Dr. Gregory, in two volumes. The Bible appeared to me like a new book; and the solid peace and delight I have received from it, and which, I hope, is still increasing, far exceed in reality any derived from any other sources. But I am quite undecided as to most of those doctrines which are in general so much spoken of; and were my system of faith required, I could not tell what to say; nor is there any sect or denomination of Christians with whom I feel I could class myself. The reflection that, notwithstanding all the wickedness that prevails in the world, God himself is pure, and that all this is totally abhorrent to his nature; that, notwithstanding this impurity, he will receive us into his favour, without any degradation of his own character; and that he commiserates our weakness, and will assist all those who sincerely desire it; brings a consolation to my mind that I never before felt: it appears sublime and beautiful. How it could be consistent with his nature that evil should ever exist, — how his justice is manifested in laying the sins of the world on the head of the innocent, &c. and some other things equally mysterious, — I cannot at all comprehend; but it does not make me unhappy, because it seems consistent there should be many things in his government which our limited capacities cannot understand. I am perplexed respecting the ability of man, when I contemplate the subject; but when I appeal to my own feelings, it appears plain, and I feel a guilt in acting wrong, which does not allow me to hesitate whether I had a power to forbear or not; and yet, at the same time, I am irresolution itself. I am sensible of a thousand deficiencies which are hidden from the

eyes of others; particularly irreverence in addressing the Supreme Being. And though I am conscious of wickedness in all this, yet it does not make me humble, and seems more like an imperfection of my nature, than a voluntary deviation from right. These seem very strange inconsistencies, and yet I am not distressed. I feel satisfied, if I am at all acquainted with my own heart, that it is my first wish to be a Christian. I admire the amiableness and dignity of the character, and truly venerate virtuous characters. Mr. M. will be sensible how much I stood in need of teaching, while I was instructing others. In what I have said, I hope nothing has the appearance of self-consequence: if it has, it is the furthest from my mind; though neither would I affect a humility I do not feel.

"What Mr. M. has said respecting the education of young persons, has almost raised in my mind a wish to resume an employment I had fully determined to resign. The part I have hitherto taken in a school, has been a very retired one; merely the instruction, without interfering in the general management: it was a situation every way suited to my inclination. I had the society of very amiable young people, and the pleasure of instructing them, without any other anxiety; but, as circumstances afterwards necessarily required me to take a more active part, the state of my health and spirits obliged me at length entirely to relinquish it.

"I have frequently thought, that, had I an independent fortune, I would set up a school; or could I afford to deviate from the general plan: but as it is usually conducted, I cannot help thinking it almost contemptible.

"I am very much obliged to Mr. M. for the books he was so kind as to mention. Dr. Beattie and Mr. Gisborne I have never seen, but shall get them; I am very much satisfied to have his approbation of the others. Before we left York, I procured the

tenth edition of The Power of Religion on the Mind; but this will not prevent my accepting his very obliging offer, because any present from him I should highly prize; and it will also give me an opportunity of making a very valuable present to some one else.

" I fear I have not sufficiently expressed the sense I entertain of Mr. M.'s great condescension and kindness, and the value I set on his instructions. I would rather use too few expressions than too many, though it was not possible in this case that I should express more than I feel.

" I beg my respectful remembrance to Mrs. M., and hope she has recovered from her indisposition. I remain, with the greatest esteem and respect, Mr. and Mrs. M.'s truly obliged

" E. Tozer."

" Northampton, Sept. 1804. What can I say to my dear and valued friends, for the interest they so kindly take in my welfare? My heart overflows with gratitude and affection towards them; this is indeed true: and I sometimes have pleasure in reflecting, that, as the friendship I entertain for them arose from the best principles, it cannot partake of the instability it might otherwise have done.

" As my friend desires a particular account of the school, I shall obey him without hesitation, or making an apology, which would otherwise be necessary. As to the plan, we rise at six; each young person makes her own bed, arranges her little affairs, clothes, &c. and is in the school-room at seven. They all write, or do some exercises, until half after seven, while I settle my domestic affairs in the kitchen. From that time till eight we all assemble, and I read some portion of the Scriptures. I find a book written by Mr. Warner, of Bath, very useful, entitled Diatessaron. From eight to nine, breakfast and take a run in the

garden; or, if the weather will not allow of it, some exercise within doors; nine to twelve, exercises of the school; twelve to one, eat a piece of bread and butter, dress, and take a walk; one to three, in the school again; three, dine; and in the afternoon prepare the exercises for the following day, and take another walk. Each of the young folks takes it by turns, every week, to keep the keys, make the breakfast, &c. and attend to any little domestic affair that may be requisite. And I am happy in saying, I have been able to unite an attention to these little concerns with their intellectual improvement, as much, and even more, than I at first supposed a plan of this kind would allow.

"The first half-year I had eight; and now, the number would have been exactly filled, had I not refused two who were not desirable, prevented the return of one, and lost one, who left me to be placed in a situation near London, where her friends had lately removed. We are now exactly eight in number again. In a pecuniary respect, I find it has rather more than cleared the expenses. I know not what to say to my friend as to its continuance. It is an employment I highly approve; but my father, whose situation is easy, though not affluent, has rather yielded to me than promoted it, and is more anxious than I was at first aware of, to have me with him. Perhaps I ought not to conceal from so valued a friend, (though the uncertainty of such events makes me reluctant to mention it,) that it is not improbable, some time hence, that I may enter into a connexion, on which the happiness or misery of my future life will greatly depend. I feel happy in saying that, should this ever take place, the character is such as my friend would approve. —— I need not say, that when my friend has leisure, I shall receive a letter with thankfulness; for to hear of his and Mrs. M—'s welfare, and to receive the assurances of their friendship, is at all times a source

of the most lively pleasure to their sincere and affectionate friend, " E. T."

The person to whom Miss Tozer referred in the above letter, was the Rev. T. Cloutt, who had been educated with a view to the exercise of the ministry, but, in consequence of ill health, had been obliged to relinquish his intended profession. Soon after this period, he resumed it, and is since settled in London. The following letters were addressed to that gentleman, about this time.

" Northampton, Nov. 30. Your good letter I received to-day, my dear friend: I have been prevented from replying to it earlier. It is now too late for the post; yet, I feel a pleasure in answering it to-day. Every state of your mind, and the different stages of your feelings, I can enter into, and account for. They appear to me perfectly consistent, though perhaps to you an inconsistency. I may perhaps understand you better, from having had my own mind, and now having it exercised much in the same way, though, as you know, from a different cause. —

" Your objections would appear to me to have weight, (I esteem you for them all, my dearest friend,) if you intended to engage as a regular, stated minister over a people, for whom you would then be responsible as a shepherd for his flock; but I think they lose their importance upon your present plan, that of rendering your tribute of assistance as circumstances will allow, but not as a professed shepherd, or, at most, only over a few straggling sheep, and thus not supplanting a better one. Shall I take each of your objections as they lie? To the first I hardly know how to reply. Our views of the essential requisites in a Christian minister, may differ; and as I am unacquainted with you in this capacity, it would be absurd in me to compliment you, were I capable of judging. But I may say,

that those who do know you, do not entertain exactly the same opinion as yourself, or they would not be solicitous for your continuance. And you must allow, my dear friend, that whatever are your qualifications, your feelings on this head are proper, what you would wish; for we could hardly esteem the man who thought himself superior, or even equal to such an employment. Of the origin or authority of the Christian ministry, how far the present mode of exercising that function is agreeable to the will of Christ, &c. I am uninformed: it is a subject I should like to inquire into. But the requisites essential to one who undertakes to instruct others, are to my own mind obvious. His great and only object, to which every other pursuit must be subservient, must be, to understand thoroughly the Holy Scriptures. To this end he must have much general information, — History, Geography, Ancient Customs, &c. &c.; the Jewish History, History of the Christian Church, &c.; an acquaintance with the language in which these sacred books were written; if not, an acquaintance with grammar in general, to trace the connexion of passages, allow for the idiom, &c.; and a candid, investigating mind, to compare the best translations; an acquaintance with the manner in which these sacred books are handed down to us, to make proper allowance for the injuries they may have received, &c. &c.; a generally liberal education, yet, with the mind directed to one point. He must experience the heavenly influence of this religion, producing its natural effect in making his character resemble Christ, that, like him, he may teach by his example, as well as by precept. He ought, besides, to have a happy method of communicating this knowledge, to inform the understanding, and at the same time to influence the will and the passions, so as to produce the same effects upon the minds of others that he experiences himself. I have given you, my dear friend, a more minute descrip-

tion than I intended; but you will excuse me. You will remember, I give you my view only; you will add to it, or differ from me, without reserve.

"To the second objection I should say, I think, my dear friend, you judge more by your present feelings than by the prevailing desires of your mind. The unsettled, and, in one sense, dissipated state you have for some months been in, naturally tends (unless we were differently constituted) to distract the mind; but that its rooted principle and main object is the same, I myself entertain no doubt. Your desire to continue this employment shews it. The reasons that induced you to relinquish it were conscientious. It cannot be emolument you seek. What motive have you, then, for wishing to continue it, or had you at first for engaging in it?

"The third objection (as the Christian world is, at present, divided into parties, and attaching so much importance to their respective tenets,) appears to me the most likely to affect your freedom and comfort in preaching. One must, (as you once remarked to me,) for one's own peace, take the name of a party, and then you are required to defend the tenets of that party. And as a minister, you are more confined, and make a kind of agreement, I was going to say, that, as your acquaintance with the Scriptures increases, which it must be supposed to do, your views of it shall always be the same; since, if they differ, the bond of union between a minister and his people is broken, and he is considered as an apostate. It appears to me hardly possible for a spirit truly Christian to do this, since it supposes a young man of perhaps twenty, to possess all the knowledge of the Christian religion he ever can have; to speak strongly, that he is as wise as he ever can, or will be. A poor consolation! But this objection, my dearest friend, which I acknowledge strikes me as the greatest, both as to its effect on yourself and your hearers, is considerably lessened by not feeling your-

self in the confined situation we have mentioned. — You will consider all I have said as applicable to a teacher, not a private Christian; and know enough of me, I think, to be satisfied that I do not connect learning and religion together, as necessarily united: far from it. I have not room to tell you that I am interested in your perplexities of another kind. The reason you gave for not writing, was the very one that should have induced you to write. Perhaps it was vanity that led me to think that each of my letters merited a reply: be that as it may, I somehow expected one, — was fearful you had overwalked yourself, or was ill. But this is my own foolish mind, ingenious at making itself uncomfortable; and when I found it was not so, I was —— shall I tell you —— almost piqued at your silence. Adieu.

"Your most sincere and affectionate friend,

"E. T."

"Northampton, Dec. 7.

"Were there any post to-morrow, I think I could not persuade myself to write to-night. My head is confused. I have been troubled all day with a distracting headach. This I say merely to excuse any nonsense I may send you. It is a complaint to which I am sometimes subject, but does not continue long; I dare say to-morrow I shall be quite well. Praising another — how far it is right — I am not in the habit of flattering, perhaps none less so; yet, I do not hesitate to tell my friends (those I am intimate with) of what I consider as their excellencies, nor I hope — it is what I aim at — of their defects. I wish to form a true estimate of my own character. I would assist my friends to form a true estimate of theirs; neither exaggerating nor concealing their excellencies or defects. This is a nice point. I have not arrived at it, but am aiming to do so. It requires not a small portion of the spirit of Christianity; firmness enough to tell another of a fault; humility

and sobermindedness enough to think rightly of oneself; feeling alone, if I may so speak, with the Deity — What does he think of me? The praise or censure of a fellow-being, if we feel as we ought to do, is incapable of having an undue effect on the mind. You esteem me, my dear friend. What will you think, if I say, that you ought so to do. I justly also esteem my dear friend. If we do not mutually think each other worthy of esteem, our regard could not be justified. We are to pass our lives together. We have mutually consented to do this. What are any little expressions of esteem after this! May we think soberly of each other; may we uniformly endeavour to improve each other in simplicity of mind. How much, I think, is comprehended in this word, simplicity, or singleness of mind! Not only no positive artifice, but no secondary view, &c. How any one, with the New Testament in his hand, and at all in the habit of reflecting, can be proud, is not to be accounted for. Will God indeed receive me, my dear friend? At what an immense distance in moral attainment must I always feel myself! And this is no affectation of humility.

"This is a strange letter, — no reply to yours. Excuse it: the next, I trust, will be better. My head is unfit. I am not in the habit of complaining; and my aversion to this, makes me think sometimes that I have not sufficiently apprised you of the extreme delicacy of my health in general. Though, on the whole, certainly, better than it was, yet it frequently makes me unfit for society, the best and most endeared. You must lay in a great stock of patience, my dear friend. May you be blessed in every respect! Yours most affectionately,

"E. T."

In June 1805, Miss Tozer was married to Mr. Cloutt. Their union was of but short continuance. In anticipating her confinement, which took place in

March, she would often converse familiarly of her departure from this world, as though she had a premonition that the period was not far distant when it would be realized. With this impression, she set her house in order, arranging all her clothes, &c even to a minuteness painful and distressing to her affectionate friends around her. On the 20th of March, she was safely delivered of a son; and the most promising hopes were entertained of her recovery, even to a better state of health, than she had hitherto enjoyed. These hopes however, proved fallacious, for, in about five weeks after, she was seized with an inflammation in her stomach, which terminated in mortification and death. During the season of her last illness, she was habitually composed and serene, free from the fear of death, and animated by the supports, promises, and prospects which the truths of the Gospel had long imparted to her mind. At one time she nearly repeated Byrom's Paraphrase on the Twenty-third Psalm, and desired Mr. Cloutt to read the remainder, expressing her satisfaction and joy in being under the care of so good a shepherd. At another time she said, when in great pain, "O what should I do, if I had my religion to seek now!" A short time previous to her death she said, "Pray for me, all of you, pray for me. How trivial are all common-place comforts in my situation! We must use the means, and leave the event to God." When it was supposed by her husband, who was kneeling by the bedside, having her hand enclosed in his, that she was falling into a quiet slumber, on a friend's entering the room, it was perceived her spirit had escaped; though, such was her appearance, it was long before Mr. C. could be persuaded of the fact, and that he clasped only the breathless frame of his beloved wife. This quiet dismission was congenial to her daily prayer; an outline of which, as a sort of directory, she had some years ago drawn up, and which she generally had about her person, written

on a card. Among many others, it contains these petitions: "O be with me in the hour of death! May I quietly give up my spirit to thee! May I live according to thy holy religion before, and may I then be supported by its consolations; and may my soul be received by thee, and purified and made to live with thee for ever."

Thus lived and thus died the subject of this Memoir. The memory of the just is blessed.

MRS. ISABELLA BROWN.

Mrs. Isabella Brown, wife of the Rev. John Brown, of Whitburn, was born in Kelso, the 21st of December, 1759. Her father was a man of natural good sense, though but little improved by education, of strict integrity, and an uncommonly unsuspicious and affectionate heart. He made a consistent profession of religion, and was a truly pious man. Her mother was a woman, both in manners and in mind, far above the station in which it was the will of Providence that she should spend her days. She had been early brought under the influence of true religion, and during a long life, (for she reached the uncommon age of ninety,) was a most ornamental professor of the faith of Christ. Her means of doing good were never very extensive, but they were always conscientiously improved to the utmost; and although never rich herself, she relieved the wants of the needy more extensively than many with ten times her income.

Under the care of such parents, and especially of such a mother, it is almost unnecessary to say that the subject of these notices enjoyed the advantages of a strictly religious education. She was one of many children, but she was the only one who survived the dangers of infancy and childhood. This circumstance enabled, and her promising talents and amiable disposition encouraged them, to give Isabella as complete an education as Kelso could afford, with the intention that, as her constitution was radically delicate, she might be fitted for gaining a livelihood by some of the lighter operations of female industry.

It is impossible to ascertain how early religion

made a deep impression on her mind: like Obadiah, she "feared the Lord from her youth." When she was about six or seven years of age, she found peculiar pleasure in secret prayer, and in committing to memory and repeating psalms and hymns. About the same period, along with a female companion, she used often to retire to a wood in the neighbourhood of the town, to converse and pray about the things which belonged to their eternal peace. It is still recollected, that her early admission to the Lord's table excited general notice. At the uncommonly early age of twelve, she was admitted, after examination, to observe that solemn ordinance. Some of the elders hesitated, simply on the ground of her extreme youth, as to the propriety of her being allowed to communicate; but the minister, the Rev. Mr. Nicol, put an end to all such doubts, by remarking, that it would be well for the oldest of them if they were as fit for the service.

The following extracts from her papers, supposed to have been written between her fourteenth and her sixteenth year, will, better than any description, illustrate her character.

"The Rev. Mr. Nicol preached to-day on these words, 'O thou that hearest prayer, to thee shall all flesh come.' Psal. lxv. 1. O my soul! what were thy breathings when thou heardest this sweet subject? Didst thou not rejoice that thy God's ears are always open to thy cry, and that thou canst with safety pour all thy complaints into his bosom! Stated prayer is, if I may use the expression, like the ordinary course of the post; but ejaculatory prayer is like sending an express to heaven. When the Christian is plunged into sad perplexities, let his head and hands be ever so thronged with his business, yet, his heart may ascend to his God, unnoticed by the world; his affections may fly up to heaven, and crave fresh armour from grace's magazine, to keep him in all his troubles. Oh what a great blessing is this, that

our God is a prayer-hearing God! — O Lord, enable me to give thee my backsliding, treacherous heart, and to look beyond all created things to thee, the fountain of true happiness. O Lord, never let me be satisfied with any thing less than thee. — My wicked heart is very apt to be carried away with the vanities of this world. Come, O Lord, with such power into my heart, and manifest thy Divine excellence in such a manner as that earthly things may appear less than nothing. O Lord, drive out all idols from my heart. O come then, and be King there. Lord, I am thine, do with me what seemeth good in thy sight. — When we appear before God, let us go quite out of ourselves, and put on the raiment of our elder brother. It is through his righteousness alone that our prayers can be accepted. We are unworthy, but worthy is He whose name we bear, and whose children we are. O Lord, make me sensible of my wants, and give me humbling grace to keep down this spiritual pride, which I find daily in me. O Lord, what am I, that thou art dealing with me so liberally in thy providence? O may thy mercies and favours, which I am daily receiving, lead me more and more unto thee, the fountain of all good. Lord, thou only knowest my heart, thou knowest how it is carried away by the vanities of this life. Oh, by thy Almighty power, fix it upon a nobler object. O Lord, send thy word of power, and grant that I may not be able to withstand it. O Lord, in thee will I put my trust, and thou hast declared that none who put their trust in thee shall be put to shame." — After a day of fasting and humiliation in the prospect of observing the Lord's Supper, she observes: "Yesterday was our humiliation day: I am in great heaviness at this time. I think, instead of sin being mortified in me, corruptions are rising more strong than ever. Oh for a spirit of grace and supplication!" After a synodical fast, she thus writes: "I have this day, O Lord,

been confessing my sins in thy courts, or at least attempting to do so. None knows the wickedness of my heart, but thee. What a dead frame have I this day been in! O Lord, rouse me from the fatal security which I am lying under. O breathe upon my dead heart, by thy living and life-giving Spirit. O keep me from being contented with a cold, formal performance of duty. What can I do without thy presence? O Lord, into thine hands I commend myself, soul and body."—On a young man's being drowned in the Tweed, she remarks: "His body is not yet found; but, if it sleep in Jesus, it matters but little where its grave be. Oh, the uncertainty of worldly enjoyments! How vain are all worldly things! They who make them their partner, have but a sorry one. Oh, to hang loose to every thing on earth, and to cleave close to Jesus as our portion; a portion that will last when time shall be no more! It is he alone who can satisfy the infinite desires of our souls. It is his love alone that is worthy of our pursuit. His love can support under the heaviest trial. Let him take from us what he will, dare we complain while he himself is ours, while the great *I am*, and all his fulness, are ours?"

In the year 1775, she went to London, in order to prosecute the business to which she had devoted herself. While in that city, she was, to use her own expression, "kindly dealt with, and remarkably kept amid various temptations." During the winter of 1776-77, she became acquainted with the Rev. John Brown, who had been sent by the Associate Presbytery of Edinburgh, to assist for a few months the Rev. Archibald Hall, minister of the Scottish Church, Wells Street, then labouring under an illness which ultimately issued in death. It had been her intention to leave London just about the time that he arrived; but she was prevented by some unforeseen events from carrying her purpose into execution. By circumstances apparently altogether acci-

dental was that acquaintance formed, which terminated in a union replete with comfort and advantage to both parties. How wonderful are the providential dispensations of God! Two young persons from distant parts of Scotland are brought to London, and made to form an acquaintance, which is to lead to their spending their lives together in their native country, though in a district distant from the places of both their birth and education.

She returned to Scotland in June, 1777. Not very long after her return, she heard of the death of the Rev. Archibald Hall, for whom she entertained a very high and very merited respect. On this occasion she writes thus: "Dr. Claverhill has given me a most delightful account of Mr. Hall's death. What comfort is this to the people of God! and surely it may convince the wicked that there is a reality in religion, when they see a timorous mortal like themselves, meeting the destroyer with smiles and holy resignation. But what great gain is it for the people of God to exchange time for eternity! It is then they get free of the body of sin, which mars all their comforts. It is then they get their hearts full of that Lord Jesus, who, in love to us, took out the sting of death. It was for us that our Redeemer visited the dark grave; and we may with cheerfulness go down and 'see the place where the Lord lay.' Oh! to be living every day as if it were our last, and longing for the full enjoyment of God in Christ. If a glimpse of his countenance through the lattice be so ravishing, how inexpressibly delightful must it be, when our Lord shall break the dimming glass, and show his glory face to face! We shall have a long eternity to satisfy our infinite desires, and to wonder at the incomprehensible love of God to sinful mortals. Certainly, this will be our transporting employment for ever and ever."

In few things do young Christians more lose sight of their Christianity, than in the very momentous

business of marriage. Many of them plainly act in direct opposition to the apostolical injunction: "Be ye not unequally yoked." "Let them marry only in the Lord." And even they who do not entirely neglect this consideration, by no means seek the Divine direction with that eagerness which the importance of the event seems plainly to require. In this leading step in the journey of life, they scarcely acknowledge God; and what wonder is it if they do not experience His blessing? The subject of this memoir obviously acted otherwise. She gave herself first to God, and then to her husband by God's will. In the prospect of her marriage, we find her writing as follows: "I intend to set apart a day for supplication and prayer, and asking the Lord's counsel and advice in the affair of my intended marriage; and oh! that he may enable me to perform this duty in a right manner. On him I desire wholly to depend, renouncing every thing of self. I think I see as much sin in my best duties as might condemn me for ever."

Of the manner in which this resolution was carried into effect, we have the following account, in another paper, dated, "Kelso, Jan. 18th, 1779. I set great part of this day apart for asking the Lord's countenance and direction as to the affair betwixt my friend Mr. B. and me. But oh! how dead is my heart! how dull my affections! I find the body of sin bearing me down. Innumerable evils compass me about, so that I cannot lift up mine eyes. I find lusts and corruption flying thick about me; all my sins are standing in terrible array against me; every moment of my past life is accusing me of abused mercies, and neglected duties; but blessed be God, that the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin. This, this is my plea when I am tempted to despair: O Lord, keep me from being contented with the bare performance of duty! O may I see thee in it! Direct all my paths, and, if

thou seest meet to change my station in the world, O fit me for it, so that in whatsoever situation I may be, thou mayest be glorified. Never leave me to be a reproach to religion, nor a stumbling-block to any of thy people. I desire to rely on thee for all I need. O take the throne of my heart, and let Jesus reign there for ever."

Her marriage took place on June 22d, 1779. In this new station, the God who had placed her in it, enabled her to acquit herself in a manner highly respectable. The incidents of a life spent in a very retired situation in the country, amid domestic cares and employments, could not be very varied. Providence was pleased very soon to deprive her of her first child; an affliction which she felt deeply, yet bore patiently. Her time was spent in a most inoffensive, quiet, prudent, and pious manner. In few stations is Christian prudence more necessary, than in that of a minister's wife in the country. Her behaviour in this character was singularly wise, and contributed both to the acceptance and usefulness of her husband's labours. She paid particular attention to the religious instruction both of her children and servants. She was naturally of a very modest and rather timid disposition; yet, she established a meeting of persons of her own sex, of whose piety she thought well, for prayer and religious conference; of which she continued a member till her death. Having acquired early a taste for reading, the leisure she possessed, was partly filled up with the perusal of good books. Like every saint, she "loved the habitation of God's house," and though possessed of a refined taste, she was not fastidious in her judgment of discourses: if they were but plain and evangelical, she relished them.

In August 1794, she was attacked with a painful disorder, by which she was reduced to extreme weakness, and was in imminent danger. Under this affliction, she manifested uncommon patience, but

always indulged the expectation of recovery. She was the reverse of an enthusiast; yet she said, the following Scripture was so impressed on her mind, that she could not help hoping to survive this distress: "The Lord hath chastened me sore, but hath not given me over to death." During this illness, she contracted a deafness which continued with her ever after.

Her recovery was but temporary. The seeds of disease lurked in her constitution, and they too soon arrived at a fatal maturity. The disease of which she died, was phthisis or consumption. She gradually became weaker and weaker, suffering comparatively little pain, except from the asthmatic symptoms of the disease. By gentle and almost imperceptible degrees, was her earthly house of this tabernacle taken down. She went down silently and slowly to the house appointed for all living. During the whole of her long illness, she manifested the most quiet resignation, and a cheerful, yet humble hope. "I have no cause," said she one day, "to be weary of the world; I have, on the contrary, much to make me pleased with it; but I have long been willing to part with all my enjoyments; and," glancing her eye upward, "I had rather be yonder." She intimated that her affliction had been very useful to her, and that during it she had learned much that she had never before known. She looked out a great variety of promises, marked them in her Bible, and said, "These are my comforts." Though sometimes tempted to think all her religious experience delusion, she "held fast the confidence and rejoicing of her hope." The following passage was peculiarly consolatory to her: "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." From the commencement of her last illness, she seemed to consider herself as dying. It was remarked to her on one occasion, that some had been brought as low as she was, and yet had

recovered. "If such be the will of God," said she, "and his glory should be promoted by it, I have no objection; but I have a desire to depart, and to be with Christ." She declared to an intimate friend, that, in the view of eternity, she was resolved to venture on Christ in the promise; but added, "Oh, the unholiness of my heart unfits me for heaven!" "Oh," said she, laying her hand on her breast, "Oh, if you knew what is here!" The following texts were peculiarly useful to her in the more advanced stages of her affliction. "If thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of the Lord." — "I will not leave thee comfortless." — "Satan hath desired to have thee, that he might sift thee as wheat, but I have prayed for thee." She repeatedly said to her nearest relative, "Be not peremptory for my life, but earnest for my salvation and my experience of the love of Christ. I am afraid," said she one evening, "how I am to get over this night." — "The Lord is able," said a friend to her, "to carry you through." — "I know it," she replied, "and as willing as he is able."

Eight days before her death, Mr. Brown, after much hesitation about what was his duty, had gone to assist in dispensing the Lord's Supper to a neighbouring congregation. "I am glad," said she, when she heard it, "that he is gone: when he is at his Master's work, the Lord will take care of me and the house." A very few days before her departure, she wished to look over a form of personal covenanting. After considering it carefully, with her dying and trembling hand she affixed her signature, saying, "I do this cheerfully, and with all my heart." As she was now very deaf, and her weakness scarcely allowed her to hold up a Bible, she employed her eldest son, the writer of this little memorial, to write out for her a list of the promises which she had marked in her Bible. This little list was constantly in her hand.

On the morning on which she died, she took an affectionate and solemn leave of her family. She often read over her list of promises, and pointing sometimes at one, sometimes at another, said, "Such a promise is sweet." About a quarter of an hour before she died, she was reading them; and noticing particularly that tender declaration, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," she said faintly, "Oh, they are sweet!" After taking a survey of the whole, she said in a manner peculiarly pleasing, "Hath he said it, and will he not do it? Hath he promised it, and will he not make it good?" A near relative whispered, "Can you now trust the promises?" She answered: "Guilt stares me in the face, but, through grace, I desire to trust the promises." A slight convulsion shook her frame; it was but for a moment, and her features settled into a tranquil smile. She expired June 8th, 1795. After her death, the list of promises was found on her breast, with her hand upon them.

MRS. ELIZA BERRY.

Mrs. Eliza Berry, the wife of the Rev. Joseph Berry, sometime Pastor of the dissenting church at Warminster, and now of London, was the youngest daughter of the Rev. Thomas Grove, formerly of Wooburn, in the county of Bucks, who was one of the six students expelled from the university of Oxford for praying, reading, and expounding the Scriptures. Descended from a family of great respectability, she had been favoured with a good education, and was not destitute of those elegant accomplishments which would have fitted her to shine in polite society. The event which was chiefly instrumental in her conversion, was the pious conversation of an amiable brother-in-law, who at the same time, and by the same means, succeeded in producing a permanent impression upon the mind of her sister. She was married to Mr. Berry in the year 1804; and after a lingering illness, expired Feb. 18, 1812, in the 37th year of her age.

Such are the few particulars which we have been able to gather of her history. But her character was of no ordinary stamp; and it is for the sake of laying this before our readers, that we have introduced the present brief memoir. We are indebted for the following interesting portrait of the christian wife and mother, to the pen of the Rev. William Jay of Bath, who preached a sermon on the occasion of her death, which has been printed.

"The religion of this saint," says Mr. Jay, "was not *occasional;* it did not depend upon particular seasons, and exercises, and occurrences. She was in the fear of the Lord all the day long; and acknowledged him in all her ways. No one loved the habi-

tation of God's house more than she did, but her devotion was not confined to it. It was not roving and hearing religion. It appeared in public, but it lived in private: it was closet and family religion. It was not a thing separable from her, and which was sometimes assumed, and sometimes laid aside; but it was a principle wrought into all her feelings, habits, and actions. Let me adduce a partial but interesting illustration. After the month of November 1811, she scarcely ever went out. Her Sabbath day evenings were employed in reading the Scriptures, and holding familiar dialogues with her three babes. After hearing them repeat a short prayer, and one of Watts's little hymns for children, she seated them each in a separate chair, while, with maternal simplicity and endearment, she heard and answered *their* questions, and proposed *her own*. Dismissing the younger two to rest, the eldest, then six years old, was retained up a little longer. With him, her constant Sabbath day evening custom was, to pray. At these periods she forgot herself in endeavouring to interest her boy. She would begin with prayer for his father, who at that precise period was preaching. Then she would pray for her children, one by one. After mentioning their names, she either implored forgiveness for foibles, or expressed her gratitude that the 'great God had made them such good children.' Taking this boy one day into the parlour where she usually performed these exercises, his father asked him if his dear mother did not sometimes kneel with him and pray. With eyes instantly filled with tears, the little disciple artlessly replied, 'Yes, father, mother used to kneel at *that chair*, and hold my hand, and pray for father, that he may do good, and for me, and for Henry, and for little Mary, and for all of us.'

"O ye mothers, sanctify your tenderness and your influence! How much depends upon your gentle and early endeavours! How often you may

sow the seed which, after a lapse of time, shall revive and flourish, thirty, sixty, and a hundred fold! How often has a disobedient son been reclaimed by the remembrance of the eloquent tears of her who bore him, or the pressure of her trembling hand when delivering her dying charge! What did Mr Cecil and Mr. Newton owe to the lessons their mothers had taught them! What did Timothy owe to his grandmother Lois, and his mother Eunice! What did Samuel owe to Hannah! We know little of Jesse; but how often and tenderly does David, in his devotions, refer to his mother, and plead the relation in which he had the honour and happiness of standing to her—'Save the son of *thine handmaid.*' 'Truly I am thy servant, and the son of *thine handmaid.*' 'I think,' said this deceased mother, about a fortnight before her death, 'I think, in looking back on all these seasons, my sweetest exercises were with my dear boy on the Sabbath evenings. The house was still; my babes were in bed; my husband was labouring for God in the sanctuary: every thing aided and inspired devotion. I think my dear boy will never forget some of these seasons, any more than myself. O my happy seasons with my infant son!'

"Similar to this, was her attention to the religious welfare, as well as domestic comfort of her servants. She would often converse with them on the concerns of their souls, and administer reproof with mildness, or encouragement with tenderness, as their state required. The servant living with her at the time of her death, remarked with tears, 'That she little thought, when she entered the family, that her master would prove her spiritual father, and her dear mistress her spiritual nurse.' But so it was. On the Sabbath-day evening, it was usual, before prayer, for the master to repeat the outlines of one of the sermons that day delivered, the mistress that of another, and the servant that of a third. Thus

there was friendship to soften authority, and to sweeten subjection.

"Humility was one of Mrs. Berry's distinguishing qualities: she was clothed with it. She had no religious ostentation about her. She was like the violet, that is betrayed in its concealed retreat by its fragrance. She did not, like many, talk of her spiritual attainments, or say much of her experience. Neither was she always uttering expressions of her unworthiness and vileness. As Mrs. More observes, humility consists, not in telling our faults, but in being willing to be told them. Her intimate friends knew much that her common acquaintance never knew. Her husband knew much that her intimate friends never knew. Her God knew much that her husband never knew: her life was 'hid with Christ in God.'

"Another feature of her character equally obvious, was her kindness. This was a perpetual stream, flowing from the fountain of a warm heart:—

> 'Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks
> Which humour interposed too often makes.'

She was free from 'temper-flaws unseemly.' She had 'the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.' She listened to no backbiter; she spake evil of no man: upon her tongue was 'the law of kindness.' She loved the poor, and often visited them. She promoted no fewer than three charitable institutions in her own neighbourhood, and was secretary to them all.

"Her prudence was pre-eminent: it appeared in all her conduct. She seemed intuitively to perceive all the proprieties of action, in whatever combination of circumstances she was placed. But this quality is to be noticed in her chiefly as the wife of a minister. This I have always considered as one of the most difficult spheres for a female to fill up properly; but she filled it up without censure and

without envy. Often, when sounded respecting the characters or actions of others, she would reply with a sweet smile: 'You forget that I am a minister's wife.' She never embroiled her husband in ecclesiastical contests; never urged him to look abroad after a more popular sphere; never stimulated him to exact more prerogative; never made him discontented by intimations that the respect shewn him was not equal to his claims. More than once, when he received an invitation to labour for a while in a much larger congregation, she has said, 'My Joseph, let me beseech you to decline it. Many of our young ministers seem too eager to catch at popularity, and to rove abroad; let us be satisfied with the condition in which the Lord has fixed us. His eye is always upon us, and he regards not the splendour of the station, but the manner in which we discharge the duties arising from it.' Though exceedingly attached to his company, she was not so selfish as to wish to detain him from his studies or his official work. She would often gently call him from his books, and remind him, that a minister has not only to read and make sermons, but to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, and to speak a word in season to them that are weary.

"Her attention to order and regularity was singular. Life was with her a system, and every thing in it had its due time and importance. Hence she knew nothing of that hurry and fretfulness occasioned by omission and confusion. She, in her last illness, looked forward and arranged every thing, however minute. On giving up her books as secretary, a few weeks before she died, her countenance was a true index of her mind. When the ladies were gone, she exclaimed: 'Blessed be God for this. I should not have liked my husband or my children to have been reproached with inaccurate accounts. Above all, I should have been sorry for the cause of religion to suffer.' She examined all

her papers, destroying those she did not wish to have preserved, and neatly folding up all the rest. An inventory of all the household furniture, and of all the children's apparel, was written by her, and given to her husband, so that he might find in a moment every thing he should wish. She had cut out with her own hand, and laid by in the order in which it was to be used, work for her dear little girl to sew for twelve months to come. No circumstance connected with her funeral had she overlooked. And one thing in particular, as very characteristic of the self-possession which enabled her to provide for every case that could result from her condition, I cannot forbear to mention. It was intended that she should be buried in the vault under the communion-table. At the last administration of the Lord's Supper, her husband, struck with the thought that, when performing the next service of this kind, his beloved wife would be lying beneath his feet, was too much affected to proceed. She accidentally heard of this; and without consulting or informing him, she sent for some of the gentlemen belonging to the church, and expressed to them her dying wish, that she might be buried under the front gallery! Her wish was gratified.

"From the end of December, till beyond the middle of January, she scarcely ever composed herself to sleep, without repeating the little song said to be composed by an Indian; the second verse of which she often rehearsed with a kind of transport:

> 'A few more rising suns, at most,
> Will land me safe on Canaan's coast.'

"On the 2d of February, while two friends were sitting by her bed-side, she expatiated most sweetly on the glories of heaven, and her assured hope of going there. As one of them left the room, her little girl entered it, and when the babe shewed

herself at the corner of her curtain, she said: 'There, I thought I never should have been able to give up that child; but now I can do even this, and do it without the least anxiety. It is my Father's will that we should separate; his will is mine; and cannot I leave her with him?'

"Feb. 5, was spent chiefly in arranging domestic concerns, and she spoke with the greatest composure of her funeral. She said: 'I have hope towards God beyond a doubt; and this hope is founded, not on frames and visions, but on a comparison of my state with the word of God. There I read, man is a poor, lost, ignorant, unholy creature. I both believe and feel it. But so effectually has grace wrought in me, that, though lost, I cry unto God for mercy; though ignorant, I go unto him for wisdom. I find the Gospel suited to my state. I look out of myself entirely. I go as one utterly lost to Jesus Christ. I wish no alteration in the doctrine of his cross; I would be saved in the very way he has revealed.'

"To an old deacon, (ripening, like herself, for glory,) who called upon her the next day, she said, in reply to his inquiry how she found herself: 'Almost at home! My precious Bible! True every tittle. I never thought it would have supported me thus; but it does. I never thought I could have enjoyed so much. I have not an anxious wish.'

"Feb. 13. She was now much enfeebled. While her husband and servant were turning her in the bed, she said: 'Ah, my dear, it is hard work.' Then, recollecting herself, she added: 'Hard, did I say? No, I recal that word: it looks like repining. It is not hard, but requires more than nature to acquiesce in.'

"Feb. 15. To a friend she said: 'It seems as if there was no enemy. He is, as good John Bunyan says, as still as a stone. I scarcely think of *him*. My Jesus is all my salvation and all my desire.'

'Had I breath, how I could have sung of him in the night.'

"Feb. 17. In the night, she begged her husband to pray once more with her. On his concluding, she said, 'My dear, you have forgotten to pray for one thing.' 'What is that?' 'That we may be prepared for and supported in the parting hour.' On his intimating the difficulty of doing it, she replied with firmness: 'Well, *I* can do it; and much as I love my Joseph, I can leave him, to go to my Jesus.' Then, taking his hand, she prayed aloud, acknowledged the kindness of God in uniting them, and blessing them in each other. After this, she dozed and enjoyed some calm hours. About seven in the morning, she was evidently seized for death. During her illness, she had frequently requested Christian friends to pray that she might have an easy dismissal. Her wish was granted. She seemed free from pain. Her last broken and almost inarticulate accents were, 'Valley—Shadow—Home—Jesus—Peace.' A few minutes before eight, her head gently dropped on one side of her pillow, and her last pulse was felt by the hand of her anguished husband.

"The deceased," remarks the preacher, "was only a private character, it is true; but she was a decided character. She was a consistent character. She was an amiable character. She was an inoffensive character. She was a benevolent character. She neither lived nor died to herself. And 'he that in these things serveth Christ, is acceptable to God, and approved of men.'"

MISS HANNAH SINCLAIR.

HANNAH SINCLAIR was the eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, Bart. of Ulbster, in the county of Caithness, North Britain. Her mother was the daughter of Alexander Maitland, of Stoke Newington, Esq. She died during Miss Sinclair's infancy. The subject of this memoir was born Feb. 1, 1780. During the early years of her childhood, she was distinguished by a thirst for superior knowledge, and a comprehensive understanding, directed even to abstruse subjects. At the age of ten, she had read through a great number of volumes in a library belonging to her father at Thurso Castle, where she and her younger sister resided with their grandmother, Lady Janet Sinclair. Her delight was, to read a new book; and on whatsoever subject it treated, history, fiction, divinity, philosophy, her young mind seized upon it with avidity. She never took pleasure in the common amusements of children, and was often to be seen climbing on chairs to search for what even many grown persons would think very dry reading. One day, she took a clergyman into her nursery, and opening her Bible, requested him to explain a passage which she did not fully understand. He did so; but, not satisfied with the explanation, she argued the point, and he left her with much astonishment at the depth and acuteness of intellect displayed by a child not yet ten years of age. Her memory was as retentive as her understanding was clear. One Sunday, the clergyman of the parish being present at dinner, Hannah was asked for an account of the sermon. She went so regularly through the heads of the discourse, and what was said upon each, that the minister, who,

contrary to the usual practice in the Church of Scotland, read his sermons, declared that he could not have told half so much about it himself. At this period, she often spoke about religion, especially to the servants; and would converse, and even argue about faith and works, in a style which evinced the distinctness of her theological views. But the early expansion of intellect must not be confounded with the genuine operations of Divine Grace. It is of the highest importance to give an early direction to the infant mind as to the essentials of Christian knowledge; but orthodoxy is not piety. It was Miss Sinclair's deliberate acknowledgement, that, at this period, she had not experienced the regenerating power of the Gospel.

In her eleventh year, Miss Sinclair came, with her grandmother and younger sister, to reside at Edinburgh. Here, she attended the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Walter Buchanan of the Canongate Church, for whose sermons she soon testified a partiality; yet still, according to her own subsequent views of the progress of religious principle in her heart, during the three years which were then passed in Edinburgh, an intellectual, rather than a decidedly spiritual attachment to the truths of the Gospel, characterized her feelings, and was displayed in her deportment.

At thirteen, she was placed at a boarding-school at Stoke Newington, near London, where she made rapid progress in every branch of education which called forth the energies of her mind, taking especial delight in the study of astronomy. As she grew up, good sense and benevolence were manifested in her whole demeanour; and to those who are unconscious of the true nature of Christian holiness, Hannah Sinclair would have appeared, at this period, in every respect, a real Christian.

She returned to Edinburgh at the age of sixteen, and was restored to the accustomed privilege of

attending on the ministry of Dr. Buchanan. Not long afterwards the time arrived, when the great concerns of eternity began to interest her heart in a manner to which it had hitherto been a stranger. The truly scriptural and impressive instructions of her esteemed pastor, seemed in an especial degree to be accompanied with a blessing from Him, " with whom is the preparation of the heart." The value of an immortal soul, the uncertainty of human life, the approach of another state of existence, the fall of man, the corrupt state of the sinner, the wrath of God against sin, the awful consequences of spiritual ignorance and error; were subjects which now occupied her thoughts, and led her to contemplate with seriousness and solemnity, that great question, 'What must I do to be saved?'

Amidst many feeble notions, and dark conceptions, as to what real religion was, and what it was not, she formed the deliberate resolution of becoming religious, of devoting herself to God, and seeking in right earnest for Him, who is " the way, and the truth, and the life." The doctrines of the cross were no longer viewed as subjects of a mere acquiescent speculation, but as the soul and substance of present and eternal happiness.

She afterwards often looked back, and was filled with astonishment, that so small a seed should bring forth any fruits. But He, that planted, nourished it; and to Him alone she ascribed the rise, progress, and increase. She now felt the decided conviction, which was strengthened by the deliberate conclusions of her future and more matured judgement, that she must, on scriptural grounds, from *this* period, date the holy and happy change of " passing from death unto life," through the renewing influences of the Spirit of God upon her soul.

From this time, although nothing *very* striking, or observable, to those around her, might be apparent, yet there was a great and felt alteration in

her views, desires, and pursuits. Her devotional exercises, although they had never been externally omitted, were now performed with a regularity and earnestness which gave them an entirely new character. The Sabbath was not only more punctually observed, but its essential privileges were duly and gratefully prized. The faithful preaching of the gospel was now ardently desired, and beneficence to the poor became a more fixed principle. Until then, she had not comprehended the force and meaning of the apostolical injunction, "Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God;" nor to apply to it, in what are usually considered the more trifling concerns of daily occurrence. *Now*, that precept was written upon her heart, and became the regulating motive of her conduct.

Under such circumstances, nothing could be more favourable to her Christian progress, than the constant attendance on Dr. Buchanan's ministry; for which she felt, to the end of her life, that she never could be sufficiently thankful. His affectionate manner was well calculated to make a deep impression; and his truly Christian spirit forcibly struck her, as indicating that there is, in true religion, somewhat infinitely beyond what appears in the lives of even the decent and moral: that there is an *uniting* principle, by which the sinner obtains an interest in all that the Saviour is, and all that he has done for man.

The great fundamental points of scriptural doctrine, such as the utter depravity of human nature, salvation through a crucified Redeemer, the necessity of the continual influences of the Holy Spirit, and of holiness of life, had long been subjects of mental acquiescence on the part of Miss Sinclair; but they had never, until this period of her life, produced that solicitude and desire which binds them on the conscience, and makes them the actuating principle of the affections. Like Job, she had *previously* heard

of God "by the hearing of the ear," and had lived in comparative self-complacency; but *now*, her "eye saw him" in his grace and truth, and the result was similar: she "abhorred herself, and repented in dust and ashes."

To the interesting sermons of her esteemed pastor, under the immediate blessing of God, she ascribed the disposition to make the religion of the Bible the object and business of her life. No book to which she *then* had access, so fully accorded with the sentiments which her heart approved, as "Orton's Sermons." These were attentively and prayerfully studied. Shortly after, Mr. Wilberforce presented her father with his admirable Treatise on Christianity. She was overjoyed to find that the views, now so endeared to her mind, were no less clearly defined, than beautifully enforced, in that volume. She read it again and again, often observing, that she could never be wearied with repetition. The ideas of its author on the practical parts of Christianity, in a peculiar manner delighted her. They accorded well with the benevolence of her own heart, and her convictions what the religion of Christ must really be.

Miss Sinclair lived at this time, as much as was in her power, in retirement. Although possessed of qualifications which would have been deemed ornamental to the most polished circles, yet, she sought not her happiness there. She had no relish for worldly company or amusements, and with the pious she had little opportunity of intercourse. Her much valued minister she occasionally saw, but it was in company with others; and he had, at this period, no particular knowledge of the change which had been wrought upon her character. But, in the bosom of her family, she found a salutary and useful employment for her mind. She now took upon herself the task of instructing the younger part of her father's second family; and the happy art she had

of making instruction agreeable by the interesting mode of communicating it, made her little pupils as eager for a lesson as children commonly are for a holiday. She was so modest and gentle in her temper, so free from the assumption of superiority, that it was necessary to be thoroughly acquainted with her, to discover how much her mind excelled the ordinary standard. Her taste for simplicity was shewn in the consistent neatness of her dress. She had a perfect indifference to finery and ornament, not unfrequently remarking, how wearisome it was to hear the subject of dress so constantly spoken of, and expressing a wish that there was but one fashion, which should never change. Yet, she affected no singularity; and her economy was dictated by a wish to appropriate the more to purposes of beneficence. She acted upon the principle, that Christian charity loses its appropriate distinction, if unaccompanied with self-denial. Her sound judgement was displayed in the mode in which she discharged the duty of alms-giving. She considered it to be a duty to add the labour of investigation to the indulgence of a benevolent spirit; and thus, with limited means, she was enabled to do much more extensive good than by an indiscriminate charity.

It will not excite surprise in any person conversant with the experience of real Christians, that a mind constructed like Miss Sinclair's should have been exercised with deep and anxious speculations on mysterious points, connected with some of the great doctrines of the Gospel. It is the trial by which persons of her turn of mind are more especially liable to be visited. Occasionally, darkness and confusion on some points produced much disquietude, which she, for a considerable time, kept to herself. It was not till about the age of twenty-one, that she communicated to a confidential friend, how much she had suffered; and she long afterwards told that same individual, that there was not one

doctrine of the Gospel, in the belief of which she had not at some period or other been shaken. "But," remarks her biographer, "let not this case be misapprehended. Hers was not the hesitation or unbelief of the infidel, but the doubts of an inquiring mind, anxious to arrive at the truth. All this while, she appears to have been convinced of the reality of the Christian system in the aggregate, but felt a solicitous uncertainty as to some particular tenets. She was even daily and usefully instructing the young members of the family in many essential points, before she had cleared up others to her own satisfaction. The judicious friend, to whom she unbosomed her inmost thoughts, was often distressed at the state of her mind; but seldom argued with her, and rather talked of the lovely features of Christianity; the beauties of holiness, as exhibited in the life of our Lord, and in a faint degree, in that of his people; the grandeur and magnificence of the scheme of redemption; and the things that belong to our everlasting peace. Her friend felt assured, that as religious principles gained strength through study of the Scriptures and prayer, her doubts would vanish, and only prove a prelude to a solid and permanent peace of mind. Hannah repeatedly said, how much she was benefited by these observations, and expressed the most affectionate anxiety not to lose the advantages which they afforded her. Accordingly her mind became gradually and substantially composed, in regard to each and every one of those difficulties, which for a season had disquieted her. So true is it that, "Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord." (Hosea, vi. 3.) Through mental trials of such a description, God exercised her faith and patience for a while, only that his own glory might be the more abundantly promoted, by her happy attainment of that "peace which passeth all understanding." It is "thus that he giveth his beloved rest." (Ps. cxxvii. 2.) Re-

ligious friendship and intimate communication of heart, founded upon mutual experience of divine mercy and love, are means of grace, which in the secret, and, for the most part, undeveloped history of private Christians, promote much of their growth and advancement in the divine life. Such opportunities can never be too highly prized: their remembrance will ever be sweetly cherished, whilst we live on earth, nor does it appear probable, that they can be forgotten in glory.

In the year 1806, Miss Sinclair, then in her twenty-sixth year, was first seized with symptoms of the complaint which ultimately proved fatal; the result of a neglected cold. During her illness, those around her expressed their surprise at the calmness and patience she exhibited, and inquired the cause. Her reply was, that it proceeded from trust in God, who, she knew, would manage much better for her, than she could for herself. She never entirely recovered her health, but was for some years tolerably well, especially during the summer season. And now, no more was heard of doubts: the doctrines of the Gospel had become the ground of her simple dependence, and her unshaken trust was reposed on the Saviour.

In the year 1814, Sir John Sinclair and his family left Scotland, and came to reside on Ham Common in Surrey. Here Miss Sinclair had the privilege of cultivating the friendship of a few very estimable and pious individuals; and, while the state of her health admitted of it, she became the diligent visitor of the sick, and instructor of the poor, in the neighbourhood of her father's residence.

In the summer of 1816, she visited an endeared relative in Scotland. Of the frame of her mind at this period, we have an illustration in the record which has been preserved, of an observation which she made to Lady Colquhoun early one morning. "I have never," she said, "been so happy as last

night. I was not able to sleep, and began to meditate on the employment of saints and angels around the throne. I ruminated until I thought I saw the multitude of the redeemed, which no man can number. I fancied I heard their angelic voices singing the song of Moses and the Lamb. Methought I joined with them; and at last I concluded by praying that I might be soon, if not immediately removed, to unite my note of praise with theirs."

In 1817, Miss Sinclair first commenced a Diary. Her reasons for adopting this practice are stated at the beginning of the Journal, the existence of which was unknown to her friends till after her decease: a few extracts are subjoined, as throwing light upon her character and the exercises of her mind, at this period.

"Ormly Lodge, Jan. 5, 1817.

"As it appears from the memoirs of many eminent Christians, that it has been their practice to keep a diary or journal of their religious experience, and that they have derived much benefit from that practice; I propose (in humble dependence on the divine blessing) to follow their example in that respect. May that great and glorious Being, without whose assistance I can do nothing aright, guide my pen! May he open my eyes to discern my sins and failings of every kind, and to record them with sincerity and truth! May he also enable me to record with real heart-felt gratitude the mercies with which he may be pleased to favour me; and when exercised with vexations or disappointments, may he enable me to receive them, and to write about them, without a murmuring word or thought, saying, as Job did, 'Shall I receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall I not also receive evil?'

"It is my duty at all times to dedicate myself to the service of my God and Redeemer; but I would desire to do so especially now, at the beginning of a

new year. O! that this year may be better spent in every respect, than those which have preceded it! Do thou, I beseech thee, O! my God, give a check to the wanderings of my mind, and enable me to love thee with more sincerity, and to serve thee with more fidelity, than I have ever yet done!"

"January 12. Read Hervey's Theron and Aspasio. Earnestly wished and prayed that I may obtain that precious faith which he so well describes. Heard something in the course of the day which much hurt me. Endeavoured to feel resigned."

"January 13. Awoke this morning in a better frame, and felt during the whole day more disposed for the duties of devotion than usual. Lord, I thank thee for this great mercy. In the afternoon I heard an attack made on some of the doctrines of the Gospel, and did not say much in their defence. But, Lord, thou knowest I was kept silent only by the fear of doing more harm than good. Thou knowest I highly prize thy Gospel."

"January 20. This day my mind was full of fears and doubts of various kinds. Read Hervey, Newton, and Chalmers' Evidences. Prayed earnestly for a confirmed and assured faith."

"January 21. The day being mild, I ventured to take a walk in the garden: every thing there looked dull and withered; but soon, O my God! may we expect to see the face of Nature revive at thy command. O that thou wouldst be pleased also to revive the power of religion in my soul, and cause it to grow, and to flourish, more than it has ever yet done!"

"February 1. I have this day, Lord! as thou knowest, completed my 37th year. O! that I could add, that every one of these years, since I became capable of knowing thee, had been indeed devoted to thy service. But when I reflect on the manner in which they have been spent, I cannot but blush, and

be confounded, in thy awful presence. I can only address thee in the words of the publican, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner!' Yet, Lord, I cannot but hope that, in the course of the year which is past, I have made some little progress in thy good and holy ways, that my faith is confirmed, my desires to love and serve thee more sincere and lively. Surely, if it be so, I have much cause for gratitude to thee. Thou knowest, that my most earnest wish is to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of my God and Saviour, Jesus Christ. In him would I desire to place all my hopes, and surely, Lord! they shall not be disappointed."

"February 2. Awoke this morning in a good frame of mind, and prayed with fervency and pleasure: Read the Bible, and Skelton's Dialogues. As my life is particularly retired and uniform, I purpose, for the future, to write in this Diary only once a week, on Sundays, unless any thing remarkable should occur on a week day."

"February 9. Yesterday evening our heavenly Father was pleased to bestow upon our family another proof of his great mercy, in the safe delivery of my sister-in-law, Mrs. Sinclair, of a daughter. Accept, Lord, our humble thanksgivings, and do thou, I beseech thee, perfect the recovery of the mother, and grant that the child may live to praise thee, and, above all, that she may live to thy praise. May she not only be devoted to thee in baptism, but may she be a Christian in deed and in truth!—Was at church to-day, the first time for some months, and felt glad to be again able to enter the house of prayer."

"July 20. I have lately made a very valuable acquaintance in Miss ——, who has every appearance of being a real Christian. Lord, bless our intercourse, and grant that I may derive true and spiritual benefit from it!"

"August 3. In the course of last week was intro-

duced by Miss —— to some poor people in the neighbourhood, and determined to visit them occasionally, and to read the Bible to them. On Saturday I went to one of them; read and explained the second chapter of Ephesians. Lord, enable me to keep this resolution, and grant that these readings may prove beneficial, both to myself and my neighbours. Read Leighton on the Psalms to day, an interesting book lent me by ——, and heard the children in the evening."

"August 10. The weather unfavourable, so that I could not go to church. In the course of last week visited several of my poor neighbours; read and explained the Scriptures to them. Hope to derive benefit from this exercise. In the forepart of this day I felt very cold and dull, but in the afternoon better disposed for devotion. Read the Bible, and Leighton. In the evening heard the children read, and was particularly pleased with some observations made by one of them."

"August 17. Was again disappointed in going to church by the weather. O! do thou, Lord, supply in private, the advantages of which I am deprived in public. Thou canst make ample amends for the want of outward means, and I earnestly implore thou wouldst now do so to me."

"August 24. Confined at home by the weather. Read the Bible, Leighton, and Watts's Meditations. Was much pleased to find that some of my sisters, one day last week, had been very kind to a poor woman, and that they shewed great anxiety that she might receive religious instruction. Grant, I beseech thee, O Lord, that the impressions made upon their minds may not wear off, but prove real and permanent!"

"August 31. Heard a very interesting sermon from Galat. vi. 14, on 'Glorying in the Cross.' The latter part of last week was comfortably and profitably spent, but the beginning by no means so. Have

pity on my weakness, Lord, and teach me how to love and serve thee. Have compassion on a poor unsteady creature!"

"September 21. Was at Kingston church. Felt too much of a cold and careless frame while there, and during the whole day. Alas! Lord, I know not at all what to say for myself! I fear such conduct must be very offensive in thy sight! O, cause me, I beseech thee, to return unto thee. Grant that thy word may come home to me with the demonstration of the Spirit, and with power, and may be the means of reviving the power of religion in my treacherous heart, of which I have still cause to complain!"

"October 5. Heard a beautiful sermon from Mr. ——, on Ephes. v. 18. and afterwards partook of the Sacrament, which he administered in the most impressive manner. Surely, Lord, I have now every assistance that means can afford me, but, I well know, that all will be ineffectual, without thy blessing. Be thou graciously pleased to impart that inestimable blessing, which maketh us indeed rich both in this world and in that which is to come, and which addeth no sorrow with it. Heard the young people, as usual, in the evening."

"October 19. Was occupied, during a great part of the day, in writing a letter to my sister Catherine, at her request, explaining the Evangelical System of Religion. Do thou, I beseech thee, O my God! grant me the powerful assistance of thy Holy Spirit in the composition of this letter, that I may be enabled to explain clearly, and to enforce earnestly, the interesting and important truths which I have undertaken to illustrate. O! that all my hopes with regard to this letter, and in every respect, may be in thee; for without thee, I can do nothing!"

"November 2. Heard to-day a truly interesting sermon from Matt. v. 6. Grant, I beseech thee, Lord, that I may indeed hunger and thirst after righteousness, in the various senses which Mr. —— described,

and that the promise in the text may be fulfilled in my experience.—Presented to Catherine this evening the Letter which I have been writing to her. O! that it may be blessed by thee for her spiritual benefit, and for that of the other members of our family!"

The Letter referred to in the last paragraph, has been published since Miss Sinclair's death, and has obtained a very wide circulation with the happiest effects. It contains a simple and comprehensive survey of the leading doctrines and precepts of Christianity, and will long perpetuate the name of the writer. Miss Sinclair was solicited by a friend to allow it to be printed anonymously as a tract for distribution among the poor; but her modesty prevented her from complying with the proposal. The evangelical character of her sentiments, as well as the clearness of her views, will appear from the following paragraphs:

"The first of these doctrines, and the foundation of all the rest, is that of the deep depravity and corruption of human nature. This doctrine, in the main, is not, I believe, denied by any; but the evangelical preachers explain it in a different manner from what others do. By others it is considered *as a slight taint;*—by them it is represented *as a deep pollution;*—a total alienation of the heart from God, which is most culpable, and wholly inexcusable, in his sight. So far is man, in a state of nature, from loving God above all things, that there is scarcely any thing which he does not prefer to God. To the majority of the world, what duty is so irksome as that of prayer? What day so wearisome as the Sabbath? What time so long as that which is spent at church? What books so uninteresting, as those which treat of religion?

"Besides this dislike and repugnance to the exercise of devotion, or, in other words, to all manner of intercourse with God, there is, in fallen man, a spirit

of disobedience and rebellion against his Maker. It is true, that many of the persons here described do fulfil various moral duties, and so far obey his commands; but they do not obey them *because they are his commands*. Generally speaking, some motive of interest, pleasure, or vanity, of self-gratification of one kind or other, secretly influences them; or if they do pay any regard to God at all, it is the fear of his wrath which prompts them. They do not obey from a sincere filial desire of pleasing him, but from dread of a power which they know cannot be resisted. Such is man by nature, without any exception. This charge may be brought with as much justice against the decent and moral, as against the vicious and profane. Nay, even the most eminent Christians, though this is no longer their character, will most readily acknowledge that it was once so. They can all of them remember a time, when they were exactly in the condition here described. Now, as God has repeatedly declared in Scripture, that he will on no account admit into his presence those who are thus alienated from him, it follows of course, that if we live and die in this state, we must perish for ever; or, to use our Saviour's own words, 'Except a man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God,' John, iii. 3. The change which our Saviour alludes to in these words, is described in the Bible under a great variety of figures and phrases, such as 'being renewed (2 Cor. iv. 16. Ephes. iv. 23. Col. iii. 10.) and sanctified (1 Cor. i. 2; vi. 11. Rom. xv. 16.); being adopted into the family of God (Rom. viii. 15. Gal. iv. 5, 6. Ephes. i. 5.); being no longer under the law, but under grace (Rom. vi. 14.); having passed from death to life' (John v. 24. 1 John iii. 14.), &c. &c.; and St. Paul expressly says, 'If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things have passed away, behold all things are become new' (2 Cor. v. 17.); by which is plainly signified, not only that the change must be

great, but that it must be universal; 'that all things must become new.'

"To describe, as plainly and distinctly as I can, wherein this change consists, shall be the purport of the remainder of this letter. May God grant that you, my dear Catherine, and every member of the family to which we belong, may know by experience what it means! for I must again remind you, that unless such a change be made upon every one of us, at some period or other of our lives, we are assured by the Saviour himself, 'That we cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven'. (John, iii. 3.)

"In describing this change, the first thing which I shall mention is, that every true convert becomes much more sensible than he ever was before, of his need of a Saviour. Though all are ready to acknowledge themselves to be sinners, yet those who are in a state of nature are not fully sensible of what St. Paul calls 'the exceeding sinfulness of sin' (Rom. vii. 12.); but divine grace opens our eyes in that respect, shews us our deep depravity, humbles us in the very dust on account of our manifold transgressions, and compels us to acknowledge there is justice in the sentence which condemns us to everlasting punishment. For, to those whose eyes are thus opened to behold their guilt and danger, the Gospel becomes a joyful sound, and the Saviour is indeed precious. They can enter into the meaning of St. Paul's words when he says, 'That he counts all things but loss that he may win Christ, and be found in him; not having his own righteousness, which is of the law, but the righteousness which is by faith in him.' (Philip. iii. 8, 9.) Instead of their former apathy and indifference about religion, they delight in reading about the Saviour—in thinking of him—in listening to those sermons of which he is the theme—and the chief desire, the most earnest wish of their hearts, is, that they may

be admitted to a further acquaintance, and to an intimate union with him."

After treating of the way of justification and the nature of true faith, Miss Sinclair proceeds to shew the tendency of the Gospel to produce in the heart all the virtues and graces of the Christian life.

"But, first," she remarks, "let me remind you, that sanctification is a gradual work. The change I am describing, from sin to holiness, from the love of the world to the love of God, is not instantaneous, 'but resembles the morning light, which shines more and more unto the perfect day.' (Prov. iv. 18.) *An established Christian* differs in many respects from a young convert; and, generally speaking, that difference is in no respect more visible, than in their feelings and experience relative to the pleasures of religion. A young convert is usually beset with doubts, anxieties, and fears. He feels and knows himself to be a sinner; is depressed by a sense of his own guilt and infirmities; and has not yet learned to rejoice in Christ Jesus, and to cast all the burden of his sins upon him. But, by degrees, more light is communicated to his mind;—he perceives how God can be just, and yet the justifier of him who believes in Jesus;—he applies all the promises of the Gospel to himself;—he looks to Jesus, not merely as the Saviour of sinners, but *as his own Saviour;* and believes, not merely that he died for mankind in general, but *for himself in particular;*—and thus he learns to look forward to Heaven as '*his own certain portion and inheritance,*' not for any works of righteousness which he has done, but solely because he is united *by faith* to the all-sufficient Saviour.

"Some perhaps may tell you, that this is not consistent with humility; but they mistake the nature of *Christian humility,* which does not consist in believing that *we are* going to hell, but that *we deserve* to go there. Who was ever more humble than

St. Paul? He disparages himself in almost every page of his writings; yet he speaks of his own salvation with the utmost confidence—expresses a wish to be 'absent from the body, that he might be present with the Lord' (2 Cor. v. 8.)—says, 'That he had a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better' (Phil. i. 23.)—and 'That to him to live is Christ, and to die is gain.' (Phil. i. 21.) And he describes Christians in general, as those 'who rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh, or in themselves' (Phil. iii. 3.)—plainly shewing, that these two feelings are no way inconsistent with each other. A criminal may believe himself to be worthy of death; yet, if he receives a pardon, he no longer fears death. Thus it is with Christians—they believe themselves to be pardoned for Christ's sake.

"It is true, indeed, as I formerly observed, that young converts do not usually view things in this light; for faith, generally speaking, is a gradual attainment. It is also true, that established Christians may have their seasons of doubt and dejection; but this is owing to the weakness of their faith, and these seasons are their worst seasons. A variety of circumstances also, such as nervous and other diseases, temptations, and misfortunes of various sorts, may depress the spirits of Christians; but, notwithstanding all these exceptions, for which due allowances should be made, it is perfectly true, that the spirit of the Gospel is a spirit of hope, peace, and joy, and that the 'children of Zion' are not only humble, but 'joyful in their King.' (Psalm cxlix. 2.)"

Another interesting illustration of the state of Miss Sinclair's mind, is afforded by two prayers in her own hand-writing, which were not found till a year and a half after her decease. They are here subjoined:

A Prayer.

" Ever blessed, and most adorable Lord God Almighty! Thou, Lord, art the first and the last, the greatest and the best of Beings, the King of kings, the Lord of lords, the blessed and only Potentate, who alone hast immortality, who dwellest in light inaccessible, whom no mortal eye hath seen, or can see, to whom be glory for ever and ever. When I reflect on thine infinite Majesty, thy glorious perfections, and, above all, on thy spotless purity, I may well be ashamed to approach thee, or to take thy holy name into my polluted lips; but thou hast thyself assured us, that thou art the hearer of prayer, and thou hast commanded us to make our supplications unto thee. Encouraged, therefore, by thine own declarations, and in obedience of thine own command, I would now desire to pour out my soul before thee, and to entreat that thou wouldst be merciful to me a sinner.

" When I look back on my past life, when I consider what I have been, and compare it with what I ought to have been, I cannot but be deeply sensible of my own guilt and unworthiness. Which of thy holy commandments have I not broken, times and ways without number! I have done those things which I ought not to have done, and have left undone those things which I ought to have done, and there is no spiritual health in me. Woe, woe, is unto me, because I have sinned, because I have so grievously offended thee! But blessed, for ever blessed, be thy holy name, there is mercy with thee, that thou mayest be feared, and plenteous redemption, that thou mayest be sought unto. Thou hast laid our help upon one who is mighty to save! Oh! that I may be enabled from the heart to renounce every false confidence, and every refuge of lies, and to lay hold on the hope set before me in the Gospel.

" Remove, I beseech thee, every remaining doubt

and perplexity from my mind, and grant that I may rely on the Lord Jesus, and on him only, for salvation, and for every spiritual blessing. For his sake pardon, I beseech thee, my multiplied and aggravated transgressions; and give me a just sense of the evil and demerit of sin, that I may indeed be humbled in the very dust before thee, and may have that genuine repentance which needeth not to be repented of again. For his sake I would also implore thee, that I may be renewed in the spirit of my mind, after thy divine image. I would acknowledge before thee, (oh, do thou make me more and more sensible of the important truth!) that I am insufficient of myself, even to think a good thought; that all my sufficiency is of thee. Oh! do thou create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me. Make me in every respect such as thou wouldst have me to be, and to thy thrice holy name be all the praise.

"With respect to my future lot in this life, I would desire to resign myself entirely to thy divine disposal. Do with me what thou wilt; deprive me of what thou pleasest; cross, in whatever manner seemeth good unto thee, my foolish wishes and inclinations; only bestow on me my daily bread, and a spirit of resignation and contentment. Enable me to say to thee at all times from the heart, and with perfect sincerity, 'Not my will, but thine be done.'

"And that I may be enabled more cheerfully to confide in thy goodness, I would desire to recollect the many mercies I have received from thee in the times that are past, and thankfully to acknowledge them before thee. I would bless thee, oh, my God! that ever since I had a being, thou hast never ceased to provide for all my wants, and to load me with benefits; and that thy mercies have been continued to me every night, and renewed every morning. Surely goodness and mercy have hitherto followed me all the days of my life, and thou hast often

caused my cup to run over. Oh! make me truly grateful to thee for all thy mercies, and, above all, for thy spiritual mercies.

"I would bless thee, O my God! that thou hast not confined our views to this vain and transitory scene, but hast taught and encouraged us to hope for a state of perfect and endless happiness beyond the grave. I would bless thee, that my ears have ever heard the joyful sound of the Gospel. I would thank thee for all the opportunities of religious instruction I have enjoyed, especially for the encouragement thou hast given me, to expect the gracious assistance of thy Holy Spirit, and, above all, for thy unspeakable gift—That thou so lovedst a lost and guilty world, as to give thine only and well-beloved Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting life. Oh, that my very heart and soul, and all that is within me, might be stirred up to bless and magnify thy holy name, for this transcendent instance of Divine mercy; and that from a just and lively sense of infinite obligation, I might henceforth endeavour to live to him who died for us.

"I would further desire, ere I conclude my address to thee, to recommend to thy favour and protection my kind and beloved friends, all whom I am bound by any tie to pray for. Oh, do thou bless them in all their concerns; grant them as much worldly prosperity as is consistent with their own best interests, and with the purposes of thy providence concerning them. Above all, grant that their souls may prosper, that they may all of them be united to the Lord Jesus, and finally admitted into thy heavenly kingdom. I would pray for the prosperity of my native land. I would thank thee for the invaluable privileges thou hast bestowed upon it, and would earnestly implore a continuance of them. I would also pray for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, that the glad tidings of salvation by Jesus may be sent to all the ends of the earth, and that numbers

may be daily added to the church, of such as shall be saved.

" My humble prayers are before thee, O my God, and Father! Listen to them graciously, I beseech thee, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake: and to him, with thee and the Holy Spirit, one God, I would desire to join with angels and archangels, in ascribing glory, honour, and dominion, henceforth, even for evermore. Amen."

Another Prayer.

" To thee, blessed Jesus, the eternal Son of God, and the Redeemer of a lost and ruined world, would I now desire to look up, and most humbly and earnestly to implore thy gracious aid.

" Thou hast assured us, that whosoever cometh unto thee, thou wilt in nowise cast out; and that whosoever believeth on thee, shall not perish, but have eternal life. Lord! help thou mine unbelief. I would desire, in the first place, to adore that undeserved goodness, that astonishing love, which led thee to forsake thy heavenly throne, to take upon thee our nature, to fulfil in our stead all righteousness, leaving us an example that we should follow thy steps; nay, to humble thyself unto death, even the cursed death of the cross; to die that we might live, to die in agonies which human nature shudders even to think of, that we might escape the pains of hell for ever.

" Surely, if I have any feeling, any sense of gratitude in me, it ought to be exerted in the very highest degree, when I reflect upon what thou hast done and suffered for us sinners. Grant, I beseech thee, that thy death and sufferings may not be in vain, as to me. Confirm, Lord, and increase my faith, and bring every thought into captivity to the obedience of thee. I would desire to accept of thee in all thy offices, as thou art freely offered in the Gospel. As my *Prophet*, to believe whatsoever thou hast revealed; as

my *Priest*, to rely upon thee, and thee only, for salvation, renouncing every other hope and confidence; and, as my *King*, to submit to thy all-righteous laws. Oh, that thou mightest be made of God unto me, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and complete redemption!

"Make me, I beseech thee, more and more sensible of my need of a Saviour, and that thou art just such a Saviour as I need. Lord, save, or I perish. Lord, have mercy, or I am all undone. I am a vile sinner, deserving nothing at thy hands, but condemnation. But thou didst descend from heaven to earth to seek and to save that which was lost. Oh! that thou wouldst receive me — accept of me — bless me — Take me into the number of thy genuine disciples, of thy little flock; save me, I beseech thee, from the guilt and the punishment, and also from the power and dominion of sin. Enable me from henceforth to live to thy praise, to be a Christian, not in name only, but in deed and in truth.

"Oh! that thou wouldst manifest thyself unto me, as thou dost not unto the world. Shew me thy glory. Fill my mind with joy and peace in believing. Remove my doubts. Quiet my fears, console me in adversity, meet me in thine ordinances, support me at all times. Never leave nor forsake me, and do to me and for me — exceedingly abundantly above all that I can ask or think, and to thy thrice holy name be everlasting praise. Amen."

In the month of January 1818, Miss Sinclair had been engaged in some visits of piety and benevolence, when she took fresh cold, which produced an alarming aggravation of consumptive symptoms. The flattering nature of the disease might probably have led her not to anticipate that death was quite so near as it proved to be. But the tranquillity, resignation, and devotedness of her mind, testified how ready she was to depart, whenever it should

please her heavenly Father to call her home. It had been a favourite sentiment with her, "that a lingering is better than a sudden death, as it gives the real Christian an opportunity of doing good to others, by the example of resignation and piety." Her wish was gratified, and she did not fail to avail herself of the opportunity thus afforded, of edifying those around her. A younger sister one day lamented that her sufferings were so great. She replied: "I would cheerfully suffer it all over again, that *you* might enjoy the same consolation from religion in the same circumstances." This gave rise to a conversation on the impossibility of *any* sufferings of ours procuring, for ourselves or others, either temporal or spiritual benefit, and the necessity of the anguish which Christ endured on our account. Her uncommon patience struck every one. When it was noticed that she never complained, she said: "It would be a wonder if I were not patient, when I have so many mercies to be thankful for." After lingering for about four months of gradual decay, she expired, without the least struggle, on the 22d of May, 1818, in the thirty-ninth year of her age. A few minutes before her death, a faithful and pious servant, who was her constant attendant, asked her, if she should turn her. "No," was the reply, "I am so comfortable and happy, I had better remain as I am." She then appeared to be sinking in sleep, but it was presently discovered that the spirit had fled, leaving on her placid and serene countenance an emblem of the inward peace she experienced.

MRS. MARY FLETCHER.

Some of the brightest examples of ardent and ecstatic piety, of purity, self-denial, and benevolence, are to be found in the lives of devout members of the corrupt Church of Rome. With defective views of the Gospel, many of the Mystics, in particular, have exhibited, both in their writings and in their lives, more of the true spirit of apostolic Christianity, than is often found associated with more accurate sentiments and clearer notions in those who enjoy the meridian light of truth. There is a warmth of temperament, however, discovered in their writings, and a certain foreign cast of sentiment, which do not exactly comport with the fastidious taste of modern days, and the cold sobriety of English Protestants. Yet, in Madame de Guion, with whose name Cowper has made us familiar, and in other admirable persons of the same stamp, what pious reader can fail to recognise a living portrait of genuine Christianity? True religion is essentially the same in every age, in every latitude, and under all the modifications which it undergoes from national or individual character.

The piety of the more eminent among the early English Methodists bore, in many respects, a striking resemblance to that which is displayed in the lives and writings of the persons to whom we have alluded. It was characterized by an enthusiasm which we are never surprised to meet with in the votaries and victims of superstition or a false religion, but which the true religion is too seldom found to inspire; although a rightly directed enthusiasm, where the object is real and intrinsically excellent, is the mark of an elevated and noble mind. There was, on some points

of doctrine, an approximation, perhaps, in Methodism, to the tenets of the class to whom Madame de Guion may be considered as belonging; while its internal discipline was partly borrowed from that of a foreign religious communion. Altogether, that which struck the superficial as most strange and repulsive in Methodism, partly arose from its grafting the ardour and zeal of Roman Catholic piety on the Protestant faith. It introduced no innovations in doctrine, nor did it necessarily lead to any wider departure from the National Church in discipline, than had been tolerated by the Church of Rome herself, in the case of the monastic orders. But for men to become earnest in their religion, is generally considered as amounting to a change of their religion, although not one tenet of their creed should undergo any alteration.

We have made these preliminary remarks, in reference to the subject of this memoir, because, in order rightly to appreciate the character of Mrs. Fletcher, who was so distinguished a member of Mr. Wesley's community, it is necessary to have some general idea of the circumstances which contributed to give a peculiarity to her phraseology, and a singularity to her actions. She was altogether an extraordinary person. Endowed with a strong understanding, great decision of character, and simplicity of mind, heroic zeal, and unbounded benevolence,—in the apostolic age, she would have been a Priscilla, and have taken her rank among the presbyteresses or female confessors of the primitive church. She had all the spirit of a martyr. Had she been born within the Romish communion, she would probably have been enrolled among the saints of the Calendar. In this country, the community to which she attached herself, alone afforded a sphere suited to the energies of her character, which might otherwise have remained dormant, because, under ordinary circumstances, zeal such as hers could

hardly have been developed. Among Protestants, enthusiasm like hers is apt to be regarded as the worst of heresies.

Mary Bosanquet (for that was her maiden name) was born at Laytonstone, in the county of Essex, Sept. 1. (O. S.) 1739. Her parents were members of the Church of England; but they do not appear to have paid any particular attention to the religious education of their children, or to have been qualified to instruct them in religion, further than teaching them the Church Catechism. When only five years old, she began to feel much concerned about her eternal welfare, and frequently inquired of those about her, whether such and such things were sins. On Sabbath evenings, in particular, after repeating the catechism to her father, she would ask for explanations of passages of Scripture which perplexed her, and put questions relative to religious subjects, which were often lightly treated; and thus her mind was left to feel after the truth she indistinctly perceived. "I wished to know," she informs us, "whether any one ever did love God with all their heart, and their neighbours as themselves; and whether it was really the command of God, that we should do so; also, if the Bible really meant all it said. It seemed to me that, if it did, I was wrong, and all about me in danger; for there appeared to be a great difference between the description of a Christian given in the word of God, and those who walk under that name." She was told, that the texts of Scripture which impressed her mind, are very liable to be mistaken, and do not require obedience in all the strictness which she supposed. This injudicious answer silenced her convictions at the moment; but it could not, in the nature of things, satisfy the anxiety which had been awakened in her mind. "Often," she says, "I thought, Perhaps the Bible does mean what it says, and then I am not a Christian; and greatly

did I desire to know the truth." Her sister also, who was nearly five years older, was, at the same time, under serious impressions of religion. Judicious parental instruction, at this season, would have been of incalculable advantage to the young inquirers; or had they heard, at the parish church, the doctrines of the Gospel evangelically stated and enforced, they would not so long have remained ignorant of the first principles of Christianity. We shall again avail ourselves of Mrs. Fletcher's own words, in giving an account of this period of her life.

"About this time, there came a servant maid to live with my father, who had heard of, and felt some little of the power of inward religion. It was among the people called Methodists, she had received her instructions. Seeing the uneasiness my sister was under, she took some opportunities of conversing with her. I was at this season with my grandmother. On my return home, my sister repeated the substance of these conversations to me. I well remember the very spot we stood on, and the words she spake, which, though we were but a few minutes together, sunk so deeply into my heart, that they were never afterward erased. My reflections were suited to a child not seven years old. I thought, if I became a Methodist, I should be sure of salvation; and determined, if ever I could get to that people, whatever it cost, I would be one of them. But after a few conversations, and hearing my sister read some little books which this servant had given to her, I found out, it was not the being joined to any people, that would save me, but I must be converted, and have faith in Christ; that I was to be saved by believing; and that believing would make me holy, and give me a power to love and serve God.

"The servant had now left our family, and we continued like blind persons, groping our way in the dark; yet, though we had so far discerned the truth as to

express it in the above manner, I could not comprehend it. My heart rose against the idea of being saved by a faith which I could not understand. One day, looking over the pictures in the Book of Martyrs, I thought it would be easier to burn than to believe, and heartily did I wish that the Papists would come and burn me, and then I thought I should be quite safe. Yet these troubled thoughts were mixed with a degree of hope. I thought, God does love me, I believe, after all; and, perhaps, he will shew me what it is to believe and be converted.

"When I was between seven and eight years old, musing one day on that thought, What can it be to know my sins forgiven, and to have faith in Jesus? I felt my heart rise against God, for having appointed a way of salvation so hard to be understood; and with anguish of soul I said, If it were to die a martyr, I could do it; or to give away all I have; or, when grown up, to become a servant, that would be easy, but I shall never know how to believe."

At this moment, according to her own account, a couplet of a hymn, which she had probably met with in one of the books belonging to the servant, occurred to her mind as a direct solution of her difficulty. A ray of light seemed to fall upon her mind, and she with joy embraced what she now discerned to be God's method of redemption. "I was surprised," she says, "that I could not find this out before." These hymns appear to have taken a strong hold of her memory; they were identified with her earliest religious feelings; and it is not surprising, therefore, that they should have given a permanent bias to her views, and endeared to her a certain cast of phraseology.

The want of proper religious instruction continued to be a great disadvantage to her. She relapsed into a state of melancholy, which, to her parents, had the appearance of unamiable sullenness. They

were at a loss to know what had come to her; and had they been aware of the source of her secret uneasiness, they would have been unable to sympathize in what they would have regarded as her unreasonable anxieties. Miss Bosanquet was assailed, like many half-informed novices in the faith, with the distressing apprehension that she had blasphemed against the Holy Ghost. The idea haunted her for several weeks, till, on disclosing her fears to her sister, she drew forth the very natural and pertinent appeal, "Why, you do not *mean* to blaspheme, do you?" Startled at the question, she inwardly replied, "Lord, thou knowest, I do not mean to blaspheme;" and thus she was relieved by being led to perceive, that involuntary thoughts, which, when suggested to the mind, are immediately rejected with abhorrence, can never partake of the character of wilful sin; much less can the workings of even the unrenewed heart expose the individual to the awful doom of those who, by their malignant rejection of the miraculous evidence of the Gospel, blasphemed against the Spirit of God. It is quite certain, that nothing short of an obstinate disbelief of Christianity itself, or an apostacy from a religious profession, can be included in the awful sin which, as it is followed by no repentance, leaves no hope of pardon.

Miss Bosanquet now began to derive considerable pleasure from the perusal of the holy Scriptures, especially from the promises of the Old Testament. She had, however, no one to direct her reading; and a remark one day casually heard, to this effect, that many people take promises to themselves which do not belong to them, threw her into fresh perplexity, and destroyed, for the time, all her relish for the Bible, as she could not tell what she might or might not appropriate to herself. Little, probably, did the individual imagine, who made the observation, (which, properly understood, is not an

incorrect one,) that he was by that means unsettling the mind of a child not yet twelve years of age. Soon after this, she accompanied her parents to Bath for three months. "Here," she tells us, "I met with many dissipations, and had no enjoyment of religion. Only, when in the midst of the ball-room, I used to think, If I knew where to find the Methodists, or any who would shew me how to please God, I would tear off all my fine things, and run through the fire to them. And sometimes I thought, If ever I am my own mistress, I will spend half the day in working for the poor, and the other half in prayer." This was the thought of a child, but of an extraordinary child; and the piety which dictated it, was not the less genuine because it was associated with inexperience.

When she was about thirteen, her sister, one day, on returning from a visit, announced as a joyful discovery, that the lady she had been to see was a Methodist. Of this, it seems, Mr. and Mrs. Bosanquet had no suspicion; and thus the two young ladies were allowed to come into contact, at this friend's house, with religious society, which did not, however, quite answer the fond and sanguine expectations they had raised. In this lady, they nevertheless found a valuable friend. But, although Miss Bosanquet was by this means improving in religious knowledge, it appears from her own confession, that she was far from having her heart brought as yet under the practical influence of the Gospel. Here, again, her character suffered from the want of parental discipline and competent religious instruction. "In general," says Mrs. Fletcher, "I was greatly under the power of my own will. Pride and perverseness got many times the upper hand, and there was nothing in my life and conversation which could adorn the Gospel; but I did not then see my conduct in that light. Alas! I thought I walked as a Christian; but now I see so much more of the

holiness of God, I also discern more fully the depth of my fall, and am astonished that either God or man bore with me. While the carnal mind retained this power, I do not wonder my dear mother should not love me as the rest of her children; for I was not only more dull and indolent in every thing I had to learn, but I gave way to an insolent and disobedient spirit in such a degree towards the whole family, that the recollection has often seemed to draw blood from my heart." Who is there but must admire the ingenuousness of this instructive confession? At the same time, it holds out a warning to young professors, especially to those who are placed by Providence in similar circumstances, and surrounded by irreligious connexions, not to mistake the reproach or persecution occasioned by their own indiscreet or unamiable deportment, for the reproach of Christ. There is nothing in which young converts are more apt to be wanting, than in respectful and winning conduct to those whom they regard as less enlightened than themselves. It is evident, that Miss Bosanquet's views of religion were at this time very defective; and as we cannot doubt her sincerity, much must be attributed to youthful inexperience and the want of wholesome religious instruction.

When she was about sixteen, her elder sister was married, and she was thus deprived of her only religious companion. Up to this time, she informs us, their parents entertained little suspicion of their having any intercourse with the Methodists; imagining, when the servant before-mentioned was turned away, and the books taken from them, that their religious impressions had worn off. But "I now," she adds, "saw the time was come, when I must confess Christ before men." The first occasion which presented itself, respected going to the theatre. She consulted some of her serious friends on the point, who replied: "Were you older, we

should know what to advise; but, as you are but sixteen, if your parents insist on your going, we do not see how you can avoid it." This answer did not satisfy her; it only increased her perplexity and distress. "I saw," she says, "the duty I owed to an absolute command from my parents in a very strong light; and, on the other hand, I remembered that my obedience to them was to be — *in the Lord.* I sought direction in prayer, and endeavoured to examine the question on both sides; but the more I searched, the clearer it appeared to me I must not comply. I considered the playhouse had a tendency to weaken every Christian temper, and to strengthen all that was contrary; to represent vice under the false colour of virtue, and to lead in every respect into the spirit of the world, of which the apostle declares, *The friendship of this world is enmity with God.* When the time came, and my obedient compliance was required, I begged to be left at home. On a refusal, I laid open my whole heart to my father; apprising him, I would not willingly be disobedient in any thing, unless where conscience made it appear to be my duty. We conversed on the subject with great freedom; for my dear father was a man of deep reason, calmness, and condescension. He replied: 'Child, your arguments prove too much, and therefore, are not conclusive. If what you say be true, then all places of diversion, all dress and company, nay, all agreeable liveliness, and the whole spirit of the world, are sinful.' I embraced the opportunity, and said, 'Sir, *I* see it as such, and therefore am determined no more to be conformed to its customs, fashions, or maxims.' This was a season of great trial, but the Lord stood by me: glory be to his holy name!"

Much opposition was excited by this declaration of her sentiments; but, upon the whole, her parents seem to have treated her with much kindness. In the summer of 1757, they went to Scarborough, when

Mrs. Bosanquet offered to take her daughter with them, if she would do as they did, and not bring a reproach on them in a strange place. On her declining to promise such compliance, she was left behind under the care of an uncle in London, where she had much liberty. "I had never before," she says, "had the opportunity of a constant attendance on the means of grace; and one of my acquaintance being imprudent, pressed me never to be absent from any meeting or preaching. By this means, I am sensible I went too far. I walked about more than my strength could bear, having been scarcely ever permitted to go out of our own grounds but in a carriage. But, above all, I am pained when I think how little of Christian prudence appeared in my conduct. The kind family in which I was received, could not but blame and condemn a conduct which, though the motive was upright, was in itself sometimes wrong." The consequence of this imprudent conduct was, that, by the over-exertion of her strength, as well as by the constant state of excitation in which her mind was kept, she was thrown into a low nervous fever, accompanied with great depression, which was naturally laid to the account of her religion; and thus the prejudices of her parents were strengthened.

She was about nineteen years of age, when she was led to take the still more decided and offensive step of adopting a distinguishing plainness of dress as a badge of nonconformity to the world. The courage and decision which she manifested in thus following out her principles, must be admired, however mistaken were her views. Unfortunately, the only religious acquaintance which, left to herself during her stay in London, she had been able to cultivate, appear to have been pious women of the lower classes and of contracted minds. Simplicity and unostentatious plainness in dress well become women professing godliness; but these may be

observed without affecting singularity, or drawing down the notice of others. The duty of making one's person disagreeable to the world by an affected quaintness of dress, is one which is purely imaginary; nor is it any effectual fence, as Miss Bosanquet was led to suppose, against the spirit of the world. At this time, she had resolved, moreover, not to think of a married life, wishing to be wholly given up to the church. Had she lived in a Roman Catholic country, she would probably have taken the veil.

At length, it became mutually desirable that she should be separated from her family. She was now twenty-one, and had a small fortune of her own; and was herself contemplating some step of the kind, when one day her father said to her: "There is a particular promise which I require of you; that is, that you will never, on any occasion, either now or hereafter, attempt to make your brothers what you call a Christian." On her replying, "I think, sir, I dare not consent to that;" he added, "Then you force me to put you out of my house." Her reply was: "Yes, sir, according to your view of things, I acknowledge it; and if I may but have your approval, no situation will be disagreeable." Her father remarked, that there were many things in her present situation which must be very uncomfortable to her; which she acknowledged, adding, that if he would but say that he approved of her removing, she would take a lodging directly, but that no suffering should induce her to leave him except by his free consent. He replied, with some emotion: "I do not know that you have ever disobliged me wilfully in your life, but only in these fancies; and my children shall always have a home in my house." Miss Bosanquet thought it prudent, however, to provide herself with a lodging and a female servant, against any sudden occasion for removing; and on her informing her mother of the step she had

taken, Mrs. Bosanquet gave her two beds, and appeared to approve of her intention. "Something, however," she says, "seemed to hold us, on both sides, from bringing it to a point." What followed, must be given in her own words.

"For the next two months I suffered much: my mind was exercised with many tender and painful feelings. One day, my mother sent me word, I must go home to my lodgings that night. I went down to dinner, but they said nothing on the subject; and I could not begin it. The next day, as I was sitting in my room, I received again the same message. During dinner, however, nothing was spoken on the subject. When it was over, I knew not what to do. I was much distressed. I thought, If they go out without saying any thing to me, I cannot go; and if they should not invite me to come and see them again, how shall I bear it? My mind was pressed down with sorrow by this suspense. Just as they were going out, my mother said, 'If you will, the coach, when it has set us down, may carry you home to your lodging.' My father added, 'And we shall be glad to see you to dinner next Tuesday.' This was some relief. I remained silent. When the coach returned, I ordered my trunk into it; and struggling with myself, took a kind leave of each of the servants, as they stood in a row in tears, in my way out of the house. About eight o'clock I reached my lodging.

"It consisted of two rooms, as yet unfurnished. I had neither candle, nor any convenience. The people of the house I had never seen before; only I knew them by character to be sober persons. I borrowed a table and a candlestick, and the window-seat served me as a chair. When bolting my door, I began to muse on my present situation.

"I am, said I, but young — only entered into my twenty-second year. I am cast out of my father's house. *I know the heart of a stranger;* but, alas! how

much more of it may I yet have to prove! I cried unto the Lord, and found a sweet calm overspread my spirit. I could in a measure act faith on these words:—*When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, the Lord shall take thee up.* The following reflections also arose in my mind. I am now exposed to the world, and know not what snares may be gathering around me. I have a weak understanding, and but little grace. Therefore, now, before any snare has entangled me, I shall form a plan for my future conduct, and endeavour to walk thereby. First, I will not receive visits from single men, and in order to evade the trial more easily, I will not get acquainted with any; I will, as much as possible, refrain from going into any company where they are. Secondly, I will endeavour to lay out my time by rule, that I may know each hour what is to be done: nevertheless, I will cheerfully submit to have these rules broken or overturned, whenever the providence of God thinks fit so to do. And thirdly, I will endeavour to fix my mind on the example of Jesus Christ, and to lead a mortified life; remembering, *He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.*

"The prejudices of education are strong, especially in those persons who have been brought up rather in high life. The being removed from a parent's habitation, seemed very awful. I looked on myself as being liable to a deep reproach, and trembled at the thought. But I remembered that word, *He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me.*

"My maid being now come, and having lighted a fire in the other room, and borrowed a few things of the family, she begged me to come into it, as the night was very cold. And now my captivity seemed turning every moment. That thought, I am brought out from the world, I have nothing to do but *to be holy, both in body and spirit,* filled me with con-

solation. Thankfulness overflowed my heart: and such a spirit of peace and content poured into my soul, that all about me seemed a little heaven.

"Some bread, with rank salt butter, and water to drink, made me so comfortable a meal, that I could truly say, I ate my meat "with gladness and singleness of heart." As the bed was not put up, I lay that night almost on the ground; and the windows having no shutters, and it being a bright moonlight night, the sweet solemnity thereof well agreed with the tranquillity of my spirit. I had now daily more and more cause for praise. I was acquainted with many of the excellent of the earth, and my delight was in them. Yet was I not without my cross, for every time I went to see my dear parents, what I felt when, towards night, I rose up to go away, cannot well be imagined. Not that I wished to abide there; but there was something in bidding farewell to those under whose roof I had always lived, that used to affect me much, though I saw the wise and gracious hand of God in all, and that He had by this means set me free for his own service. From my heart I thanked Him as the gracious Author, and them as the profitable instruments of doing me so great a good. My mother was frequently giving me little things; and every renewed mark of kindness made the wound to bleed afresh."

It is more than probable that, notwithstanding the language her father used, that he must put her out of his house, he would not have proceeded to execute his threat, had not his daughter adopted the step she did; which, though intended as a precaution, was, in fact, taking upon herself the responsibility of the separation. It was certainly a most ill-advised, though well-intentioned measure on her part. She could have no reason to fear being literally and suddenly expelled from her home; and it may well be questioned whether any thing short of expulsion, could justify a daughter scarcely of age, in with-

drawing herself from the protection of her parents. It would at least have been their province to find her an asylum. Still, she acted upon principle, and, no doubt, in the spirit of the same faith, though without the warrant of the same command, which led Abraham to go out from his father's house, "not knowing whither he went."

Miss Bosanquet now joined herself entirely to the Wesleyan community, giving up her whole time to religious exercises, and scarcely allowing herself, out of her income, enough to supply her with the necessaries of life. But her father still kept his eye upon her; and one day, when her state of health rendered it particularly seasonable, he called in his chariot, and brought her a hamper of Port wine. It was at first supposed that she would be tired of the change of life to which she had exposed herself, and be wearied out by her privations; but she seems never to have been shaken for a moment in the firmness of her resolutions, nor to have repented of the exchange. "I have the gospel," she would say to herself; "I have freedom to serve God; I have spiritual blessings: what more can I need?" Such constancy and fortitude in so young a person, must have excited admiration; and many who disapproved of her conduct, must have envied her the happiness she evidently enjoyed.

In the year 1762, after having resided for about two years in her first lodgings at Hoxton, Miss Bosanquet felt a strong anxiety awakened in her mind, to make herself useful in her native village, Layton-stone. Many reasons rendered her removal to that place desirable, and a house of her own becoming untenanted, she resolved on occupying it. Fearing, however, lest her parents, who had permitted her to be often with them, and seemed reconciled to her manner of life while at a distance from them, should resent her bringing the preachers within a

mile of their house, she prudently made known to her father, in the first instance, her intention and her object. He made not the least objection, only saying with a smile, "If a mob should pull your house about your ears, I cannot hinder them." On this occasion, and on many others, her mind appears to have been strongly influenced by very impressive and extraordinary dreams; the recital of which, together with the stress laid upon them, has, more than any other circumstance, perhaps, exposed Mrs. Fletcher to the charge of enthusiasm and weakness. Her veracity, however, will not be called in question; and in whatever way we account for such dreams, whether they are regarded as the natural result of the workings of her own mind, or as having a supernatural origin, their only effect appears to have been, to animate and encourage her in pursuing the plans she had deliberately adopted; not by any means to originate any chimerical scheme, or to mislead her judgement. The same remark applies to the stress she would attach to particular texts of Scripture, when they happened appositely to present themselves as if by an outward suggestion. Such a practice opens the way to very dangerous delusion, and is but a little removed from the Bible-divination of the dark ages, which consisted in opening the Bible at random, and taking the first words which met the eye as an oracle. In Miss Bosanquet's case, however, though it shewed that she was extremely uninformed, as well as in that of her immediate friends, these impressions appear to have been in uniform and happy coincidence with the rational dictates of their understanding. She removed to Layton-stone in 1763, where she speedily established a public religious meeting on Thursday evenings, and obtained, on the Sunday, the assistance of one of Mr. Wesley's preachers. Within a fortnight, she had a religious society formed of twenty-five persons. It was a lone house, and

they were at first exposed to disturbance and insult from the mob; but they never met with any serious outrage or alarm.

The education of children was the next object which occupied Miss Bosanquet's attention. She had determined to take none but destitute orphans, that no one might have any right to control or interrupt her plans; and it was not long before six eligible objects presented themselves, whom she received into her house "in the name of the Lord." Others were afterwards taken in, and it became necessary to provide a governess over this increasing family. Some pious women, also, were added to the household, who had each her duties and employments assigned her. And thus the rude idea was realized of a Protestant nunnery. Miss Bosanquet's model appears, however, to have been, the Orphan-house at Halle in Germany, raised by Professor Francke. Her own account of this singular establishment is as follows:—

"In the whole, we received thirty-five children, and thirty-four grown persons, but not all at one time. We now found work enough on our hands, and wished to free ourselves from all needless cares. As well, therefore, to answer that end, as to avoid conformity to the world, we thought it best to have but one dress. We fixed on a dark purple cotton, of which we had many pieces stamped; and ourselves, with the whole family, wore nothing else. We had a large hall, and in it a table five yards long, at which we ate together. There also we assembled for morning and evening devotion, and on several other occasions. But, in general, the children were in the nursery, and the other sisters in their own apartments. When my family began thus to increase, I must acknowledge it was by no means proportionate to my income; but it appeared to me I had a peculiar call from the Lord to take the steps I did. This plan I would advise no one to follow, unless

they felt what I did; for certainly justice goes before charity, and there is very seldom a real call from God to give more than we have. But it must be observed, though my income was inadequate to the undertaking, I had a considerable capital; so that I was not at present in danger of debt. The risk I ran, was, of spending my capital, and being left without a maintenance.

"As most of our children were naked, full of vermin, and some afflicted with distempers, the first thing was to clean and clothe them, and attend to their health; which usually was followed with much success. At the same time, we endeavoured to bring them to an outward conformity of manners with the rules of our house, and to some courtesy of behaviour. This was not difficult, as a child naturally falls in with what it sees in others. The second attempt was to fix on their minds, that we had no motives in receiving them into our house, but that of love; love to their souls and bodies. We wished to save their bodies from misery, and their souls from eternal destruction.

"As we intended them to work for their bread, either as servants, or in little trades, we endeavoured, as early as possible, to inure them to labour, early rising, and cleanliness. The eldest of the children arose between four and five, the younger not much later. At half an hour after six, we had family prayer. At seven, we breakfasted together on herb tea, or milk porridge. The small children then went into the garden till eight. At eight, the bell rang for school, which continued till twelve. Then, after a few minutes spent in prayer, they came down to us; at which time we either walked out with them, or, if the weather did not permit, we found them some employment in the house, endeavouring at the same time to give them both instruction and recreation. We invented various employments for those hours, in order to remove the appearance of idleness, as

from the first we endeavoured to impress that lesson on their minds — 'An idle person is the devil's cushion, on which he rolls at pleasure.' Likewise, that in the choice of their employments, they should always prefer those that are most useful, and be always able to render a reason for every thing they did. At one we dined; about two the bell rang again for school; and at five they returned to us, and were employed as before till supper time. Then, after family prayer, they were washed, and put to bed by eight. Four or five of the bigger girls were each week kept out of the school by turns, and employed in house-work, cooking, &c., that they might be accustomed to every sort of business: and there was work enough in so large a family. Several of the children were very young, though I do not remember we had any under two years, except one of about a month old, which was laid, very neatly dressed, one night late at our door; but it lived only a fortnight, being full of humours, too probably derived from its parents.

"We now found great need of wisdom and patience. We had, I think, never more than ten grown persons in the family at one time, who were not invalids; nor do I ever remember above five or six altogether in health. The children also, for the first few years, laboured under various disorders; for we did not refuse either old or young, on account of being sick and helpless: in the end, all recovered who came in infirm. We sometimes had much to do, for the care of the sick, the management of eighteen or twenty children, with various meetings, and the needful attention to the work of God in a new-raised society, with the reception of the number of strangers who visited us on spiritual accounts, occasioned those of us who had the work of God at heart, a good deal of labour and suffering."

Such an institution could not fail to be assailed with a variety of vulgar and impertinent animadversions. It was reported, that the children were in-

tended to be brought up for nuns. Some hollow religionists were found to object that the plan was "all carnal wisdom." Others had the baseness to reproach its disinterested founder with idleness, because she lived on the interest of her capital, and did not attempt to increase her income by trade; and not a few predicted her being reduced to penury. "Indeed," says Mrs. Fletcher herself, "it appeared a strange call, and, humanly speaking, could end no way but in a prison." But a strong confidence in the providential blessing and assistance of God, sustained her mind under gathering discouragements and perplexities. Being compelled to embark in expensive repairs, it occurred to her, as many visitants were continually coming to the house, to put up a poor's box in the hall, after the example of Professor Francke. This soon began to afford assistance; and an uncle of Miss Bosanquet's, one expensive year, made her a present of two hundred and fifty guineas.

In the year 1766, Miss Bosanquet was deprived of both her parents. It is pleasing to find, from her own narrative, that they had previously become reconciled to their daughter, and convinced of the purity of her intentions.

"My father," she tells us, "had a long and painful illness of three years; and my mother lived but nine months after. I was now permitted to be a good deal with them. One day, my dear honoured father spoke to me with great tenderness concerning some of my former trials, and expressed much sorrow that my fortune was not left as much in my power as that of the other children; — saying, 'If you desire it, I will alter my will now. But your uncle knows my mind; and if you marry a man to make you happy, it is all I wish. I do not care whether he has money or not. But, whether you marry or not, you ought to have your fortune as well as the rest. If you desire it, I will have it so altered:' — with many more expressions of paternal affection, which, though I do not think it proper to insert them here, will ever have a

place in my heart. I begged him to make himself quite easy, and not to attempt the alteration of any thing, as I saw it must greatly disturb his peace, for several reasons. I assured him I saw myself safe in the hands of my Heavenly Father, and knew I should never want any thing that was for my good; and that if I was favoured with seeing the salvation of his soul, I had no more to ask: God would take care of me. I was led thus to speak. From what he had said to me, however, I had expected to find in his will far less than he had really given me.

"Immediately after the death of my father, my dear mother entered into her last illness. I found much love to her, and of consequence much pain. She expressed a tender kindness towards me during her illness, and shewed her tender care, by augmenting the sum my father had left me."

In June 1768, for reasons which are not very clearly assigned, Miss Bosanquet came to the resolution to dissolve the establishment at Laytonstone, and to remove with her family, now consisting of thirty persons, to Guildersome in Yorkshire. The ostensible motives were, the declining health of her friend, the matron of the establishment, which required change of air, and the wish to make some internal changes in her household. But neither of these seems to afford a satisfactory explanation of the step. Possibly, they found themselves inconvenienced through the influx of visitors, and wished to retire to a greater distance from the metropolis. It is hinted, that there were difficulties which a change of situation promised to put it in her power to remedy. The cheapness of living in Yorkshire was probably what led her to remove to so great a distance. Her friend survived the removal only about two months.

And now, deprived of the active services of this adopted sister and chosen colleague, who had been the mainspring in all the arrangements of the es-

tablishment, and the efficient manager of the domestic economy, Miss Bosanquet found herself exposed to much fatigue and many perplexities, and her health began to fail. "My family," she says, "now consisted of thirty persons, of whom some were rather unruly. I saw the need of taking the reins into my own hands, and supplying the place of my friend Ryan. But this determination was very difficult to execute; and I daily and hourly felt my insufficiency. While she was alive, I considered her as a mother, and, like the other young women, desired her to allot me my rules and employments, or, at least, to assist me in the choice of them. While I lived in my father's house, I saw very little of domestic affairs, because we lived rather high; so that I was quite a stranger to that kind of management needful for a great family who have but little to live on. Besides, the manner of life here was entirely different from what I had been used to about London. Here wheat was to be bought to make flour; bread to be made, cows to be managed, men servants to be directed; with a variety of particulars in housekeeping quite new to me. Had my friend been spared, all this would have been a pleasure; but now, my spirits were so depressed, every thing appeared a burden;—and when I had provided as well as I could, some persons in my family would despisingly say, my victuals were not worth eating, and that I knew not how to order any thing. I had frequently letters from distant parts, some pitying, some upbraiding me; and informing me at the same time, 'The stories which we hear carried about concerning you, come all from the members of your own family.'" The patience and forbearance with which this excellent woman endured this base-minded discontent and ingratitude, is not the least striking trait of her character.

A farm, with a freehold estate adjoining, in which were malt-kilns, a small house, and many out-buildings, now presented itself, which she was advised to

purchase; but it was necessary to build a larger house for the family. This, together with the purchase of the freehold, and the stocking of the farm, required more than the whole of Miss Bosanquet's disposable capital, and she was obliged to mortgage. For a time, the malt-kilns answered very well, and the farm promised fair. A sphere of usefulness too appeared to open in the neighbourhood. Their Wednesday night meetings were well attended, and, at length, grew so numerous, for the people began to come from many miles round, that it became necessary to advise those who were able, to gather meetings of the same kind near their own homes. "This was attended," it is stated, "with many blessings. We sometimes visited those infant meetings, and they increased and spread as well as ours." "I shall ever adore," says Mrs. Fletcher, "the wisdom of God in bringing me down to settle in Yorkshire. It was good for the work of God; it was good for my own soul; but, for a season, it did not appear good for my temporal affairs. I had not been seven years there, before I saw myself brought into great perplexity." These difficulties arose partly from losses, and from debts owing from small maltsters, partly from the misconduct of the individual intrusted with the management of the farm. She lessened her family as much as she could, by putting out some of the bigger children to trades or servants' places; but this was attended with much expense, and the family still consisted of twenty-five persons. Some change of plan seemed to be absolutely necessary. There were not wanting advisers, who recommended her to break up her establishment, when she would still have had enough to live upon, with a servant or two. But this she could not bring herself to think of, unless some way had opened for providing for all the members of her family, as several were old, sickly, and helpless. In the height of her perplexity, a gentleman, who had taken much interest in Miss

Bosanquet's affairs, and had, on several occasions, assisted her with his advice, generously made an offer of his hand, his heart, and his purse. Few women in her situation would have hesitated to accept of so advantageous an offer. "His affections," she informs us, "were strong, sincere, and constant; his offers generous, and his sentiments tender. He loved my family; and whoever was kind to me, found favour in his eyes. This could not but operate on my gratitude. I was deeply pained. But I could not see him the man my highest reason chose to obey. First, I did not so honour the light he had in religion as to believe it my privilege to be led thereby. Secondly, Though he was a good man, and helpful to people in every respect, yet he did not see the narrow path of walking close with God, as I could wish the man I took for a husband to do. Thirdly, Though I had a grateful love towards him, I could not find that satisfying affection which flows from perfect confidence, and which is the very spirit and soul of marriage. I felt, however, in the keenest manner, the need I had of his assistance in my affairs; but I thought it ungenerous to the last degree, to accept of help and counsel from one whose growing affection I was too sensible of, but to which, however, I could make no return. I used the plainest terms in assuring him of the impossibility of our affection ever becoming reciprocal; and proposed the breaking off all acquaintance. He alleged in answer, 'You cannot do without me: you will be ruined. God hath made me your helper; and if you cannot see or feel as I do, we will be only common friends. I will say no more on a subject so disagreeable to you.'"

In no event of her life, was the goodness of Divine Providence more strikingly manifested, than in the raising up for her of this steady and generous friend. Three years after this, she found herself involved in still more serious embarrassments, owing to the failure of her former agent, whom she had been advised to put

into the farm as tenant, but whose debts she found herself called upon in honour to discharge, to the amount of £600. The above-mentioned individual now offered to lend the sum on interest, and to become a partner with her in the farm and kilns, so as to take the management of all. "Here," she says, "I was quite at a loss. I was almost ready to say, Darkness hath covered my path. Prudence, delicacy, every lively sentiment started back at the thought. What! come under such an obligation to the man I am constantly refusing! Besides, such a fresh connexion will open the door to many trials. But there was no alternative; I must accept his help, or be ruined. I therefore followed what appeared to be the leadings of Providence." Having made this arrangement, she left the neighbourhood, and went to reside for some months at Bath, Bristol, and the parts adjacent, not sorry to make an excuse, she says, for getting two hundred miles from poor Mr. ——, with whom her connexion must have been painfully embarrassing.

In the beginning of 1778, after an absence of six months, she returned, "with thankfulness, though not without that kind of sensation," she tells us, "which a scourged child would have in returning to the rod. I found crosses and troubles yet awaited me. Mr. *** was still my partner, and I was enabled to pay him and every creditor the full interest of the money taken up; but not to lessen the capital. Indeed, all along, I was able to answer every demand. We continued our trade some time longer; but at length Mr. *** found my fears were better grounded than his hopes. Instead of a hundred pounds to put into my lap, (as he expected,) each year towards the debt, we found, on the strictest account of every grain of corn, pint of milk, or pound of butter, either sold, or used in the family, that the farm did not pay its own way; though he had put many things on a cheaper plan than

before. The interest also swallowed up so great a part of my income, that it was not possible to keep more than half my family with what remained. As to the kilns, I had neither money nor courage to work them. I thought of many expedients. I strove, I worked hard, I prayed; and at length proposed to the members of my family to disperse, and learn some little business, and I would allow each what I could.

"Great affliction now sat on every face. Tears were shed in plenty. They alleged, 'Till you can get rid of this place, you must live here. If you leave it empty, the house will be spoiled, and that will injure the sale; and we know not what to do, nor how to turn. After being twenty years with you, (said one,) how strange will a new situation appear!—And I, said another, after eighteen years! And after being twelve years together, said some others, how hard it is to part!' It was a most painful time; and I saw there was no way, but first to sell the place, and then disperse.

"But now a door seemed to open: a gentleman sent me word, that he would buy the place, stock, lease, and all together. He was a man both of fortune and of honour, and really wished to help me out of my difficulties. The price which he offered would bring me through all, and leave me a good income. Now I began to look up, and to form a plan for my future life, how to settle myself, and dispose of each member of my family. I gave an account of every particular, and the bargain was in part made. But, alas! our wisdom is folly!—He took a fever, and died in a few days! To add to my difficulties, just at the time, my brother wrote me word, that it would be throwing away the Laytonstone estate to sell it with so long a lease upon it, and that it could not with any propriety be done. I now saw but one way,—to advertise Cross-hall, and sell it for what I could; and paying that away as far as it would go, strive yearly to lessen the remaining part of the debt by my

income: reserving only fifty pounds per year to live on, and out of it to help my friends. But I recollected, that I might not live long enough thus to pay the debt by my income. I had still a strong confidence in a promise given to me before I went to Bath,—that no one should lose any thing by me; yet I thought it was required of me, to do every thing in my power towards it.

"I then proposed to myself to keep only twenty pounds per year. Nay, I thought, how can I have a right even to twenty? Justice is before mercy. They must all shift for themselves, and I will do the same. I may perhaps find some little business, by which life may be sustained, till my affairs take a favourable turn. It is true, nobody calls in their money, nor seems to have a fear concerning it;—yet, it is my duty to take the more care for them, because of their confidence in me. It may be supposed, as I was daily striving to part with the place, and expecting to turn out, that my thoughts frequently were occupied on what way of life I should choose, as most conducive to the glory of God;—and during this season, the Lord did teach me many lessons of poverty and resignation. It seemed to me, no manner of life could be disagreeable, if I had but a prospect of having no debts.—One day, as I was standing at a window, musing on this subject, I saw a poor man driving some asses laden with sand, by which he gained his bread. As I looked on him, a spring of satisfaction ran through my mind, and I thought,—I am perfectly willing to take up the business of that man. If I preserve unsold one of the freehold cottages, the asses might graze on the common, and I could follow them with something to sell. There were but few trades which my conscience would suffer me to follow; and my abilities were equal to still fewer. But to any thing in the whole world would I turn, that was not sinful, rather than remain in debt. I do not mean that I decided to act thus,

but so conformed was my mind to poverty at this time, that the thought of even that employment, as it now glanced through it, gave me a real pleasure. However open I had been with my relations concerning my affairs hitherto, I determined to conceal all personal wants; for if I voluntarily gave up my income for the payment of my debts, I did not see it to be just to live on theirs; and this would not have been difficult, as I had no relation that lived within two hundred miles.

"During this suspense, conversing one day with my friend, Mr. * * *, he said: 'Indeed I am at a loss what to do for you. I thought to have helped you greatly by the continuance of the farm; but alas! I wish I had suffered you to advertise and sell it for any thing six years ago: and you then could have done it. It is now too late. The nation is engaged in wars: you would now sell it for a trifle. I consulted some friends the other day, who all agree, that separate from the stock, you must not expect above six hundred pounds for the whole place. You are ruined, madam!—You withstand the order of God. My fortune is enough for you and me.—But you cannot see in my light.—May the Lord stand by you!—But I cannot think of a partnership any longer; the blame would fall on me!'

"It was now the summer of 1781. The seventh of June in that year, I entered into my fourteenth year in Yorkshire.—I had all along an impression, that about that season something would open. One day, as I was walking up a narrow lane which had a stile at the top, I saw a flock of sheep before me. The shepherd had hard work to drive them on; they seemed determined to turn again. I thought, Well they may, for there is no gate, no way through; what can he wish them to do? He forced them along, however, with dogs and sticks. I said in my mind, These sheep are like me, driven on in a narrow path without any way to get out. I followed at

a distance, expecting every moment they would turn back upon me,—when all at once they began to run, and I discovered a new-made gate into a spacious field of turnips. In a minute they were dispersed, and fell to their full pasture with great delight. Faith whispered to my heart,—so shall a door open before you in the appointed time."

The workings of her mind, under these trying circumstances, will be more fully seen from the following extracts from her Diary.

"January 5, 1776. I find it very hard to be recollected in private prayer. To-day I tried the following plan with some advantage. I placed my watch on the bed, that I might know when the hour was out. I first strove to consider myself as in the presence of God,—as before the throne, worshipping with the heavenly host. Then I strove with recollection to repeat the Lord's prayer, giving each sentence full scope in my mind. In the words—'Our Father,' I felt a powerful remembrance of Him, after whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, and with delight I then repeated, 'Hallowed be thy name!' That sentence, 'Thy kingdom come,' was much opened to my soul. I see that kingdom is the great 'promise of the Father,' which Christ said he would send upon his children. That indeed is 'the kingdom which suffers violence, and the violent take it by force.' As I repeated, 'Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven,' I felt

'The will of God my sure defence:
Nor earth nor hell can pluck me thence.'

'Give us this day our daily bread.' Is He not our own Father? Is he not engaged to provide for his babes? Well then, thought I, freedom from debt is more to me than bread, and will he not preserve me from this? It was then brought to my mind, 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.' In the next petition,

'Forgive me as I forgive;' Oh! what a cry did I feel for more love! Lord, must I say,

'That mercy I to others shew,
That mercy shew to me?'

Ah no! I will rather cry out,

'Mercy, good Lord! Mercy I ask,
It is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all my plea,
O let thy mercy come.'

'With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again!' O how would that cut me off from all hope, were it not for those words,—'The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin!' 'Lead us not into temptation.' How hath this prayer been answered to me! How would I have run into ruin, but thou didst not suffer the temptation to approach. Thou didst keep my powers as with bit and bridle, and conquered for me; and that when I did not strive, or even know my danger! 'But deliver us from evil.' Lord, I am a desolate woman, who hath no helper but thee. O keep me from evil of every kind: thoroughly purge away my dross, and take away all my tin. For all is thine for ever and ever. This I am assured of, when the soul turns inward to seek the Lord, that moment he turns to it, and smiles upon it; and if it abides with Him, it will always grow. But as of a healthy child, one does not see it grow, and yet it doth; so the soul, surrounded by temptation, may not discover its growth; nevertheless the sun does not more freely give its light and warmth to the earth, than the beams of the immaterial Sun meet the seeking soul."

"August, 1780. O Lord, how peculiar are thy ways towards me! What wouldst thou have me to do? Here I am; command what thou wilt. Bring me to a state of poverty, reproach, a work-house, or what thou wilt, only let me not mistake my way. It is true, I have more than I owe, and as yet an income for

life, enough for myself. But I cannot support these expenses and losses. And yet it seems I cannot get deliverance from them! Every answer to prayer is only, 'Stand still, and see my salvation.' Lord, I am ready to do so; but all cry out, 'It is madness not to do something.' And yet, Thou seemest to frustrate all I attempt. I strive to save in every thing, and many ways I have tried to do so; but unless all did the same, it makes little difference. When I attempt new things of the kind, various difficulties arise; and some are apt to say, 'Save in something else: you do not run out in this!'

"The other day, a friend said, he was desired to ask me, 'If I did not do wrong in spending so much time on the sick poor, in making medicines, clothes, &c.?' And **** said, 'It is a poor way of spending your time thus, for the bodies of the people. If that is your call, it is a mean call!' I have pondered the thought; and having set apart a day for fasting and prayer, the result of my most serious reflections were as follows:—

"What was my setting out, or first light? Why, from seven years old, (the first time I felt a spark of faith,) my conviction was,—not to be conformed to the customs, fashions, and maxims of the world; and my frequent prayer was, as a little manuscript now by me proves, Lord, bring me out from among the ungodly! Cast my lot with 'the poor who are rich in faith;' and make me to have my delight with 'the excellent of the earth.' And then I will not complain for toil, poverty, or reproach.

"When I was seventeen, my desires after holiness began to deepen, and I found a particular call to a further dedication of my soul to God, in those words of St. Paul to Timothy, descriptive of the character of those women who in the primitive churches were chosen as deaconesses. 'If she have lodged strangers, if she have brought up children, if she have washed the saints' feet, and diligently fol-

lowed after every good work.' —When I was twenty-one, being brought to the choice of my own manner of life, I was enabled in a degree to follow the plans thus formerly laid down.

"As to my present way of life, of which a visitor said, a few days ago, 'I think, madam, your call is a strange one, — to the care of cows and horses, sheep and pigs;' referring to my farm. — I considered, I am, by the order of Providence, made mistress of a great family, and in straitened circumstances. There is therefore occasion for all my care and management, otherwise the embarrassment would be much greater. And it is good for the uncommon pride of my nature, to bow before that word, 'In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread.' It is true, I have bread enough for myself, but having joined the interest of so many with my own, I am willing to act thus, that they may have bread too. The Lord hath been pleased, also, to enable me to help the sick; this calls for some labour, and some small expenses in preparing and applying the medicines: but many souls have been blest, and several brought to God thereby. Some rich persons, to whose ear I could never have had access, have, through the belief that I could help their bodies, admitted the closest application to their souls: so that I dare as soon cut off my right hand as bury this trifling talent in a napkin. The souls under my roof also call for more diligent care than I am conscious I bestow upon them; and though some say, 'I do not regard as any thing what you do for the family; that is only burying yourself in one house;' yet I see it my duty, and I must apply thereto.

"Again, I believe, I should strive to get at the neighbours, who live within my knowledge, and do good to their souls, if I can. To this it is replied, 'You spend too much time in one neighbourhood.' But perhaps I shall soon be called to leave this neighbourhood and this family, and then I shall not

repent of that application. I am also called to keep together some precious meetings, in which the work of God flourishes, and to go sometimes to meet others in more distant places, as well as to write many letters on the concerns of the soul. And now I ask, —Lord, am I in my place, or not? To which it seemed my conscience gave the following answer:— The surest mark of true piety, is to fill up the duties of our own station with the utmost fidelity. We may plan fine schemes, talk of many journeys, and see ourselves converting whole worlds,—but in these airy phantoms, there is much danger of self having a great mixture. Whereas, in the application to the order of God, in the present time, as it opens itself from moment to moment, there is no room for choice. I have heard good people say, 'I am weary of life, because of the burdens which I have to bear. I want to spend all my time in a more excellent way.' And yet, as soon as they throw off one burden, the Lord finds them another. But the soul truly devoted to God, finds no oppressive burden in the opening of the present moment, which shews the divine order of his providence, and brings with it, to the resigned soul, both light and power, either to act or suffer. In a low degree I find that to be my case. I am called to work; and therein I fulfil my covenant, not to complain of toil, although my wages seem to be put into a 'bag full of holes.' I cannot have my own choice herein; nor do I complain of poverty. Thus I am often upbraided for walking in that order in which, (till I can get out of it,) undoubtedly the Lord hath placed me. I sink under His yoke, and if I can but keep free from impatience or discouragement, I may fulfil His will, and shall not complain of reproach. But, alas! I do too often admit discouragement, and am ready to cry out,

> 'Ah, whither or to whom shall I,
> Far from these woes, for kind protection fly?'

Yet something says in my heart, a time is at hand

when the Lord will bring me out of these deep waters;—and I am determined to 'stand still and see His salvation.'"

We have now arrived at one of the most remarkable events in Mrs. Fletcher's history. It appears from her own ingenuous narrative, that so far back as the year 1761 or 2, when Miss Bosanquet had recently joined the society, the Rev. Mr. Fletcher, at that time Mr. Wesley's assistant in London, had made, by his preaching, a strong impression on her mind. "I had no other thought," she tells us, "but devoting myself to God in a single life: only I remember, I sometimes thought, were I to be married to Mr. Fletcher, would he not be rather a help, than a hinderance to my soul? But it was only a thought, and had arisen from what some friends said to me on the subject." Still, it was a thought which, though very properly dismissed at the time, would frequently recur; and it assumed at length the character of a favourite impression, for which it is not difficult to account, that would sometimes solace her in the midst of her difficulties. "It is sometimes presented to my mind," she said on one occasion to her confidential friend Mrs. Ryan, "that I should be called to marry Mr. Fletcher." The reply was judicious: "I like him the best of any man, if ever you do take that step. But unless he should be of a very tender disposition towards you, you would not be happy; but God will direct you." It afterwards appeared that she was not at this period an object of indifference to Mr. Fletcher; but the fear of being thought to have respect to the lady's fortune, rather than her person, led him to dismiss and fight against the impression. That the interest she felt for him, amounted, unconsciously, to a tender partiality for his person, is pretty evident. There can be little doubt that it was the true, though unsuspected cause of her standing so stiffly, as her friends complained, in the choice of a single life;

and, in particular, of her rejecting a man for whom she felt a grateful affection, and whom so many circumstances conspired to point it out as her interest, if not her duty, to accept. It seems that, after refusing that individual, her mind recurred to this favourite impression, "Perhaps Mr. Fletcher is to be my deliverer." But she started, she says, from the very idea, lest it should be a stratagem from Satan. She had not at that time either seen or heard from him for more than fifteen years. In August 1777, she states, on "going into a friend's house who was just come from the Conference, he said, 'Do you know that Mr. Fletcher, of Madeley, is dying? Indeed I know not but he is dead. If he hold out a little longer, he is to go abroad; but it is a pity, for he will die by the way, being in the last stage of a consumption.' I heard the account with the utmost calmness. For some days I bore his burden before the Lord; and constantly offered him up to the will of God. A few days after, another of my acquaintance wrote word,—'Mr. Fletcher is very bad; spits blood profusely, and perspires profusely every night. Some have great hope that prayer will raise him up; but for my part, I believe he is a dying man, as sure as he is now a living one.' As I was one day in prayer, offering him up to the Lord, these words passed my mind,—'The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up.' I said, 'Lord, I dare not ask it; I leave it to thy sacred will: Thy will be done!'

"The following thoughts occurred to my mind: If the Lord should raise him up, and bring him in safety back to England, and he should propose such a step, could I doubt its being of God, after such an answer to prayer? Yet, fearing a deception, I cried to the Lord to keep me in his narrow way, whatever I might suffer; and felt an unaccountable liberty to ask the following signs, if it really were of him. 1. That Mr. Fletcher might be raised up. 2. That

he might be brought back to England. 3. That he would write to me on the subject before he saw me, though we had been so many years asunder without so much as a message passing on any subject. 4. That he would in that letter tell me, it had been the object of his thoughts and prayers for some years. It came to my mind further, that should this occur in the end of the year 1781, it would be a still greater confirmation, as Providence seemed to point me to that season as a time of hope."

At length the 7th of June, 1781, arrived, the day when she began her fourteenth year in Yorkshire, and her difficulties appeared as great, and as far from their termination as ever. But, on the 8th, she received a letter from Mr. Fletcher, in which he told her, that he had for twenty-five years cherished a regard for her, which was still as sincere as ever; and that, though it might appear odd he should write on such a subject, when but just returned from abroad, and without first seeing her, he could only say, his mind was so strongly drawn to do it, he believed it to be of God. This letter could not fail to appear to Miss Bosanquet in the light of a striking accomplishment of her presentiment: it answered in every particular to the marks by which she had desired that such an event should be characterized; and whatever may be thought of her impressions, the hand of Divine Providence must be recognized as very signally displayed in the event. They corresponded with openness and freedom till Aug. 1st, when Mr. Fletcher came to Cross Hall, and spent a month there, preaching in the neighbourhood with much success. He then returned to his parish; for, till Miss Bosanquet's affairs could be settled, the farm disposed of, and her family provided for, she could not think of marrying. Week after week elapsed, and still deliverance seemed to be delayed. At length, she had consented to take the step, in faith, in a fortnight, when a gentleman came and

bought the estate; three days after, another took the stock, &c.; while a way seemed to open for each member of the family, so that, with a little assistance, every one had a comfortable prospect of maintenance. She was married to Mr. Fletcher in November 1781, and, after remaining some time to settle all her accounts, they set out for Madeley on the 2d of January following.

Among the many remarkable circumstances which attended her removal, was her receiving from her younger brother, very unexpectedly, a present of a hundred pounds, for which sum she was at a loss, to complete all her arrangements; and which corresponded to an extraordinary prognostication of one of her friends, founded on a dream, that Mrs. Fletcher should be so relieved by her brother, from whom she had no reason to expect any assistance. In this, and several similar instances, the veracity of the parties is unquestionable, nor was there room for any self-deception: the fact, therefore, is beyond dispute, that such dreams, having all the character of prophetic intimations, were the precursors, in many instances, of the answering events. No one who believes in the Bible can doubt, that dreams are among the means of direction, instruction, or comfort, of which it sometimes pleases the Almighty Father of our spirits to make use for the purposes of his wisdom and love. But this belief, so far from sanctioning an indiscriminate and superstitious regard to dreams, will, in a pious mind, tend only to strengthen a devout confidence in an over-ruling Providence. Dreams can never be the rule of action: such a use of them would be alike dangerous and absurd. Had Mrs. Fletcher suffered herself to be swayed by such impressions,—had she in any case acted upon her dreams, and upon dreams only, she would have deserved the reproach of enthusiasm. But her belief in their supernatural origin—a belief by no means at variance with reason or

philosophy—had no other effect than rendering her attentive to the moral lessons which they seemed adapted to convey: they encouraged, but never impelled her to act. There can be no question that a pious mind may derive much instruction from dreams, without giving way to any superstitious notions respecting them; without going any further than the belief, that dreams, with every other circumstance, however minute, that can affect our character, are under the control of a superintending Providence. Superstition begins where religion ends. When persons, who are far enough from being religious enthusiasts, are found rashly acting upon dreams and impressions which even they themselves do not pretend to refer to a Divine origin, but, while they imagine them to have a connexion with the future, do not at all connect them with God, this is at once superstition and credulity.

Mrs. Fletcher's happiness in married life was but of short duration: Mr. Fletcher did not survive his return to England much more than four years. During this brief period, her diary breathes the language of fervent and overflowing gratitude. Every wish seemed gratified, and her attachment to her saintly husband appears to have been as ardent as it was pure. The following extracts will best shew the agonizing transition which she was called to suffer, from a state of the highest earthly happiness, to the most profound and disconsolate grief.

"July 26. Certainly I have now scarce any cross. Thou hast made my cup to run over! Yea, thou hast made me to forget all my sorrows. It seems as if I had never suffered any thing! There is not a comfort I can wish for, which I have not;—but, Lord, I want more grace!

"October 25. When I wrote last (July 26), I was indeed arrived at the summit of human felicity! My cup did indeed run over! I often said, Lord, how is this? Am I indeed one of those of whom it is said,

'These are they who came out of great tribulation!' My way is strewed with roses. I am ready to say with Joseph, 'The Lord hath made me to forget all my afflictions, and all my father's house!'

"But oh! how shall I write it!—On the 14th of August, 1785, the dreadful moment came! The sun of my earthly joys for ever set, and the cloud arose which casts the sable on all my future life! At half-past ten that Sabbath night, I closed the eyes of my beloved! What a change! The whole creation wears a new face to me. The posture of my mind at this season, I will not trust my memory to describe. I will leave it in the rough manner I then set it down. Perhaps some one, walking in the same dreary path, may find a little comfort therefrom. To others, it may be dry and insipid. 'The heart knoweth its own bitterness.'

"On September 15, 1785, I wrote in my diary as follows:—'I am truly a desolate woman, who hath no helper but thee.' I remember, a little before the translation of my dearest love, we were drawn out continually to ask for a greater measure of the Spirit—such a measure as was given at Pentecost: or, in other words, such a manifestation of the loving nature of God, as should fulfil in us that promise, 'Ye are the temples of the Holy Ghost.' This I asked and pleaded for, and that on any condition. My dear Mr. Fletcher used to say, 'That is right, Polly, let us hold fast there, and leave all the rest to God; though He should be constrained to part us asunder to give the answer.'

"On the Tuesday before my love died, when those words were applied to my mind, 'Where I am, there shall my servants be, that they may behold my glory,' I felt such a power in them, as seemed in a great degree to take away the bitterness even of that dreadful cup. 'To behold my glory!' That thought would for moments swallow up all, and I seemed to lose myself in the desire of his

glory being manifested. But that awful night! when I had hung over my dear husband for many hours, expecting every breath to be his last, and during which time he could not speak to, nor take any notice of me, a flood of unspeakable sorrow overspread my heart, and quite overwhelmed my spirit. I was scarcely in my senses;—and such a fear seized my soul lest I should say or do any thing displeasing to the Lord, that I was torn as it were a thousand ways at once.

"My fatigue had been great; I was barely recovered of my fever, and this stroke so tore my nerves, that it was an inlet to much temptation. In former parts of my life, I have felt deep sorrow: but such were now my feelings, that no words I am able to think of can convey an adequate idea thereof."

Mrs. Fletcher survived her beloved husband upwards of thirty years. Agreeably to his recommendation, she continued to reside at Madeley, the new vicar permitting her to rent the parsonage-house. A few detached extracts from her diary will complete the portrait of her character, by shewing the state of her feelings as a widow indeed and a mother in Israel.

"October, 1785. The Lord hath looked on my temporal affairs, beyond what I could have expected. I observed, soon after my marriage, that all was now made quite easy. I looked on the promise as already fulfilled, having in Layton a good deal more than would pay all. Some hundreds were however still on interest, though we had lessened the sum, while my dear and I were together. But soon after he was taken from me, I received a letter from a person of whom I had borrowed some years before a hundred and fifty pounds, stating that he wanted it directly; and I had at this season a good deal to pay on other accounts. As I wished to be free, for the remainder of my short days, from unnecessary care, I had a

desire that the estate at Laytonstone should be sold, and the demands all settled at once. I found, however, that could not be done without loss,—and therefore proposed to pay yearly all I could out of my income, which was now increased by the tender care of my dear husband. But my youngest brother, William Bosanquet, whom I had not seen for some years, came down on a visit to me. He expressed the greatest sympathy and tenderness towards me in this time of trial; and, after staying with me some days, generously supplied me with all the cash I then needed. Some months after, an uncle dying without leaving me any thing, (and indeed I did not think I had any right to expect it,) my brothers wrote me word, that they were very sorry I was not remembered in the will;—and my youngest brother desired me to accept of five hundred pounds (or more if I wanted it) to settle all my affairs. Here was the exact fulfilment of Mrs. Clapham's impression concerning us! This very brother, whom she then saw, (though at that time there was not the least reason to think of any such thing,) did afterwards, as it was represented to her, bring me many smaller sums, and at last one so large as to remove all burdens at once from my shoulders! And in January 1787, I wrote in my diary, 'I now owe no man any thing but love: my income is quite clear, and I have, according to the promise, great plenty of silver!'"

"July 22, 1786. Yesterday I was at the chapel in Madeley Wood, and found much freedom of spirit while speaking on these words, 'Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name.' This morning I feel my soul cast on the Lord, and was blessed in reading those words of Fenelon: 'Your letter leaves me nothing to wish for. It confesses all that is past, and promises every thing for the future. With regard to the past, you need only leave it to God, with an humble confidence, and repair it by a

constant fidelity. You ask, What penances are required for the past? Can we perform greater or more salutary ones, than bearing our present crosses? The best reparation of our past vanities is the being humble, and content that God should humble us. The most rigorous of all penances is, notwithstanding all our dislikes and weariness, to do daily and hourly the will of God rather than our own.'"

"June 26, 1790. I am much led this morning to pray for a resigned will, to stand to the beck of my Lord with a ready mind. Yes, he shall do with me and mine as seems to him good. Company in the house is a great cross; they consume much time, and the serving tables seems to clash with my Sabbath employment. But in this also, thou, my Lord, shalt dispose and direct: only give me a watchful mind, and then set me to entertain all the strangers thou pleasest. I know not what blessed angels may come with them as their attendants, and I will keep to my old motto—

> 'O that my Lord would count me meet
> To wash his dear disciples' feet;
> After my lowly Lord to go,
> And wait upon his saints below;
> Enjoy the grace to angels given,
> And serve the royal heirs of heaven!'

But I see there needs a determination to be singular. Some professors, when they have company in the house, sit chatting with them all day. This I must not do. It was one of the first lessons God taught me, to keep to my rules of retirement; to do my business, as to writing, visiting the sick, meeting the classes, &c.; leaving them to their freedom, and taking mine. One part of my work must not overturn another."

"August 14. What have I seen within these five years! This day five years my beloved was on his death-bed. But how is it with me now? I answer, and from the ground of my heart, 'It is well.' I have

nothing to do but to praise! I love him at this moment as much as ever I did in my life; but I love the will of God still better. Yes, I adore thee, my almighty Saviour, that thou hast done thine own will and not mine! And that my dearest love has been five years in glory. O that I might be permitted to feel a little of what he now is,—lost and swallowed up in thee! Lord, are we not one? 'The head of the woman is the man, as the head of the man is Christ;' and 'whom God hath joined together, none can put asunder.' Adam and Eve were never intended to be separated; and shall sin so overturn thy original design, as that it cannot be restored by the Saviour? Surely, no! As thou hast taken away the sting of sin, so thou hast taken away the smart of separation. We are yet one; and shall I not feel a communication from thyself passing through that channel? Lord, make me spiritually minded, 'meet to partake of the inheritance of the saints in light.'"

"August 16, 1792. Thursday. On Tuesday last was the anniversary of my dear husband's death. Seven years have passed since that awful scene. Seven years has he been in glory! And I, a poor mournful widow, walking below through my pilgrimage alone. But what mercies have I seen in those seven years! Oh, had I at first known I should have stayed so long here, it would have looked very sad. But I feel more and more that we are to live the present moment, and I find help and strength are given for every hour. It was a solemn but good day to me. My husband seemed unspeakably dear and near to me; but the love of the will of God kept me all day above every painful feeling."

"September 12, 1792. This day I am fifty-three years old. O that I may from this day begin a new life! Once more we are free from company; and I am led to give myself more abundantly to private prayer. Since we have been alone, a deep conviction has rested on my mind of the shortness of time,

and how little longer I may retain any degree of health. Therefore I determined to seek for an increase of the Spirit to unite me more to himself, as he sees good, so I may but glorify him. I seem to be threatened with a cancer, and rather seemed to shrink at the prospect. But it may be the answer of my own prayer; and I still say, Only make me holy!"

"January 5, 1796. This day I have been fourteen years in Madeley. It seems but as yesterday. What crucifying scenes have I passed through! Yet not one too much. No, my adorable Lord, 'thou hast done all things well!'"

"September 12, 1799. I am this day threescore. My dear husband would have been seventy. But he has had fourteen years in glory. Lord, prepare me for all prepared for me! O let me live my last days to thy glory as I have never done! Yesterday the Lord gave me that word, 'When thou goest through the waters, they shall not overflow thee.' I asked if I might pray for my dearest comfort to be spared. That text seemed an answer, 'Be careful for nothing, but in every thing by prayer and supplication, make your request known unto God.' For some days her cough has been more strong, and more frequent. I feel the will of God my sure defence. If he please, he can yet raise my dear friend; but if he have otherwise determined, 'It is the Lord.' He cannot err: I will not choose."

"August 14, 1806. Three seven years have I walked in widowhood. O what a situation was I in this day twenty-one years! What trials have I since known, but what mercies also! Yes, my gracious Lord, I find thou dost order all for me! This day I renew my covenant to be all the Lord's. I know not what bitter cups may yet be preparing for me, but I here cast myself wholly into thy hands! My body is weak with age, and threatened with many painful disorders; but I leave all to thy adorable

will. Miss Tooth seems threatened with a consumption. This would be an unspeakable loss, for she takes off all care from me, and is in every way an abundant comfort and help: but this I also offer up to thee, my Lord.

"September 12. This day I entered into my 68th year. None of my family have lived to my age. Lord, what shall I do to live more abundantly to thee? O that I may take up every cross, and embrace it as a precious jewel! O, the great advantage of living in the will of God!

"November 12. A memorable day to me! This day twenty-five years I gave my hand to my dear Mr. Fletcher. O, what a oneness of soul do I feel with him still! Lord, give me the meetness to partake of that joy he lives in!—I have of late been convinced it would help my faith, to consider deeply what great loving-kindness and guardian care I have experienced from the Lord since he hath taken my dear partner to glory. I may say, indeed, that goodness and mercy have followed me all my days.' What a mercy that this house is still my home! The vicar might have wanted it himself, or he might wish to let it to some other person. But in this Mr. Burton hath shewn me much kindness, as also Mr. Kenerson, the patron: may God bless them for it, and give them both everlasting habitations! At this time I feel my soul drawn out after a closer union with the Lord."

"August 14, 1812. This is always a solemn day. Seven and twenty years hath my beloved husband been in glory. O, what heights of holiness may he have attained! Lord, what have I gained in this long season? I might have attained to much more than I have, but, blessed be the Lord, I do feel an increase; and my spirit pants after the 'fulness of God.' I find stronger faith; I am filled with blessings! I see the hand of God in all; and such answers to prayer as amaze me! My body is full of infirmi-

ties, yet I am able to creep through each day, and to work a little in my Lord's vineyard. Truly, my last days are my best.

"September 12. I have, this day, reached my seventy-third year, and I feel a strong desire that this may be a birth-day to my soul. I have such a sense of a full blessing purchased for me, with such a near approach to God, that I long to attain it. I wait at the feet of my dear Saviour for a fuller display of his love.

"November 12. It is thirty-one years, this day, since I was united to my dear husband. O, blessed union! What cause have I of praise for that providence! It seems but yesterday, and he is as near and dear as ever. I cannot see to write half what I feel in my heart; but I will add,—my cup overflows with mercy; glory be to God!

"January, 1813. And now another year is gone, and I see the beginning of a new one. I feel an increase of faith within this last day or two; some refreshing beams of glory now and then have touched my soul. O for a deeper draught!

'From Sion's top the breezes blow,
And cheer us in the vale below.'

"February 20. I have read with much pleasure the account of the work of God in India. I praise the Lord for that excellent man, Professor Francke. It was from his college several of the missionaries went to India, and, among others, that great instrument, Mr. Swartz. Glory be to God, who hath raised up these 'angels of the churches.' Every look at them makes me shrink into nothing. Yet we may be permitted to follow them with our prayers. Lord, increase the number of such men! Bless their endeavours, and fill them with thy Spirit!"

"August 14, 1815. Thirty years, this day, I drank the bitter cup, and closed the eyes of my beloved husband; and now I am myself in a dying state.

Lord, prepare me! I feel death very near. My soul doth wait and long to fly to the bosom of my God. Come, my adorable Saviour! I lie at thy feet; I long for all thy fulness! Bless my dear and faithful friend. Keep her secure. I long for the day when we shall all meet above.

"September 12. This day I am seventy-six years old, and the same day my dear husband would have been eighty-six. Surely we shall remember the scenes we have had together. But, O my God, give me power to cleave to thee every moment! I feel the powers of darkness are vehemently striving to distract and hinder me. O my God and Father, enable me to walk in thy constant presence! O Jesus, Jesus! fill me with thy love, pour out thy Spirit abundantly upon me, and make my heart thy constant home!"

"October 26. I have had a bad night; but asking help of the Lord for closer communion, my precious Lord applied that word, 'I have borne thy sins in my own body on the tree.' I felt his presence. I seem very near death; but I long to fly into the arms of my beloved Lord. I feel his loving-kindness surrounds me."

The journal ends here. Mrs. Fletcher died on the ninth day of the December following. For the last month of her life, her breath was more oppressed than usual. She had also a very troublesome cough, and her strength rapidly declined. On the 8th of December, she considered herself as dying; and when with difficulty helped into bed, said to the friend who was attending her, "My love, this is the last time I shall get into bed: it has been hard work to get in, but it is work I shall do no more. This oppression on my breath cannot last long; but all is well. The Lord will shower down ten thousand blessings upon thee, my tender nurse, my kind friend." She then desired her to hasten to bed,

replying to her friend's importunate entreaties to be permitted to sit up with her, "You have done all for me you can do. I cannot rest without you go to bed." On this, her friend lay down without undressing. Mrs. Fletcher then inquired whether she was in bed; and, on being answered in the affirmative, said, "That's right. Now, if I can rest, I will; but let our hearts be united in prayer, and the Lord bless both thee and me." These were the last words she uttered. About one o'clock, the noise her breath had long made, ceased; and her friend, on hastening to the bed-side, found that the spirit had peacefully fled, leaving on her countenance the expression of quiet slumber.

MRS. ISABELLA GRAHAM.

Isabella Marshall, afterwards Mrs. Graham, was born July 29, 1742, in the shire of Lanark in Scotland. Her grandfather was one of the elders who quitted the Established Church with the Rev. Messrs. Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine. Her father, John Marshall, farmed a paternal estate called the Heads, near Hamilton, which he afterwards sold, and rented the estate of Eldersley, once the habitation of the renowned Wallace. There his daughter Isabella passed her childhood and her youth. In the woods of Eldersley, she selected a bush, to which she resorted for the purpose of devotion, before she had attained her tenth year. Both her parents were pious, and from a child she had been taught to seek the God of her fathers as the guide of her youth. To this favourite and, to her, sacred spot, she would repair under her childish troubles; and there, in pouring out her heart to her Heavenly Father, she has been visited with peace and Divine consolation.

Her education was of a higher kind than was usually bestowed in those days on young persons of her class in society. Her grandfather, whose dying bed she had assiduously attended, bequeathed her a few hundred pounds, which, with a soundness of judgement much above her years, she requested to have appropriated to the purpose of giving her a finished education. At ten years of age, she was sent to a boarding-school superintended by a lady of distinguished talents and piety, of the name of Morehead, to whose instructions she always acknowledged herself to be greatly indebted. She attended her school for seven successive winters. At the age of seventeen, Miss Marshall was admitted to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in communion with the Presbyterian church at Paisley, under the

pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. Witherspoon, afterwards President of Princeton college. We have no further particulars of her early life. In the year 1765, Miss Marshall, then in her twenty-fourth year, was married to Dr. John Graham, a gentleman of liberal education, practising as a physician at Paisley. About a year after their marriage, Dr. Graham received orders to join the regiment to which he was attached in his medical capacity, the Royal Americans, at that time stationed in Canada. Before they sailed, a plan was laid for their permanent residence in that country. Dr. Graham calculated on disposing of his commission, and purchasing a tract of land on the Mohawk river, to which Mr. Marshall, his father-in-law, was to follow with his family. But this was never to be realized.

The regiment was for several months quartered at Montreal, and here their eldest daughter was born. They afterwards removed to Fort Niagara on Lake Ontario, and continued in garrison there for four years, which Mrs. Graham always considered as the happiest period of her life, so far as regarded temporal enjoyments. The society was select and agreeable, several of the officers being married, and the ladies being on the best terms with each other. But as the fort was remote from other settlements, Mrs. Graham, while here, was in a state of destitution as to the ordinances of religion. She maintained, however, a conscientious observance of the Sabbath, and on those sacred days would wander into the surrounding woods with her Bible, to commune with God and her own heart in solitude.

At the commencement of the revolutionary struggle in America, the sixteenth regiment, to which Dr. Graham was attached, being composed chiefly of Americans, was ordered to the island of Antigua. In consequence of this, Dr. and Mrs. Graham, with their family, now consisting of three infant daughters, crossed the woods from Niagara to Oswegatche, and thence descended the river Mohawk to Schenec-

tady, where leaving his family, the Doctor repaired to New York, in the hope of completing a negotiation for the sale of his commission, and purchasing a tract of land on which he might settle. But, not being able to perfect his arrangements in time, he was compelled to proceed with his regiment to the West Indies; and Mrs. Graham hastened with her family to join him at New York, whence they sailed together for Antigua.

On their arrival at St. John's, they were introduced to several respectable families, some of them eminent for piety, whose hospitality and kindness were a great solace to them under this unexpected change in their circumstances. It was not long before Mrs. Graham was placed in a situation which called for all the sympathy of friendship. Her husband was absent in St. Vincent's, where he was detained with his regiment for several months, when she received the afflictive tidings of the death of her valued mother. It should seem that her grief on this occasion was excessive, and preyed upon her mind; for, to rouse her from the morbid state in which he found her on his return, Dr. Graham was led to tell her, that God might perhaps call her to a severer trial by taking her husband also. These words, with whatever intention they were spoken, were too soon fulfilled. On the 17th of Nov. 1774, he was seized with a fever, which, though unattended for the first three days by alarming symptoms, terminated his existence on the 22d instant. The whole course of the Doctor's illness, says Mrs. Graham's Biographer*, presented a most interesting scene. "He calculated on death; expressed his perfect resignation; gave his testimony to the emptiness of a world, in which its inhabitants are too much occupied in pursuing bubbles, which vanish

* "The Power of Faith, exemplified in the Life and Writings of the late Mrs. Isabella Graham, of New York." 12mo. New York printed: London reprinted. 1822.

into air; and died in the hope of faith in that Divine Redeemer, 'who is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him.' At the commencement of her husband's illness, Mrs. Graham entertained no apprehensions of danger to his life. When hope as to the continuance of temporal life was extinguished, her anxiety for his spiritual and eternal welfare exercised her whole soul. When he breathed his last, gratitude to God, and joy at the testimony he had given of dying in the faith of Jesus, afforded a support to her mind, which the painful feelings of her heart could not immediately shake: but when the awful solemnities were over — earth to earth, dust to dust — and the spirit gone to God who gave it — when all was still, and she was a widow indeed — that tenderness of soul and sympathy of friendship, for which Mrs. Graham was ever remarkable, were brought into severe and tumultuous exercise. Her husband, companion, protector, was gone; a man of superior mind, great taste, warm affection, and domestic habits. She was left with three daughters, the eldest of whom was not more than five years of age, and with the prospect of having another child in a few months. Of temporal property she possessed very little: she was at a distance from her father's house: the widow and the fatherless were in a foreign land. The change in her circumstances was as sudden as it was great."

All her pleasing plans, all her cherished prospects, were thus cut off in a moment. But the claims of a young family, now wholly dependent on her for their sustenance, prevented her from sinking into that morbid state of desponding grief which she appears to have sunk into under the pressure of a less heavy and trying calamity. Her situation roused her to exert all the energies of her character. On examining into her husband's affairs, she found that there remained not quite two hundred pounds sterling in his agent's hands. These circumstances

afforded an opportunity for the display of the purity of her principles and her rigid adherence to the commandments of her God. She had brought with her from Niagara, as servants, two young Indian girls; they were her late husband's property, and she was now importuned to sell them, in order to augment the small sum which was her only dependence. But no consideration could prevail upon her to make merchandise of two of her fellow-creatures, immortal beings, the workmanship of the same heavenly Father. One of these girls accompanied her to Scotland, where she was married; the other died in Antigua before Mrs. Graham returned to Europe.

The surgeon's mate of the regiment was a young man whom Dr. Graham had patronised and instructed in the profession, so as to qualify him to become his successor. He obtained the appointment, and Mrs. Graham, notwithstanding her slender finances, presented to him her husband's medical library, and his sword; a noble instance of generosity, which was as gratefully requited. The young man afterwards manifested his sense of obligation, by remitting to the widow of his friend and patron, from year to year, such sums as he could afford. These remittances, accompanied with friendly letters, were occasionally received by Mrs. Graham up to the year 1795. After this period, her circumstances became so favourably altered as to render such aid unnecessary; and from that time, it is highly remarkable, that she heard no more from her generous correspondent, nor could she ever learn what became of him, notwithstanding her frequent inquiries.

Mrs. Graham remained in the island till she had given birth to a son, to whom she gave his father's name, John. Having no longer any inducement to remain there, she performed a last sad duty to her beloved husband, in seeing his grave enclosed with a railing; and placing her little stock of money in

the hands of her friend, Major Brown, she requested him to take a passage for her to Europe. No ship offering for Scotland, she embarked with her family in one bound for Belfast. Major Brown, who, with his brother officers, attended her to the ship with every mark of respect, then put into her hand a letter to a gentleman in Belfast, containing, as he said, a bill for the balance of the money she had deposited with him. It proved, however, to be a bill for the full amount of the deposite. On her arrival, after a stormy and trying voyage, the correspondent in Ireland presented to her a letter from Major Brown, stating that, as a proof of respect for the memory of their deceased friend, he and his brother officers had taken the liberty of defraying the expenses of her voyage. "Thus," remarks her Biographer, "like the brethren of Joseph, she found all her money in the sack's mouth."

In the passage from Ireland to Scotland, Mrs. Graham again experienced a signal display of the Divine goodness. The packet on board of which she with her children embarked, was not, as she afterwards learned, provided even with a compass. A great storm arose, and they were tossed to and fro for nine hours in imminent danger. The rudder and the masts were carried away; every thing on deck thrown overboard; and at length the vessel struck in the night upon a rock on the coast of Ayr, in Scotland. The greatest confusion pervaded the passengers and crew. Among a number of young students, going to the University at Edinburgh, some were swearing, some praying, and all were in despair. The widow only remained composed. With her babe in her arms, she hushed her weeping family, and told them, that, in a few minutes, they should all go to join their father in a better world. The passengers wrote their names in their pocket-books, that their bodies might be recognised and reported for the information of their friends. One

young man came into the cabin, asking, 'Is there any peace here?' He was surprised to find a female so tranquil: a short conversation soon evinced that religion was the source of comfort and hope to them both in this perilous hour. He prayed, and then read the 107th psalm. While repeating these words, "He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still," the vessel swung off the rock, by the rising of the tide. She had been dashing against it for an hour and a half, the sea making a breach over her, so that the hold was now nearly filled with water. Towards morning the storm subsided, and the vessel floated until she rested on a sand-bank. Assistance was afforded from the shore; and the shipwrecked company took shelter in a small inn, where the men seemed anxious to drown the remembrance of danger in a bowl of punch. Mrs. Graham retired to a private room, to offer up her thanksgivings for this merciful interposition of Divine Providence, and to commend herself and her orphans to the Father of the fatherless and the widow's God. Soon after they had landed, a gentleman from Ayr, hearing of the shipwreck, came down to offer his assistance, in whom Mrs. Graham was happy to recognise an old friend. This gentleman paid her the kindest attention, took her and her family to his own house, and treated them with the greatest hospitality. In a day or two, she reached Cartside, and entered her father's dwelling; not, however, the large ancient mansion in which she had left him, but a thatched cottage consisting of only three apartments. Possessed of too easy a temper and an unsuspecting disposition, Mr. Marshall had been induced to become security for some friends whose failure in business had reduced him to poverty. He now acted as factor of a gentleman's estate in this neighbourhood, of whose father he had been the intimate friend, with a salary of £20 per annum, and the use of a small farm.

Mrs. Graham had not been long at Cartside, when Mr. Marshall's health began to fail, and he was deprived of the scanty pittance he enjoyed, being deemed by the proprietor of the estate incapable of discharging the duties of factor. Thus she saw her father added to the number of those who were dependent on her industry, and she supported him entirely through his declining years. He died at her house, during her subsequent residence at Edinburgh, surrounded by his affectionate daughter and grandchildren, who tenderly watched him through his last illness.

Mrs. Graham now laid aside her children's fine frocks, and clothed them in home-spun. At Cartside, she sold the butter she made, and the children were fed on the milk. From this place she removed to Paisley, where she taught a small school, the slender profits of which, with a widow's pension of £16 per annum, were her only means of subsistence. Here, for some time, her breakfast and supper were porridge, her dinner potatoes; but peace with God and a contented mind supplied the lack of better fare, and reconciled her to her lonely and depressed condition. Yet He on whom she cast all her care, was not unmindful of his believing child, and was preparing the way for her being exalted, in due time, to a situation of high respectability and usefulness. Her pious and attached friend, Mrs. Major Brown, had accompanied her husband on his return to Scotland, and they now resided on their estate in Ayrshire. After consulting with Lady Glenorchy, Mrs. Walker of Edinburgh, and some other friends, she proposed to Mrs. Graham to open a boarding-school in the capital. Her liberal education, her acquaintance with life, and her ardent piety, were considered as peculiarly qualifying her to take the superintendence of an establishment on a superior scale. But her total want of funds seemed to oppose an insuperable obstacle to the undertaking. The little

money which she had brought home, and which she had carefully preserved, a gentleman, who had been a kind friend in Antigua, and was now a merchant in London, had advised her to invest in muslins: these she was to work into articles of dress, and Mr. Reid, the gentleman referred to, agreed to ship them in a vessel of his own, freightage free, to be sold in the West Indies. His object was, partly to increase her little capital, and partly to divert her mind from dwelling so intensely on the loss of her husband; for, while at Cartside, she injured her eye-sight with continual weeping, so as to render necessary the use of spectacles. The plan so kindly proposed, was readily adopted; but the vessel in which the muslins were shipped, was captured by the French. This was a severe blow to her at the time, as the news was brought to her when her father had just been deprived of his office of factor.

In her present perplexity, she had recourse to an unerring Counsellor. She set apart a day for fasting and prayer, and spread her case before the Lord, earnestly beseeching him to make his word "a light unto her feet and a lamp to her path," and to lead her in the way she should go; especially that she might be directed to choose the path in which she could best promote his glory and the highest interests of herself and her children. In this state of mind, while engaged in reading the Scriptures, these words, John xxi. 15, presented themselves to her with peculiar force; and the impression they made, determined her to undertake the arduous trust: "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He said unto him, Feed my lambs."

Although her resolution was now taken, and her faith was strong, yet, the agitation of mind produced by the difficulties of her situation, brought on a nervous fever, which confined her to her bed for

some weeks. On her recovery, she felt it to be her duty to *go forward,* trusting that He who had directed her path, would provide the means requisite for carrying her plans into effect. She sold her heavy furniture, and prepared to set out, with her remaining effects, for Edinburgh. On the Saturday previous to the Monday fixed for her departure, while, with an anxious heart, she was musing by her fireside, and wondering in what manner the Lord would appear for her at this time, a letter was brought to her from her friend Mr. Reid, enclosing a sum of money which he had recovered from the underwriters on account of Mrs. Graham's muslins captured on their passage to the West Indies. She had considered them as totally lost, but her friend had taken the precaution to insure them. With this unexpected supply, she set off for the metropolis.

On her arrival in Edinburgh, which was sometime in the year 1780, she found in Mrs. Brown a warm and constant friend, to whose assistance she was much indebted in the establishment of her school. This excellent lady lived just long enough to see Mrs. Graham obtain the support necessary to ensure success. She died at Paisley in 1782, in the act of attending the communion. Another individual to whom Mrs. Graham was indebted at this period, was a merchant in Glasgow, known there for his integrity, by the name of "honest George Anderson," an early friend of Dr. Graham's: he kindly offered his friendly services and the use of his purse, on hearing of Mrs. Graham's undertaking; and she occasionally drew upon both these friends. The money thus borrowed, she had afterwards the satisfaction of repaying with interest; and she carried on a correspondence with Mr. Anderson, subsequently to her removal to America, until his death in 1802. During her residence in Edinburgh, she was honoured with the countenance and support of many persons of distinction and eminent piety;

among whom, the Rev. Dr. Davidson, on whose ministry she attended, and his lady, the Rev. Dr. Erskine, the Viscountess Glenorchy, Lady Ross Baillie, Lady Jane Belches, Mrs. Walter Scott (mother of the poet), and Mrs. Baillie Walker, were her warm personal friends. Lady Glenorchy, to whose judgement she greatly deferred, being in a delicate state of health, made frequent use of Mrs. Graham as her almoner, and shewed her kindness in a variety of ways. She took one of Mrs. Graham's daughters to reside for some time in her family, condescending herself to instruct her, and sent her for a year to a French boarding-school at Rotterdam, where, besides defraying all her expenses, she furnished her young *protégée* with a liberal allowance of pocket-money, that she might not witness distress without having the power to relieve it. It was her Ladyship's express desire, that Mrs. Graham should be sent for to attend her dying bed, if within twenty miles of her when such attendance should be necessary. This melancholy office she had the satisfaction of performing for her friend and patroness in July 1786. Lady Glenorchy bequeathed to her two hundred pounds as a mark of her high regard.

In the meantime, Mrs. Graham's school became highly respectable both in numbers and in character. Her superior education now proved of essential service to her. She was indefatigable in her attention to the instruction of her pupils, and her manner of management was peculiarly happy. While she kept them diligent in their studies, and enforced a strict observance of the laws she had established, she endeared herself to them by her tenderness. She enjoyed their happiness, and exerted herself to promote it. In cases of sickness, she watched her young patients with unremitting solicitude. But her cares were not confined to their temporal happiness and personal accomplishments. She was zealous also in directing their attention to that Gospel which

could alone instruct them how to obtain an eternal inheritance. She prayed with them morning and evening, and on the Lord's day, especially, took great pains to imbue their minds with the truths of religion. Nor did she labour in vain. Although she was often heard to lament that her life was unprofitable, compared with her opportunities of doing good, yet, when her daughter and son-in-law visited Scotland in 1801, they heard of many instances in which the individual dated her first religious impressions from the instruction received in early life from Mrs. Graham. It was a characteristic trait of this noble-minded woman, that she educated the daughters of pious ministers at half-price.

Mrs. Graham first suggested the idea of what for a long time went under the name of "the Penny Society" in Edinburgh. It having been regretted, that many of the lower classes suffer greatly when sick, who, when in health, are able to support themselves by their labour, she set on foot the formation of a fund, by means of subscriptions of a penny a week, for the relief of the contributors when in sickness. This useful institution afterwards obtained a liberal patronage, has now a handsome capital, and is called "the Society for the Relief of the Destitute Sick."

Another of her plans for doing good, was, to make advances to little tradesmen, of small sums from ten to twenty pounds, the value of which she took back in the articles they dealed in, charging no interest. By this means, she greatly assisted many persons in slender circumstances. The board of her pupils being paid in advance, she was enabled to adopt this plan with the more facility.

When Dr. Witherspoon, the pastor of her early years, visited Scotland in the year 1785, he had frequent conversations with Mrs. Graham on the subject of removing to America. It seems that she had entertained a strong partiality for that country ever

since her former residence there; many of her tenderest recollections were connected with it; and she gave the Doctor reason to calculate on her going there as soon as her children should have completed the course of education she had proposed for them. On his return, he maintained a correspondence with her, in which he did not fail to urge upon her the execution of this design; and she received from many respectable inhabitants of New York assurances of support. At length, in July 1789, she once more prepared to leave her native country, leaving her son to complete his education at Edinburgh; and after a pleasant, though tedious voyage, she landed at New York on the 8th of September. Here she was received with the greatest cordiality and respect. She opened her school on the 5th of October with five scholars; and before the end of that month, the number increased to fifty. The establishment soon attracted great popularity. The annual examinations of her pupils were always well attended. The venerable and amiable Bishop of the Episcopal Church in New York, Dr. Benjamin Moore, was always present on these occasions, and General Washington, while at New York, honoured Mrs. Graham with his patronage.

Mrs. Graham united in communion with the Presbyterian church under the pastoral care of the late Rev. Dr. John Mason. This excellent man was her faithful friend and wise counsellor. Under his ministry, her two younger daughters, Joanna and Isabella, joined the church in 1791. Her eldest daughter, Jessie, who had made a public profession of her faith while in Scotland, was married in July 1790, to Mr. Hay Stevenson, merchant, of New York, and became a member of the Presbyterian church under the care of Dr. Rodgers, where her husband attended.

In the year 1791, her son, whom she had left

at Edinburgh, paid his mother a visit. "Mrs. Graham," we are informed, "considering herself as inadequate to the proper management of a boy, had, at an early period of his life, sent her son to the care of a friend, who had promised to pay due attention to his morals and education. The boy had a warm, affectionate heart, but possessed, at the same time, a bold and fearless spirit. Such a disposition, under proper management, might have been formed into a noble character; but he was neglected, and left in a great measure to himself, by his first preceptor.

"For two years of his life he was under the care of Mr. Murray, teacher of an academy at Abercorn. He was a man truly qualified for this station. He instructed his pupils with zeal; led even their amusements; and to an exemplary piety, added the faithful counsel of a friend. He loved, and was therefore beloved. Under his superintendence, John Graham improved rapidly, and gained the affections of his teacher and companions. Happy would it have been for him, had he continued in this situation. He was removed to Edinburgh, to receive a more classical education. Being left there by his mother and sisters, the impetuosity of his temper and a propensity for a seafaring life, induced his friends to place him as an apprentice in the merchant service. He was shipwrecked on the coast of Holland; and Mr. Gibson, of Rotterdam, a friend of Mrs. Graham, took him to his house, and enabled him to come to the United States. He remained at New York for some months. His mother deemed it his duty to return to Scotland, to complete his time of service. His inclination tended evidently to the profession of a sailor: she, therefore, fitted him out handsomely; and he embarked for Greenock in the same ship with Mr. John Mitchell Mason, the only son of the late Dr. Mason, who went to attend the theological lectures at the Divinity Hall, in Edinburgh."

Her agonizing exercises of mind on parting with her son, will be best shewn by the following memorandum, extracted from her private papers: —

"New York, May 20, 1791.

"This day my only son left me in bitter wringings of heart: he is again launched on the ocean, — God's ocean. The Lord saved him from shipwreck; brought him to my home, and allowed me once more to indulge my affections over him. He has been with me but a short time, and ill have I improved it; he is gone from my sight, and my heart bursts with tumultuous grief. Lord, have mercy on the widow's son — 'the only son of his mother.'

"I ask nothing in all this world for him; I repeat my petition, save his soul alive, give him salvation from sin. It is not the danger of the seas that distresses me; it is not the hardships he must undergo; it is not the dread of never seeing him more in this world; it is because I cannot discern the fulfilment of the promise in him. I cannot discern the new birth nor its fruits, but every symptom of captivity to Satan, the world, and self-will. This, this is what distresses me; and, in connexion with this, his being shut out from ordinances, at a distance from Christians; shut up with those who forget God, profane his name, and break his Sabbaths; men who often live and die like beasts, yet are accountable creatures, who must answer for every moment of time, and every word, thought, and action. O Lord, many wonders hast thou shewn me; thy ways of dealing with me and mine have not been common ones: add this wonder to the rest. Call, convert, regenerate, and establish a sailor in the faith. Lord, all things are possible with thee: glorify thy Son, and extend his kingdom by sea and land; take the prey from the strong. I roll him over upon thee. Many friends try to comfort me; miserable comforters are they all. Thou art the God of consolation; only

confirm to me thy gracious word, on which thou causedst me to hope, in the day when thou saidst to me, 'Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive.' Only let this life be a spiritual life, and I put a blank in thy hand as to all temporal things.

"'I wait for thy salvation.' Amen."

Three months afterwards, she learned that a press-gang had boarded the ship in which her son had sailed; and although he was saved from their grasp by a stratagem of the passengers, yet all his clothes were taken away from him. After undergoing many sufferings, this young man wrote to his mother from Demarara in the year 1794, that he had been made prisoner, had been retaken, and then intended to go to Europe with a fleet which was soon to sail under convoy. His letter was couched in terms of salutary reflection on his past life; and expressed a hope of profiting by past experience. This was the last account which Mrs. Graham received of her unhappy son. All inquiries instituted respecting him proved fruitless, and she could only cherish the fond persuasion, that, in answer to her prayers, the great Redeemer had taken care of, and would finally save, this prodigal son. She had known a case in her father's family, which had excited their solicitude, and which now encouraged her hope. Her younger brother, Archibald Marshall, a lad of high temper, though of an affectionate heart, had gone to sea, and was not heard of at all for several years. A pious woman who kept a boarding-house at Paisley, found one of her boarders one day reading Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul of Man, with Archibald Marshall's name written on the blank leaf. On inquiry, the stranger told her, he got that book from a young man on his death-bed, as a token of regard. That young man was Archibald Marshall — he was an exemplary Christian: "and I have reason," added he, "to bless God that he ever was

my mess-mate." The woman who heard this account, transmitted it to Mr. Marshall's family, who were known to her. Mrs. Graham had no such consolatory account afforded to her; but under much yearning of heart, she left this concern, as well as every other, to the disposal of that God "who doeth all things well."

In July 1795, Mrs. Graham's second daughter, Joanna, was married to Mr. Divie Bethune, merchant in New York. In the following month, her eldest daughter, who had been for some years in delicate health, was seized with fatal symptoms. Possessing a most amiable disposition and true piety, she viewed the approach of death with the composure and intrepidity of genuine faith, and was engaged in singing a hymn when she was interrupted by the struggles of dissolution. Mrs. Graham displayed all her characteristic firmness during the last trying scene; and when the spirit of her daughter had fled, the mother, raising her hands and looking towards heaven, exclaimed, "I wish you joy, my darling." She then washed her face, took some refreshment, and retired to rest. "Such," remarks her Biographer, "was her joy of faith at the full salvation of her child; but when the loss of her company was felt, the tenderness of a mother's heart gave vent to feelings of affectionate sorrow. Nature will feel, even when faith triumphs."

In September 1798, her daughter Isabella was married to Mr. Andrew Smith, merchant, of New York. Her family being thus settled to her satisfaction, she was prevailed upon to retire from business, and to live with her children. Till January 1803, she resided alternately with Mrs. Bethune and Mrs. Smith; but the latter then removing from New York, she spent the remainder of her days with Mr. and Mrs. Bethune.

Mrs. Graham had now her whole time at her

command, and she devoted herself, from this period, to works of benevolence. The last sixteen years of her life exhibit a career of unwearied patriotic exertion in the service of the poor and the unfortunate of all classes, which has rarely been paralleled. On the formation, in 1797, of the Society for the Relief of Poor Widows with small Children, which originated in the suggestion of her son-in-law, Mr. Bethune, Mrs. Graham was chosen first directress, which office she held for ten years. In the distressing winter which followed the ravages of the yellow fever in 1798, her exertions on behalf of the bereaved families among the poor were indefatigable. She made it her business to procure work for her widows, and much of her time was occupied in cutting it out and preparing it for them. The society, having received a charter of incorporation and some pecuniary aid from the Legislature, at length purchased a small house, where they received work of various kinds for the employment of their widows, and opened a school for the instruction of their orphans. Mrs. Graham took an active part in these plans, and many of her former pupils volunteered their services, taking upon themselves the charge of instruction, in rotation. Besides this school, Mrs. Graham selected some of the widows best qualified for the task, and engaged them, for a small compensation, to open free day-schools for the instruction of the children of widows in distant parts of the city. She established two Sabbath schools, one of which she superintended herself; the other she placed under the care of her daughter. She also attended occasionally, for some years, at the Alms House, to instruct the children there in religious knowledge.

The annual report of their proceedings presented by the managers of the Widows' Relief Society, was usually drawn up by their directress. That of April 1800 states, that " again the pestilence had emptied

the city, again every source of industry was dried up; even the streams of benevolence from the country failed." The report thus proceeds: —

"Those storehouses from which relief was issued to thousands in former calamities, now disappointed their hopes; and those spared by the pestilence were ready to perish by the famine. Such widows as had no friends in the country, under whose roof they might for a time seek shelter, were shut up to the only relief within their power, even to *that Society* which had formerly saved them in many a strait. They came, were received with tenderness, assisted with food, advice, and medicine. Four of the Society's Board, at the risk of their lives, remained in the city, steady in the exercise of their office. One hundred and forty-two widows, with four hundred and six children, under twelve years of age, by far the greater part under six, have, from time to time, during the winter, been visited and relieved. *Widow* is a word of sorrow in the best of circumstances; but a widow left poor, destitute, friendless, surrounded with a number of small children, shivering with cold, pale with want, looking in her face with eyes pleading for bread, which she has not to give, nor any probable prospect of procuring, is in a situation that calls for the deepest sympathy. Many such scenes were witnessed during the last winter; and, though none could restore the *father* and the *husband*, the hearts of the mourners were soothed by the managers, while they dispensed the relief provided for them by their *Father* and their *Husband*, God."

The winter of 1804-5 was unusually severe; the river Hudson was shut by frost as early as November, and the poor suffered greatly through the consequent scarcity and dearness of fuel. Mrs. Graham personally visited and relieved, under these circumstances, upwards of two hundred families. There was at this period neither a Bible Society nor a

Tract Society in New York. She requested a friend to write, first one religious tract, and then another, suited to the peculiar situation of these afflicted families. One was called, "A Donation to Poor Widows with small Children;" the other, "A Second Visit to Poor Widows with small Children." Besides distributing these tracts, which she generally accompanied with some small donation in money, she gave a copy of the Bible to every family which she found destitute of the Scriptures, praying with them in their affliction. It was, we are told, her frequent practice to leave home directly after breakfast, taking with her a few rolls of bread, and to spend the whole day in these visits of mercy, not returning till about eight o'clock in the evening. Her only dinner on those days was her bread, and perhaps some soup at the soup-house established by the Humane Society for the Poor, over which one of her widows had been, at her recommendation, appointed to preside. In this manner, she and her venerable companion Mrs. Sarah Hoffman, second directress of the Widows' Society, travelled many a day together in the walks of charity, dispensing temporal aid from the purse of charity, and spiritual consolation from the word of life. Mrs. Graham was a Presbyterian, Mrs. Hoffman an Episcopalian; but these non-essential differences, of which so unhappy a use has been made to separate the children of God from each other, formed no barrier between these two admirable friends and fellow-labourers in the work of the Lord.

The pain which it occasioned the managers of the Widows' Society, to behold a family of orphans driven, on the decease of a widow, to seek refuge in the Alms House, inspired the wish to provide an asylum for orphans. In March 1805, a public meeting was called, at which Mrs. Graham presided, when a society was organized under the designation of the Orphan Asylum Society, Mrs. Hoffman being

chosen the first directress. Mrs. Graham took a deep interest in this society, and either herself or one of her family taught the orphans daily till the funds of the institution were sufficient to provide a teacher and superintendent. The society now possess, through the liberality of the legislature and of the public, a handsome building in the vicinity of New York, free from all incumbrances, and they have had at one time more than a hundred orphans under their care.

For several years, Mrs. Graham was in the practice of visiting the public hospital at New York. To the sick female convicts in the state prison she also made many visits. In 1811, on the formation of a Magdalen Society, she was chosen, by the board of managers, female president; which office she held till her decease. In 1812, the trustees of the Lancasterian school solicited the attendance of several pious ladies, to give catechetical instruction to their scholars one afternoon in every week: Mrs. Graham was one who attended regularly for this purpose.

But she was now at a period of life when she could not be expected long to maintain such a course of exertion. "The delicate state of health to which one of her grand-daughters was reduced in 1808, made it necessary for her to spend the summer season, for five successive years, at Rockaway, for the advantage of sea-bathing. Mrs. Graham went with her, it being beneficial to her own health also. In this place she met with many strangers: the company residing there treated her with much affection and respect. She always attended to the worship of God, morning and evening, in her room, and was usually accompanied by some of the ladies who boarded in the house. Her fund of information, vivacity of manner, and the interest which she felt in the happiness of all around her, made her society highly valued and pleasing. Few of those ladies who stayed with her at Rockaway for any length of

time, failed to express, at parting, their esteem for her; and they generally added a pressing invitation for a visit from her, if ever she should travel near where they dwelt.

In the year 1810, while bathing, she was carried by the surf beyond her depth, and, for some time, there was scarcely a hope of her regaining the shore. Her grand-children were weeping on the beach, and the company assembled there were afflicted but hopeless spectators of her danger. At that moment of peril she prayed to the Lord for deliverance, but acquiesced in his will, if he should see fit to take her to himself in this manner. Able to swim a little, she kept herself afloat for some time; she became at length very faint; and when her friends on the beach apprehended her lost, they perceived that the wave had impelled her somewhat nearer to them. A gentleman present, and her female attendant, stepped into the surf; and extending their arms for mutual support, one of them was enabled to lay hold of Mrs. Graham's bathing-gown, and to pull her towards them. When they brought her ashore, she was much exhausted, and had swallowed a considerable quantity of water. It was some hours before she revived, when she addressed the company in a very serious and impressive manner, that affected them to tears. Her health, during the following winter, was much impaired by the shock it had received.

In the spring of 1814, she presided at the formation of a new Society for the Promotion of Industry among the Poor. Her articulation, once strong and clear, was, on this occasion, observed to have become feeble, and her voice fell upon the ear as a pleasant sound that was passing away. She consented to have her name inserted in the list of managers, but she did not live to see the House of Industry opened, in which between four and five hundred women were employed and paid during the following winter. In the month of May, delighted

with the perusal of a Report received from England, of the Society for establishing Adult Schools, Mrs. Graham immediately undertook the formation of such a school in the neighbourhood of New York. She called on the young people who worked in the manufactories, and requested them to attend her for this purpose every Sabbath morning, at eight o'clock. This was kept up as a Sunday-school after her decease.

For some weeks previous to her last illness, she was favoured with unusual health, and a high degree of religious enjoyment. On Tuesday the 19th of July, she first complained of not feeling well, and kept her room; on the Thursday, the disorder proved to be cholera-morbus, and her children sent for a physician. On Saturday, Mrs. Graham requested that her friend Mrs. Chrystie might be sent for. This alarmed Mrs. Bethune, who was aware that there existed an understanding between these two aged friends, that one should attend the dying bed of the other. On Mrs. Chrystie's entering the chamber, Mrs. Graham welcomed her with a sweet expressive smile, as if to say, "I am about to get the start of you: it will be your office to fulfil our engagement." As she sat by her bedside, Mrs. Graham said: "Your face is very pleasant to me, my friend." On the Sabbath morning, she was disposed to constant slumber; but, on seeing her son-in-law looking at her with agitation, she roused herself, and embracing him, said: "My dear, dear son, I am going to leave you; I am going to the Saviour." "I know," he replied, "that when you do go from us, it will be to the Saviour; but, my dear mother, it may not be the Lord's time now to call you to himself." "Yes," said she, "now is the time; and oh! I could weep for sin." Her words were accompanied with tears. "Have you any doubts then, my dear friend?" inquired Mrs. Chrystie. "Oh, no," was her reply, and looking at

her weeping children, she added: "My dear children, I have no more doubt of going to my Saviour, than if I was already in his arms; my guilt is all transferred; he has cancelled all I owed. Yet, I could weep for sins against so good a God. It seems to me as if there must be weeping even in heaven for sin." After this, she entered into conversation with her friends, mentioning portions of Scripture and favourite hymns, which had been a source of consolation to her. Some of these she had transcribed into a little book, entitling it, "Provision for my last Journey through the Wilderness and Passage over Jordan:" most of these extracts she had committed to memory, calling them to remembrance, when sleep deserted her, as her "songs in the night." She requested Mr. Bethune to read some of these portions; after which she fell asleep. In the afternoon, she was visited by the Rev. Dr. Mason, to whom she declared that her hope was altogether founded on the redemption that is in Christ Jesus; expressing herself to this effect, that were she left to depend on the merits of the best action she had ever performed, that would be only a source of despair.

On Monday, her lethargy increased. She assured her daughter, at every interval from sleep, that all was well; and when she could rouse herself only to utter one word, that word, accompanied with a smile, was "Peace." There was a peculiar emphasis in this expression as proceeding from her lips; for the promise of our Saviour, "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you," had been a favourite portion of Scripture with her. She was now surrounded by many of her dear Christian friends, who remarked, that all terror was taken away from her dying bed, and that death seemed there as indeed an entrance to life. Her countenance was placid, and even looked younger than before her illness. On Tuesday afternoon, she slept with little intermission, and at a quarter past twelve o'clock, being the

morning of July 27, 1814, she expired, without a struggle or a groan, having nearly completed the seventy-second year of her age.

Little remains to be added to this brief and simple narrative, except such further illustrations of the character of this inestimable woman, as are supplied by her own papers, from which we can make room for only a few extracts. The volume which contains them is highly deserving of a place in every female library. The exercises of her mind under the loss of her husband, are recorded in more than one interesting document. When she put on the habiliments of a widow, surveying herself in a mirror, she resolved never to lay them aside. This determination she strictly adhered to, and steadily rejected every overture subsequently made to her, of again entering into the married state. The solemn and sacred character of the feelings which dictated her resolution, is displayed in a series of poems in which she dedicated herself to God as "a widow indeed." We subjoin the first three Parts.

PART I.

"Hail! thou state of widowhood,
State of those that mourn to God;
Who, from earthly comforts torn,
Only live to pray and mourn.

Meanest of the number, I
For my dear companion sigh;
Patiently my loss deplore,
Mourn for one that mourns no more.

Me my consort hath out-run,
Out of sight he quite is gone;
He his course has finish'd here,
First come to the sepulchre.

Following on with earnest haste,
Till my mourning days are past,
I my partner's steps pursue;
I shall soon be happy too;

Find the ease for which I pant,
Gain the only good I want,
Quietly lay down my head,
Sink into my earthly bed.

There my flesh shall rest in hope,
Till the quicken'd dust mount up;
When to glorious life I'll rise,
To meet my husband in the skies.

PART II.

Happy they who trust in Jesus!
Jesus turns our loss to gain;
Still his balmy mercies ease us,
Sweeten all our grief and pain.

When he calls our friends t' inherit
All the glories of the blest,
He assures the widow'd spirit,
'Thou shalt quickly be at rest.'

Though my flesh and spirit languish,
Let me not too much complain;
Sure at last t' outlive my anguish,
Sure to find my friend again.

Ransom'd from a world of sorrow,
He to-day is taken home;
I shall be released to-morrow:
Come, my dear Redeemer, come.

From my sanctified distresses,
Now, or when thou wilt, receive,
Grant with him in thine embraces,
After all my deaths, to live.

PART III.

Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord!
Mysterious Three in One;
For ever be thy name ador'd,
Thy will for ever done.

For this alone on earth I wait,
To glorify my God;
And suffer, since thou will'st, the state
Of sacred widowhood.

And may I, in thy strength, fulfil
My awful character;
And prove thine acceptable will,
And do thy pleasure here;

The children to thyself restore,
Whom thou to me hast giv'n;
And rule my house with all my pow'r,
And train up them for heav'n.

Be this my hospitable care,
The stranger to receive,
The burden of thy Church to bear,
And all their wants relieve;

My labour of unwearied love,
With pleasure to repeat;
My faith unto thy saints to prove,
And gladly wash their feet.

The servant of thy servants bless
With active, earnest zeal;
And ev'ry work of righteousness
I shall with joy fulfil."

In a letter to a friend, dated September 11, 1800, Mrs. Graham thus affectingly adverts to this period in her history:—

"My dear Miss M——; I am now old, and I hope have done with the world; but I have been young, and I once drank deeply of youth's choicest pleasures. I was blest with the most excellent and most indulgent of parents; I was the wife of a man of sense, sentiment, and sensibility, who was my very first love and lover; and that love ripened and improved with years. My children were good and healthy; love, health, peace, and competency, blessed our dwelling. I had also, in early life, taken hold of God's covenant, and tasted his covenant love, and devoted myself to his service; but very far was I from that non-conformity which the precept of the Gospel requires. Had I kept close to my covenant God, enjoyed his bounty with thankfulness, occupied my talents, devoted my time to usefulness and

communion with him; had I prayed against corruption within, and temptation without; the Lord would have directed my steps, and held up my goings, and I should have continued to inherit the earth, and should not have been diminished. But this was very far from being my conduct. The bent of the natural, unrenewed heart, is still opposed to God; and the best are sanctified only in part, while in this life; the law in the members still wars against the law of the Spirit of life in the mind. The goodness of God, which ought to have been a powerful motive to gratitude, love, and diligence, was misimproved: I enjoyed the gifts, and forgot the Giver; 'hugged my comforts to death.' Many, many light chastisements, my dear, my kind, my indulgent heavenly Father exercised me with; I had many repenting seasons under his strokes; I received many manifestations of pardon; and many fresh and solemn dedications of my heart, life, and substance, did I make: but no sooner were ease and comfort restored, than my heart 'turned aside like a deceitful bow.' My whole life, from fifteen to the thirtieth year of my age, was one continued succession of departures, and backslidings on my part; of chastening, forgiving, restoring, and comforting, on the part of my God.

"He did not cast me off, but dealt with me according to the constitution of his well-ordered covenant—Psalm lxxxix. 30; 'If his children' (Christ's) 'forsake my law, and walk not in my judgements, if they break my statutes, and keep not my commandments, then will I visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes. Nevertheless, my loving-kindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail; my covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips.' This is the covenant (made with Christ as the federal head of all who believe) of

which I took hold in early life: my God kept me to my choice, and manifested his own faithfulness and the stability of his covenant. When lighter afflictions proved ineffectual, he at last, at one blow, took from me all that made life dear, the very kernel of all my earthly joys, my idol, my beloved husband. Then I no longer halted between two opinions: my God became my all. I leave it as my testimony, that He has been 'a Father to the fatherless, a Husband to the widow, the stranger's shield,' and the 'orphan's stay.' Even to hoar hairs and to old age has he carried me, and 'not one good word has failed' of all that he has promised. 'He has done all things well,' and at this day I am richer and happier than ever I was in my life. Not that I am yet made free from sin; that is still my burden; want of love and gratitude, indolence in commanded duty, self-will, and nestling in the creature. But my heart's wish and earnest desire is conformity. The bent of my will is for God; and, if my heart deceive me not, my God is the centre of my best affections. It is by grace that I am what I am, and the same grace engages to perfect the work begun."

The following selections from the devotional exercises, will receive their explanation from the preceding memoir, while they will serve to shew the deep humility, the truly Christian liberality, the strong faith, and the ardent devotion, which were the hidden springs of her exemplary conduct.

"April 14, 1797. Eternity seems very near. I have often thought so without any visible cause. Well, it will come; a few more rolling years, months, weeks, or days, will assuredly land me on Canaan's happy shore. Then shall I know and enjoy what ear hath not heard, eye seen, nor heart conceived, even the blessedness that is at God's right hand. I have desired, although I know not that I have asked, to glorify God on my death-bed, and to leave my

testimony at the threshold of eternity, that not one word of all that my God has promised has failed. He has been, O what has he not been! In all my trials, temptations, and wanderings, he has been all that the well-ordered covenant has said. Let this Bible tell, what God in Christ, by his Spirit and his providence, has been to me; and let the same Bible say, what he will be to me, 'when flesh and heart fail;' yea, when 'the place that now knows me, shall know me no more.' Perhaps, when the messenger does come, I shall not know him, but depart in silence. Well, as the Lord wills: he knows best how to glorify himself. Jesus shall trim my lamp, and perfect his image on my soul, sensible or insensible. I shall enter into his presence, washed in his blood, clothed in his righteousness, and my sanctification perfected. 'I shall see him as he is, and be like him.'

"Mourn not, my children, but rejoice; 'gird up the loins of your mind,' and set forward on your heavenly journey through this wilderness. So far as I have followed Christ, so far follow my example; still living on Christ, depending on him for all that is promised in the well-ordered covenant. Stumble not into the world, except when duty calls. At best, it is a deadly weight, a great hinderance to spiritual-mindedness, and, as far as it gets footing in your heart, it will mar both your progress and your comfort. Lord, feed my children constantly with 'thy flesh and thy blood,' that they may never hunger nor thirst for this world, but grow in the divine life, and in the joy and comfort of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

"October 20, 1797. How condescending is our covenant God! All we have, or enjoy, is from his hand; he gave us our being; our lives, although forfeited a thousand times, have been preserved. 'Our bread has been given us, and our water has been sure;' and not only these necessaries, but many

comforts and good temporal things, have fallen to our lot. 'Thou hast furnished our table;' thou hast provided medicines and cordials when sick. Lord, I thank thee for all these mercies; but, above all, that we can call thee our reconciled Father; that we have them, not as the world have them, who are far from thee, and have no portion among thy children, nor interest in thy well-ordered covenant; but that we have them as thy redeemed, as part of covenant provision, and with a covenant blessing, and among the 'all things' that work together for our good. Lord, enable us to be rich in good works. How condescending, that thou acceptest a part of thine own as free-will offerings, and hast annexed promised blessings to those 'who consider the poor;' hast said, 'He who giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord!'

"I thank thee, that thou hast laid to hand a sufficiency to enable me and mine 'to eat our own bread;' even that which, according to the regulations of society, men call our own. Thou only hast a right to call it not so, for we are thine, and all that thou hast given us; but of thy free bounty and kind providence, thou hast enabled us 'to provide things honest and of good report in the sight of all men,' and to give a portion to them who need.

"I trust, thy Spirit has directed my judgement in the determination I have taken, to set apart from time to time, this portion, according as thou prosperest us in business, and preservest us in health and ability to pursue it. I bless thee for indulgent, encouraging appearances, that, since I began the practice, thou hast added to my stock, and that which I have given has never straitened, but thou hast prospered more and more. My poor purse has never been empty when called for, neither has my family purse. Of thine own I give thee, and bless thy name for the privilege.

"Grant direction with respect to whom, and how much, to give."

"1798. 'Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees.'—There the poet must stop: thus far the natural mind, richly endowed with human powers, can go, and trace a God of power, wisdom, and beneficence. O that thou hadst had eyes to discern what flesh and blood could never reach; that all these glories dwindle into tapers, when compared with Jehovah manifested in the face of Jesus Christ. Every star, every tree, all vegetating, bursting, blooming life, answer the end of their creation, manifesting his glory as thou sayest; but can they tell thee, how this God can be just, and yet justify those who have rebelled against all his attributes, torturing even his fair and beautiful creation, and bringing it into subjection to their lusts, as thou hast well sung; murmuring at his dispensations in providence; hardening themselves against his government; perverting every good to their own misery, and imbibing wretchedness from the means of blessedness? Can all that thou hast sung bring into congeniality perfection of wickedness and perfection of holiness, perfection of wretchedness and perfection of happiness, perfect opposition in nature and principle? Here thy song stops short. Thou seest the evils and the misery; thou hast a glimpse of an opposite good; but all means proposed by thee, ever have proved, and ever will prove, inadequate to the attainment of it: heaven and earth must stand amazed at the declaration, that God would justify the ungodly!"

"November 22, 1801. Isabella S—— is very ill: she appears to be in a stupor. Two physicians are attending, but 'my eyes are to the Lord.' She is his own, dedicated to him in baptism, in which we took hold of his covenant, as a God in Christ for her in particular, for ourselves and our children.

"I desire not to draw back, but, the Lord strength-

ening me, to give her up at his call. If it be his will to spare her, she is still his own to be done by, with, and for, as his infinite wisdom may see fit, for his own glory, and her eternal interest. If he is about to remove her out of the world, she is his own; out of the mouth of this babe will he perfect praise: with that company of little children, of whom is the kingdom of heaven, she shall join in the song of Moses and the Lamb, 'To him that redeemed us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, to him be glory, honour, dominion, and power.'

"O Lord, one petition I prefer—If it be thy will to take her out of the world, take her in thine arms, and carry her through the dark valley; grant to her a gentle and easy passage, and an abundant entrance into thy kingdom, and tune our hearts to sing—'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord. Amen.'"

"November 23, 1801. This day, the dear Isabella joined the church triumphant—took her place among that company of little children which Christ has pronounced blessed, and 'of the kingdom of heaven.' I yesterday asked of the Lord, that he would take her in his arms, and carry her through the dark valley; that he would give her a gentle and an easy passage, and an abundant entrance into his kingdom. He heard my prayer; it was indeed soft and gentle; not a struggle, not a groan; and the affliction which brought down the frame, was moderate throughout. I was enabled to resign the Lord's own into his own hand, in the faith that he did receive, and would keep, that which I committed to him.

"My soul is satisfied, more than satisfied: I rejoice, and congratulate the lovely babe on her early escape from a world of sin and sorrow, to the arms of her dear Redeemer, and to perfect blessedness with him."

"November 24, 1801. The beautiful clay of our Isabella is now consigned to the tomb. Never but

once did I behold such a lovely object. It seemed to say, 'Weep not for Bella, she is happy.' Weep we did, though grieve we did not. It was a strange, delightful melting of heart over a sweet child, gone home to her own Father and God, to be consummately happy."

"Greenwich, (no date,) Sabbath. Heard Dr. M——r preach in the State prison to the convicts, from Luke, xix. 10.—'For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.'

"He addressed them as fellow sinners, all being by nature lost, and dependent on the same means for recovery.

"True; my heart accords. O Lord, thou knowest I stand, in my own estimation, a sinner, the chief of sinners. These have added to their sin against thee, offences against men, and are suffering the penalty. My sins have been chiefly, though far from exclusively, against God—and with many aggravations. That I was born in a Christian land, of pious parents, who gave me religious instructions; brought up under faithful, lively ministers, and in a religious society; exposed to few temptations but what arose from the corruptions of my own heart; are aggravations, which I mourn over, as heightening the sin of unbelief in my unregenerated state. But the aggravations, the painful remembrance of which mars my comfort, and covers me with shame and confusion, even now, though I know that 'God is pacified with me,' are as far above these as the heavens are above the earth. For, in that Christian land, under those Christian parents and faithful pastors, while yet young and tender, I was 'enlightened, tasted of the heavenly gift, was made a partaker of the Holy Ghost, and tasted of the good word of God, and the power of the world to come.' I was taken from 'the fearful pit and miry clay;' my feet were set upon the rock, and a new song was put into my mouth, even to the amount of, 'O death! where is

thy sting?'—I sang of redeeming love, pardoning grace, new covenant mercy; I had 'joy and peace in believing.' But, forgetting my natural character, the extreme volatility of my spirits, my taste for gayety; forgetting the danger of smothering the heavenly spark by indulging to the utmost bound of lawful pleasure: forgetting my continual need of fresh supplies of grace, to preserve and feed that new life which could not live on earthly food; forgetting the deceitfulness of my heart, and the injunctions of my Bible; I became cold, negligent in the use of means, and distant in prayer. I lost enjoyment; and my heart, naturally carnal, and madly fond of pleasure, got entangled. 'The lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life,' regained their power: other loves usurped the place of that Beloved who had bought me with his blood, and betrothed me to himself. 'That which came into my mind, was, that I would be as the families of the countries—serve wood and stone.' Blessed be his name, he said, 'It shall not be.' He brought me into the wilderness, and pleaded with me; caused me to pass under the rod; brought me again into the bond of the covenant. O how often hast thou 'wrought with me for thy name's sake!' One self-willed step brought with it a train of consequences dangerous to spiritual life; filling even the path of duty with pits and snares; cutting me off from ordinances, pastor, parents, church, country, and Christian society; placing me, at the same time, in the midst of carnal delights; and every thing in my natural temper and disposition was congenial to them. What saved me? What in heaven or earth could save me, but thy covenant? 'Truly thy covenant standeth fast;' therefore I was not lost in the vortex. 'The Lord God, merciful and gracious, slow to anger, abundant in goodness and truth, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin,' kept his eye upon me; many a time did he stop up my path. From how many delusions of my own seeking, how many snares and

nets of my own weaving, how many pits of my own digging, hast thou delivered me, when wandering, bewildered on temptation's ground, in the cloudy, dark day! How often hast thou sought me out; how often bound me up when broken; strengthened me when sick, and fed me with judgement, and very, very often, made thyself known to me! I knew thy hand when it shook the rod, when it arrested me in some mad career. I knew thy hedge, thy bar; saw not only my escapes, but my Deliverer, often paused, turned, and took fast hold of 'thy covenant.' I had no afflictions in those days, but every pleasure lawful to be enjoyed; but no pastor, no church, no Christian society. Yet, God was there, my Bible, and the writings of Doddridge, and other good authors. To my shame and confusion this day, God was not, in the midst of all my idolatry, 'a barren wilderness, nor a land of drought to me.' I had many Sabbaths: literally the Sabbath was a 'sign between my covenant God and me.' Ill-spent it often was, but not with company: it was spent in retirement. The Lord did not leave me so far as to give up the Sabbath to the world. Though my heart was encrusted, and spiritual life scarcely discernible, sometimes the Lord met me, and, strange to tell, not with threatenings causing terror, but with ingenuous compunction, and, ere the day was over, manifestations of pardon, though not joy; for I was grieved at my ingratitude.

"I expected affliction long before it came, and my presumptuous heart calculated upon the fruit being the 'peaceable fruit of righteousness, and the taking away of sin;' but still I held on my way, 'gadding about, drinking the waters of Sihor, and the rivers of Syria,' and eating the worldling's dainties. At last it came; yes, it came. 'Thou didst cut off the desire of mine eyes with a stroke,' and with that made the world a blank to me. But, oh! the stately steps of thy providential mercy, previously to that trying hour! I must ever stand amazed at thy ex-

uberant grace! Agreeably to thy covenant, thou mightest have struck me among the worldlings, in 'that dry and barren land,' where not one tongue could speak the language of Canaan, nor bring forth from thy precious Bible the words of consolation to my wounded and bereaved spirit; richly had I merited this, but never, no never, 'hast thou dealt with me as I sinned!' Through the whole of my life, from the time that 'the Lord called me out of darkness into his marvellous light,' from the time that he first led me to the Saviour, and enabled me to take hold of his covenant; 'wanderer, backslider, transgressor, rebel, idolater'—and if there be any name more expressively 'vile' and 'abominable,' that is mine. And from the hour of my birth, through the whole of this refractory, perverse life, 'the Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, abundant in goodness and truth, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin,' has been, and now is, thy name to me.

"No, ye strong-built walls, ye grated windows, ye gloomy cells, ye confine no such sinner as I. And did the Lord take vengeance on my inventions? No. 'Mercy' preceded, 'mercy' accompanied judgement: yea, it was all mercy, not vengeance. He brought me and my idol out of that barren land, placed us under the breath of prayer, among a dear little society of Methodists; he laid us upon their spirits; and, when the messenger Death was sent for my beloved, the breath of prayer ascended from his bed-side, from their little meeting, and I believe from their families and closets. The God of mercy prepared their hearts to pray, and his ear to hear, and the answer did not tarry. Behold, my husband prayeth; confesseth sin; applieth to the Saviour; pleadeth for forgiveness for his sake; receiveth comfort; blesseth God for Jesus Christ, and dieth with these words on his tongue, 'I hold fast by the Saviour!' Behold another wonder! the idolatress in

an ecstasy of joy! One who never could realize a separation for one single minute during his life, now resigns her heart's treasure with praise and thanksgiving!

"O the joy of that hour! its savour remains on my heart to this moment. For five days and nights, I had been little off my knees; it was my ordinary posture at his bedside, and in all that time, I had but *once* requested life. Surely, 'the spirit of prayer and supplication' was poured out. The Spirit helped mine infirmities 'with groanings which could not be uttered,' leading me to pray for that which God had determined to bestow; making intercession for my husband, according to the will of God.

"'O sing unto the Lord a new song, for he hath done marvellous things. His right hand, and his holy arm, have gotten him the victory. The Lord hath made known his salvation. His righteousness hath he openly shewn in the sight of the heathen. He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel. All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.' Psalm xcviii."

"1812, April. Sabbath. Blessed Comforter, thou seest old age upon me, loss of memory, and a desultory mind; I cannot retain even the substance of my dear pastor's sermons. I thank thee for the food and refreshment at the time, and often for refreshing meditations on the same subjects. I commit all to thee: keep them for me, and feed me with these truths as thou seest I need. Be to me memory, judgement, presence of mind; for order and regularity, and the vigour of my natural powers, are gone. I rejoice in my dear Saviour, 'who of God is made unto me wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and complete redemption.' He shall perfect that which concerneth me, and finish the work he has begun. Therefore I say, All is well."

"1814. July 17. Sacrament Sabbath. Mr. R. preached from 1 Peter, i. 8, 9. 'Whom having not

seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory; receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls.'

"I had requested to be brought into my Lord's banqueting-house, and to be feasted with love this day. I ate the bread and drank the wine, in the faith that I ate the flesh and drank the blood of the Son of man, and dwelt in him, and he in me. I took a close view of my familiar friend Death, accompanied with the presence of my Saviour, 'his sensible presence.' I cannot look at it without this: it is my only petition concerning it. I have had desires relative to certain circumstances, but they are nearly gone. It is my sincere desire that God may be glorified, and he knows best how and by what circumstances. I retain my one petition,

'Only to me thy count'nance shew:
I ask no more the Jordan through.'"

The following letter is too intimately connected with a most affecting circumstance in Mrs. Graham's life, to be omitted; it adverts more fully than any other paper, to her feelings under the loss of her son.

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"I have just parted with my dear afflicted friend P——; she left it in charge to me, that I should write to you in the time of your affliction. Surely, I would do any thing whatever, that I thought might alleviate either her, or your distress. But there are cases to which God alone can speak; afflictions under which he *alone* can give consolation. Such are those under which the sufferer is commanded to be 'still, and know that he is God.' He never leaves his people in any case; but sometimes shuts them up from human aid. Their grief is too great to be consoled by human tongue or pen.

"Such I have experienced. I lost my only son;

I neither know when, nor where; and, for any thing I know, in a state of rebellion against God. Here, at my heart, it lies still; who can speak to me of it? Neither can I reason upon it. Aaron held his peace. Old Eli said, 'It is the Lord, Let him do what seemeth good in his sight.' Samuel, in his turn, had his heart wrung by his ungodly sons. David lamented over his beloved Absalom; but it availed him nothing. Job's sons and daughters were all cut off in one day; he himself was visited with severe bodily affliction; his friends sat seven days and seven nights without opening their mouths, because they saw his affliction was very great; and, if they spake, it was to aggravate it. When God himself spake, he gave him no reason for his dealings, but charged him with folly and madness: 'Shall he that contendeth with the Almighty, instruct him? He that reproveth God, let him answer it.' Then he called his attention to his own meanness and imbecility; then Job laid his hand upon his mouth, and his mouth in the dust, confessed himself vile, and became dumb before God; abhorring himself, and repenting in dust and ashes, instead of bringing forward the splendid catalogue of virtues enumerated in chapter xxix., and of complaints in chapter x., which I make not the least doubt were true, as far as human virtue can reach; but if God charge 'even his angels with folly,' shall man, corrupt, self-destroyed man, plead merit before God?

"But, my dear friend, I do not find in all God's Bible any thing requiring us to anticipate the final destruction of any for whom we have prayed, pleaded, and committed to him; least of all our offspring, whom he has commanded us to train up for him. 'Children are God's heritage.' I do not say that he has given us any promise for the obstinately wicked; but, when cut off, he only requires us to 'be still,' to hold our peace. I do not think that he takes hope from us. God has set limits to our faith

for others; our faith must not rest in opposition to his threatenings. We must believe that 'the wicked shall be turned into hell, and all that forget God.' But he has set no bounds to his own mercy: in that glorious plan of redemption by which he substitutes his own Son in the room and stead of sinners, he has made provision for the chief of sinners; and can now be just and consistent, while he justifies the ungodly who believe in Jesus. Short was the time between the thief's petition, and the promise of salvation; nay, the petition was the earnest of it. The same was the case with the jailer. I think, too, that the publican had the earnest in his petition. Now, instead of labouring to bring my mind to acquiesce in the condemnation of my child, on the supposition of its being for God's glory, (which I no where find required, but from some of your New England divines,) I try to be 'still,' as he has commanded; not to follow my child to the yet invisible world, but, turning my eyes to that character which God has revealed of himself—to the plan of redemption—to the sovereignty of God in the execution of that plan—to his names of grace, 'The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, slow to anger, abundant in goodness and truth, forgiving iniquity, and transgression, and sin,' while he adds, 'and that will by no means clear the guilty,'—I meet it with his own declaration, 'He hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.' I read also, that mercy 'rejoiceth against judgement,' and many other like Scriptures, which, although I dare not ground a belief of his salvation on them, seem to afford one ray of hope after another, that God may have made him a monument of mercy, to the glory of his grace. Thus God himself consoles his own praying people, while man ought to be very cautious, if not silent, where the Scriptures are silent, as it respects the final state of another, whose heart we cannot know, nor what God

may have wrought in it. God has set bounds to our faith, which can no where find solid ground to fix upon, but on his own written promise. Yet, as I said above, he has set no bounds to his own mercy; and he has made provision for its boundless flow, as far as he shall please to extend it, through the atonement and merits of his own Son, 'who is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by him.' Now, my dear friend, you have my ideas of our situation. If they be correct, I pray that our compassionate Father may comfort you by them: if otherwise, may he pardon what is amiss, and lead you, my dear friend P——, and myself, to such consolation as he himself will own as the work of his Spirit; and save us from the enemy, and our own spirit.

"Since writing the foregoing, I feel afraid of what I have said: it is dangerous to seek comfort where the Scriptures are silent; yet, while we plead with God to be preserved from error, and try to be still before him, he will save us from the subtilty of the serpent, as well as from the rage of the lion.

"I am, with love, your sympathizing friend,

"ISABELLA GRAHAM."

The last extract which we give, is a letter, in which Mrs. Graham describes the ravages of the yellow fever in New York.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"Before this reaches you, the public papers will have informed you of the desolation of New York, by the yellow fever. We are among the escaped; and there are no breaches in the family. My health, and that of the family, made the country necessary to us at any rate, and we had left town previously to its becoming general: but Mr. B—— kept in the city, only sleeping in the country, till forty-five were carried off in a night. The inhabitants abandoned the city in crowds, spreading over

the adjacent countries; in Long-Island, Jersey, and New York, for sixty miles round. In the most busy trading streets, a person might have walked half a mile without meeting an individual, or seeing an open house, or shop. Eleven physicians and surgeons fell sacrifices to it, five of them men of eminence; several were confined by mere fatigue, and had to retire to rest, relieving others when recruited. Dr. B——, one of our oldest and most eminent physicians, who had retired from business two years ago, and lived on his estate in the country, hearing of the distress of his brethren, and the impossibility of their answering all the calls of the sick and dying, left his retreat, returned to town, and slaved to the last. His affectionate wife would not be left behind, but determined to share or witness his fate. It has pleased God to preserve them both. Notwithstanding the general flight, the mortality among those that remained was so great, that for three weeks, from forty-eight to fifty-four died every twenty-four hours! This was no vague report, but that of the physicians, and published in the daily newspapers. The churches were shut up, except those which stood out of danger. Great numbers carried the infection with them to the country, as far as sixty and eighty miles, and died there: almost every one that took it in the country, died, having no proper medical assistance. I do not remember one that recovered: many did in the city, and in the hospitals. Some died without getting sight of a doctor; some, alone, deserted by every creature. The coffins were ready made, the graves ready dug, and the minute the last breath was fetched, they were buried with the utmost despatch. Many widows had to put their own husbands in the coffin, with the assistance of the maker; and often, very often, there was not a creature at the burial, but the man that drove the hearse, who assisted the sexton to put the body under the ground. I myself met a hearse, followed by three well-dressed females, not

a man but the driver. Long before this, your heart has asked, What became of the poor? Wonders were done for them; yet many suffered for want of nursing. A number of humane men formed themselves into a society, sought them out, and ministered relief from the public funds. Two cooks' shops in different quarters of the city, prepared soup, meat, vegetables, and bread. A committee sat in the alms-house every day, from nine to one o'clock, to receive such reports or applications as might be made to them, either by, or in behalf of, the sick or poor; and they were visited, and nurses and medical attendance provided by the public, as well as every species of necessaries; but, alas! nurses were not to be had; doctors could be at only one place at a time. When speaking of the poor, I omitted mentioning the large donations which were sent from both town and country, to the committee, — flour, meal, fowls, sheep, vegetables, money, and clothes. One of the members of this Society told me that there was a plentiful supply; and temporary hospitals, and other buildings, were erected for the reception of the sick and recovering: every thing that could be done, was done to soften the calamity.

"I am obliged to stop abruptly. Love to all with you. "Yours ever,

"I. GRAHAM."

Such was Isabella Graham, who, nevertheless, like Howard, far from placing any self-righteous hope in her imitation of the Saviour, seemed chiefly anxious lest her good works should occupy a wrong place in her own estimate, while her chief glory was that of "a sinner saved by grace."

THE END.

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